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THE

ANNALS

OF THE

ARMY OF TENNESSEE

AND

EARLY WESTERN HISTORY,

INCLUDING A

CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY OF BATTLES AND ENGAGEMENTS IN THE WESTERN ARMIES OF THE CONFEDERACY.

EDITED BY DR. EDWIN L. DRAKE,
Lieutenant-Colonel C. S. A.

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THE

ANNALS OF ARMY OF TENNESSEE

EARLY WESTERN HISTORY.

VOL. I. } NASHVILLE, TENN., APRIL, 1878. { No. 1.

THE DALTON-ATLANTA OPERATIONS.

A Review, in Part, of General Sherman's Memoirs—An Authoritative Confederate View of the Famous March to the Sea—Comparative Strength and Losses of the Armies—The Terms of Capitulation.

BY GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.

IT is stated on page 24 of General Sherman's "Memoirs," volume 2, that on the 1st of May, 1864, the strength of the three armies—the Cumberland, the Tennessee, and the Ohio—with which General Sherman was about to invade Georgia, was 98,797 men of all arms present for duty, with 254 field-pieces. As the forces of the three departments furnishing these troops amounted at the time to 229,524 men present for duty (see Secretary of War's report, 1865, page 5), the strength of the invading army could have been doubled without leaving its communications insufficiently guarded. Therefore, General Sherman must have regarded the forces he assembled as ample for his object. That object was (see General Grant's letter on page 26) "to move against Johnston's army, to break it up, and to get into the interior of the enemy's country as far as he could, inflicting all the damage he could against their war resources." That army was in front of Dalton, of 42,800 men of all arms present for duty, with 150 field-guns. Its position had not been selected, but was occupied by accident. General Bragg took it for the encampment of a night in his retreat from Missionary Ridge; but the troops remained there because it was ascertained that the pursuit had ceased. During the previous winter, General Gilmer, Chief Engineer of the Confederacy, had wisely provided a strong base for this army by the intrenchment of Atlanta, and

the engineers of the army constructed some field-works at Resaca for the protection of the bridges there, and three very rough country roads from Dalton to Resaca were converted into good ones. In the spring the works there were considerably enlarged.

McPherson's Arrival Not a Surprise.

On the 5th of May the Federal army was in order of battle three or four miles in front of Tunnel Hill. On the 6th it approached Tunnel Hill; on the 7th drove our advanced guard from that place, and placed itself in the afternoon near and parallel to Rocky Face, its right some distance below Mill Creek gap. On page 32, 33, 34 and 35 General Sherman describes the operations of the 8th, 9th and 10th, except the very sharp fighting. In his report that of the 9th is characterized as almost a battle (see page 14). In these engagements the Confederates, who were completely sheltered by intrenchments, had almost no loss; but the Federal troops, standing on open ground and in great numbers, suffered very severely. On page 34 General Sherman claims to have surprised Johnston by McPherson's arrival before Resaca on the 9th; forgetting, apparently, that his approach was discovered on the 8th (see his report, page 14), and that the place was found well prepared for defense, being held not by "one small brigade," as he supposed, but by a division—so intrenched as to be able to maintain itself a full day, at least. So if McPherson had attacked on the 9th, according to General Sherman's plan, Resaca could easily have been held against him until next morning, when the army, having left Dalton the night before without the enemy's knowledge, would be ready to fall upon him from the rear while holding his line of retreat. With twice his number on one side and Resaca on the other, he could not have escaped. If the other course suggested for McPherson by General Sherman had been taken—that of "placing his whole force astride the railroad above Resaca"—Johnston must have marched against and assailed him in the same manner with the same advantages. Either course suggested taken by McPherson would have compelled Johnston to attack him, and with such advantages of numbers and position as to secure his destruction. We never found it difficult to leave the presence of the Federal army at night without its knowledge. The retreat to the east, which General Sherman supposes that the Confederates would have attempted, was impossible. But even if it had been easy, they could not have hesitated to attack the Army of the Tennessee in

either of the cases supposed—opportunities for armies to fight detachments of half their strength are rarely offered in war.

The Position in Front of Dalton.

General Sherman is mistaken in the opinion, appearing both in his report and memoirs, that the Confederate army at Dalton was brought to the verge of ruin by his movement through Snake Creek gap. This operation had been provided against by making Resaca strong enough to hold out at least a day against 20,000 or 30,000 men, and by the making of roads by which the Southern troops at Dalton could reach Resaca before their antagonists. Resaca was held instead of Snake Creek gap, because it was nearer than the latter to the main Confederate position, and much farther from the Federal main body, and could be held by a smaller body of troops. This operation could have produced no better result than that gained—the abandonment of Dalton by the Southern army. Rocky Face, instead of covering Dalton, completely covered the Federal flank march to Snake Creek gap, and, therefore, was advantageous to him (General Sherman), and not to his adversary.

On page 32 General Sherman gives the impression that the position in front of Dalton was very strong, and he says in his report (page 73): "To strike Dalton in front was impracticable, as it was covered by an inaccessible ridge." This ridge covered the left flank, not the front, and terminated but two miles north of the position, which was east of the mountain, in ground as fit for the manœuvres of a large army as a tactitian can expect to find in the interior of the Southern country. On page 35 the general writes that the bulk of the Southern army was "found (on the 13th) inside of Resaca. . . . A complete line of intrenchments was found covering the place." The two armies were formed in front of Resaca nearly at the same time; so that the Federal army could give battle on equal terms, except as to numbers, by attacking promptly—the difference being about ten to four. The two armies intrenched that day. There was very brisk fighting all day of the 14th—greatly to our advantage, for we were assailed in our intrenchments. General Sherman was misinformed as to the taking of an important ridge by the advance of McPherson's whole line, and bloody repulses of Confederate attempts to retake it—this on the 15th; there were no such occurrences. But on the 14th, about dusk, the left of our line of skirmishers—forty or fifty men—was driven from a slight elevation in front of our left; but no attempt was made to retake it.

The Capture of a Four-Gun Battery.

The first paragraph on page 36 is inaccurate. The fighting on the 15th was to our advantage (none of it at night), for we were on the defensive—behind breastworks. As to the capture of a four-gun battery: On the morning of the 15th General Hood advanced one eighty or one hundred yards. Soon after its fire opened the men and horses were driven off by an infantry fire from a ravine near. The Federal soldiers who attempted to carry them off were in like manner driven back by our musketry. So the guns were left between the two lines until the Southern troops abandoned the position. What is said on page 36 might create the impression that the Southern army crossed the Oostenaula in consequence of the fighting described. It was because two bridges and a large body of Federal troops were discovered the afternoon of the 14th at Lay's ferry, some miles below, strongly threatening our communications by the indication of another flanking operation—covered by the river as the first had been by the ridge. To avoid this danger, the Southern army crossed the Oostenaula about midnight, and moved along the railroad some seven miles. The 17th it marched eight miles to Adairsville by 8 o'clock A.M., remained there till next morning (18th), and marched nine miles to Cassville before 11 o'clock; passed that day and the 19th there, and at 1 or 2 o'clock A.M. of the 20th marched to the Etowah, and crossed it early in the afternoon near the railroad.

On page 36 the difficulties overcome by the Federal army seem somewhat magnified, and its advantage of greatly superior numbers depreciated. The operations in question can scarcely be termed "rapid successes." Indeed, it is not easy to see the progress made in "breaking up Johnston's army" by the advance of the Federal army sixteen miles at the expense of five days of sharp fighting, all to the advantage of its enemy.

Hood's Erratic Movement.

The circumstances referred to on pages 40 and 41 are these (related in "Johnston's Narrative," pages 321 to 324): In the morning of May 19 the Federal army was approaching Cassville in two bodies, one following the railroad, the other the direct wagon-road. Hardee's Corps was near the former, Polk's and Hood's at Cassville. Johnston determined to attack the column on the direct road with Polk's and Hood's Corps when the other was at Kingston, three hours' march to

the west. Polk was to meet and attack the head of the column; Hood, marching a little in advance of him on a road on his right, was to join in the action as the enemy deployed. When the latter had marched some miles in the proper direction, he turned his corps and marched back and formed it facing to the east, about a mile east of Cassville, upon a wild report brought him, he said, by one of his aide-de-camps. Neither this information nor his action upon it was reported. As the plan depended on the distance between the two Federal columns for success, it was defeated by the loss of time produced by this erratic movement. The army was then drawn up in the best position it ever occupied, in which it skirmished during the afternoon. But at night General Hood's persistent declaration that he and General Polk would not be able to hold their ground an hour, caused the withdrawal of the army.

Page 43: The broken ground south of the Etowah can nowhere be called a "ridge of mountains." The route through it chosen by General Sherman was the least unfavorable. Page 44: The action at New Hope Church was the attack on Stewart's Division by Hooker's Corps. It began an hour and a half before sunset and continued until dark, Stewart holding his ground. As the corps had a front equal only to that of the division, and was exposed to the musketry of 5,000 infantry and the cannister of sixteen guns at short range, great execution must have been done in its ranks. Page 45: The "bloody battle" mentioned was an absurd attack on the Federal right made without orders by two Confederate brigades. It was quickly ended by the division commander, who drew back the troops as soon as he heard the firing—after they had lost 300 men. But a real battle, which occurred the day before, is unnoticed—a carefully prepared attack upon our right by the Fourth Corps, supported by a division of the Fourteenth. The battle began about 5 o'clock P.M., and continued two hours. After the repulse of the assailants we counted about 700 dead within thirty yards of our line. The description of daily fighting on the same page is correct as to spirit and frequency; but as the Confederates were not permitted to leave their breast-works, the sallies and repulses were all Federal. Page 46: The Confederate army abandoned the line of New Hope Church on the 4th of June, because it was discovered that day that the Federal troops were moving by their left rear toward Allatoona, under cover of their line of intrenchments. On the same page General Sherman claims that substantially during

May he had fought over one hundred miles of most difficult country—from Chattanooga to Big Shanty. The fighting commenced at Tunnel Hill, thirty miles from Chattanooga, and he reached Big Shanty only on the 10th of June.

Comparative Strength of the Two Armies.

Page 49: "I always estimated my force at about double his; . . . but I also reckoned that in the natural strength of the country, in the abundance of mountains, streams and forests, he had a fair offset to our numerical superiority." Such being General Sherman's opinion, it is not easy to understand why he did not make his army 150,000 or 200,000 men. He knew the strength of the country, and it has been seen that on the 5th of May he had 130,000 men under his control, beside those assembled around him. Page 51: It is stated that the Seventeenth Corps, lately arrived, with new regiments and returned furloughed men, "equaled the Federal losses by battle, sickness, and by detachments;" so that the three armies still aggregated about 100,000 effective men. According to the table on page 136 they aggregated 112,800 men. On the same page, below, it is said that the Confederates had signal stations and fresh lines of parapets on Kenesaw, Lost mountain and Pine mount. Kenesaw was not occupied by our (Southern) troops until the 19th, and Lost mountain was abandoned on the 8th. Our only signal stations were on Kenesaw, as an observatory, and at head-quarters. Page 53: The circumstances of General Polk's death were these: He had accompanied General Hardee and I to Pine mount to reconnoitre. We placed ourselves in a battery near the summit, on the enemy's side. After seeing every thing that interested us we turned to leave the place. As we did so a cannon-shot from a battery opposite, probably fired at a crowd of soldiers on the summit behind us, prssed over us. A second came after about a minute, and a minute later, while we were walking slowly toward our horses, General Polk being on the very top of the hill, a third shot passed through the middle of his chest, from left to right. He was lifeless when I reached him in a few seconds, for we were but twenty or thirty feet apart. A brisk fire of artillery (shell) commenced soon after; there had been no volleys, and there was no signal station there.

Night Attacks Never Made.

Page 54: "We captured a good many prisoners, among them a

whole infantry regiment, the Fourteenth Alabama, three hundred and fifty strong." The occurrence of the day made this highly improbable, if not impossible—it was the 15th. On the 16th a company of skirmishers was forgotten in a change of position, and captured. Page 55: The Confederate intrenchment was much smaller than that described—a ditch about two feet deep, the earth thrown up on the outside, making a parapet two feet and a half high, surmounted with a head-log. We had no intrenching tools, a disadvantage for which all the mountain-streams and forests of Georgia would not have compensated. Page 56: "These successive contractions of the enemy's line encouraged us and discouraged him, but were doubtless justified by strong reasons. On the 20th Johnston's position was unusually strong;" by which his troops were greatly encouraged—indeed, made confident. Pages 59 and 60: The reports upon which General Sherman's telegram of the 23d was based, were extremely inaccurate. Johnston had not half so many miles of connected or other trenches as he. The Federal army had gained no ground by fighting, unless the driving in of a few skirmishers can be called so. The Southern army was never, during this part of the campaign, driven from a position by fighting, or the fear of it; only by danger to its communications by the extension of the strongly intrenched lines which the enemy's greatly superior numbers enabled him to make and man. The positions gained on the 21st near the south end of Kenesaw, and on a hill near, were outside of our position—not occupied by our line, and, if at all, only by pickets, and General Sherman was deceived by reports of efforts to retake them, and night attacks, which were *never* made by our troops. If the Confederate troops were so incessantly beaten, it is unaccountable that they were permitted to remain before Marietta four weeks, and then shifted their ground only to avoid losing their communications. The attack on Hooker and Schofield on the 22d was made against orders by General Hood with Stevenson's Division, supported by Hindman's. It was defeated by intrenched artillery. But the troops held the ground they gained long enough to remove their dead and wounded. On the 25th an attack like this was made on Stevenson's Division by the troops that had repulsed it on the 22d, and they were repelled with as heavy a loss as they had inflicted then. But this affair escaped Gen. Sherman's notice.

The Federal Losses.

Pages 60 and 61: "The description of the attack on the Confederate army on the 27th of June, prepared from the 24th, and the statement of the Federal loss, contrast strangely: "About 9 A.M. of the day appointed the troops moved to the assault, and all along our lines for ten miles a furious fire of artillery and musketry was kept up. At all points the enemy met us with determined courage, and in great force. . . . By 11:30 the assault was over, and had failed." The statement of loss was 2,500 killed and wounded. According to this, an army of Americans inured to war was defeated by a loss of but two and a half per cent. It is incredible. General Sherman's subordinates must have imposed upon him. It is equally incredible that another army of American veterans, as completely protected as men using arms can be, could strike but two and a half per cent. of men exposed to their muskets and cannon, in *seven lines*, at least, two hours and a half. The writer has seen American soldiers, *not* inured to war, *win* a field with a loss ten times greater proportionally. Page 70: The Confederates are accused of burning their pontoon bridges after crossing the Chattahoochee. They did not commit that folly, On the 17th it was reported that the Federal army was on the south-east bank of the Chattahoochee, from Roswell to Powers' ferry. That night General Hood was placed in command of the Southern army by telegraph. On the 18th, at his urgent request, Johnston formed the troops on the high ground overlooking the valley of Peach-tree Creek from the South, to meet the advance of the Federal forces reported that morning by General Wheeler. General Sherman's returns, on pages 24 and 136, show 98,797 men present for duty May 1; 112,819 June 1; and 106,070 July 1. Those of the Southern army show 42,800 present for duty May 1; 58,562 June 6; and 53,275 July 1: 14,200 infantry and artillery, and 7,000 cavalry were received in six detachments, coming at different times—all in May. General Sherman points out these additions to our forces, but says nothing of the reinforcements he received—except the arrival of the Seventeenth Corps (9,000 men) June 8. His reported losses in May, corrected by General Thomas (on page 5, "Report of Committee on Conduct of the War," supplementary, part 1), and the difference between the May and June returns above, show that he received above 25,000 men in May alone. According to the table on page 133, before July 18, the Federal army lost, in killed and wounded, about 21,000 men, of whom about

2,500 were killed. The Southern army lost in the same time 9,972 killed and wounded, of whom 1,288 were killed. The Southern officers believed that the Federal losses compared with theirs about as five to one. And circumstances justify that belief.

Confederate Marksmanship.

Except on three occasions the Southern troops fought in their intrenchments, exposing scarcely a thirteenth of their persons, while their adversaries were fully exposed to open ground. Therefore, with equal marksmanship, they would have given thirty hits for one received. According to the reports of Gen. Sherman's subordinates they gave but two; or on equal ground would have made one effective shot to the enemy's fifteen—which is incredible; the more so, because a fire so utterly ineffective could not have repulsed or checked, in seventy days of such close and continual fighting as General Sherman describes, veteran American soldiers such as his. We had, too, direct proofs of the inaccuracy of these reports. After the action of June 27 (pages 60, 61), we counted 1,000 dead of the army of the Cumberland lying before two of Hardee's Divisions, very near, some against our breastworks. The calculated proportion of wounded to killed is five to one; this would indicate a loss of 6,000 *there*. But the officers of that army reported 1,580 killed, wounded, and *missing* (see page 223 above Report)—less than two per cent. of the 60,000 men of that army. The dead belonged to the first and second lines, and we could see seven exposed to our muskets and cannon, so that many others must have been killed. In like manner, on the 27th of May we repelled an assault by four divisions, and counted 700 dead within thirty paces of our line. As five or six lines immediately behind these dead were exposed to our shot, there must have been considerable additional loss. Yet Federal officers reported but 1,400 as the entire loss, when it could not have been so little as 4,000. General Sherman does not allude to this action. In the engagement two days before (referred to on page 44) we had a much greater force engaged longer, and therefore must have inflicted a much greater loss. In the three actions at least 2,500 Federal soldiers must have been killed; as many as, according to Federal officers, were killed in all the fighting in ten weeks described by General Sherman—of which that in these three actions was not a fourth part.

An Estimate of Sherman's Losses.

The reports made to General Sherman charge his troops indirectly

with being checked, repulsed — intimidated by such losses as ordinary troops would have disregarded. This is incredible to those who, like the writer, have often witnessed the vigorous and persistent courage of American soldiers, the best of whom were not superior to General Sherman's. But the testimony of the 10,036 graves in the Union cemetery at Marietta, of soldiers killed south of the Etowah, is conclusive. About 2,000 of them fell in the actions about Atlanta. But at least as many were killed north of the Etowah, and buried at Chattanooga. As the towns and villages in the route of the Federal army were burned, there could have been no hospitals, and, therefore, few deaths by sickness south of Dalton. These proofs show that the estimate on page 357, "Johnston's Narrative," which General Sherman pronounces erroneous, is not much so, to say the least. On page 48 General Sherman claims to have taken 3,245 prisoners in May, because he had captured 12,983 in the four and a half months ending September 15. We had no loss by capture in May, and only a little more than two hundred up to July 18; the marches and results of the fighting in that time did not enable the enemy to make prisoners. His successes and prisoners were subsequent. On page 49 General Sherman claims that the strength of the country by mountains, streams, and forests gave his enemy a fair offset to his numerical superiority. Between Dalton and Atlanta one sees but two *semblances* of mountains—Rocky Face, which covered the march by which he "flanked" Dalton, and Kenesaw, less than two miles long. The country was no more unfavorable for the offensive than the Wilderness, or that on which Lee and McClellan fought near Richmond, or that between Amelia and Appomattox Court-houses.

Was Sherman's Plan the Best?

General Sherman certainly executed his plan of operations with great perseverance, skill, and resolution. But it is a question if that plan was the best. The results obtained, compared with those attainable, indicate that it was not. At Dalton only the Southern left flank was covered by Rocky Face, not its front, and an attack in front would have been on ground as favorable to the Federal army as its General could have hoped to find. With odds of near ten to four, he might well have thought the "breaking up of Johnston's army" attainable there. If defeated, Atlanta, its place of refuge, was one hundred miles off, with three rivers intervening, while the Federal army, if unsuc-

cessful, had a secure refuge in Chattanooga, which was easily reached. At Resaca the Federal General had a still better opportunity, for the two armies met there without intrenchments between them, the Federals having a line of retreat from its center directly to the rear, while the Southern troops, formed near and parallel to the road to Atlanta, would have been driven from that road by defeat, and, consequently, destroyed. Battle at either place, whatever the result, would not have cost a fourth of the number of men actually lost; and success would have ended the campaign and decided the war.

On page 39 General Sherman says: "Of course, it was to my interest to bring him to battle as soon as possible." His overwhelming numbers ought to have made it possible at any time. The flanking operations forced the Southern army back to Atlanta, but could do no more. There it was safe in intrenchments much stronger than any it had previously occupied, and too extensive to be invested; and three railroads met there, either one capable of supplying the army. So it could have maintained itself there indefinitely, and so won the campaign with little more loss. This is no afterthought, but was expressed to General Hood when he took command. The Federal march to Jonesboro caused, but did not compel, the abandonment of Atlanta; for if the Southern troops had remained in the place, the enemy would, in a few days, have been forced to return to his railroad; and, beside, Atlanta could have been sufficiently supplied from Macon through Augusta, but at Jonesboro the Federal troops could not be fed. This mode of gaining Atlanta made the acquisition of no great value; for the campaign continued, and General Sherman was occupied by General Hood until late in October, when he commenced the disastrous expedition into Tennessee, which left the former without an antogonist.

"Wide Discrepancies."

Bentonville, pages 203–4–5–6: Johnston attempted to unite the three little bodies of his troops near Bentonville on the 18th of March, to attack the head of General Sherman's left column next morning on the Goldsboro road. Less than two-thirds had arrived at 8 A.M., of the 19th, when the Federal column appeared and deployed, intrenching lightly at the same time. The fighting that day was a vigorous attack on our left, defeated in half an hour; then a similar one on our right, repulsed in like manner. About three o'clock, all the troops being in line, the Federal army was attacked, driven from its position,

and pursued a mile and a half, into an extensive thicket, which compelled the Southern troops to halt when otherwise they were not opposed. Two hours after we were slightly attacked—by a reconnoitering party, probably, it was so easily repelled. We made *no other attack*, but held our ground till after nightfall to carry off our wounded. Our army remained in line nearly parallel to the Goldsboro road to remove the wounded to Smithfield. Its flanks were somewhat thrown back—the left only of cavalry skirmishers. Butler's cavalry was observing the right Federal column; Wheeler's arrived from Averysboro the evening of the 19th. Mower's movement (see page 304) was made after three o'clock; for he had proceeded but a mile and a half when attacked and driven back, about half-past four o'clock, being then in rear of our center, where orders could not reach him. So the skirmishing mentioned on page 304 must have been very brief. Our men being intrenched, easily drove off the enemy. In reference to "wide discrepancies," General O. O. Howard's (right) wing fought only in this skirmish; yet it is claimed (page 305) that its loss was but 408, while it inflicted one of near 2,000, including wounded, on the Confederates—four times as great as that they suffered, June 27, by the assault of the whole Federal army (see page 61). It is claimed also, on page 305, that the Southern army, which was successful in all the fighting, and intrenched in most of it, lost fifty per cent. more than the Federals. These "discrepancies" cannot be charged to the Southern officers.

An Error of Memory.

Meetings of Sherman and Johnston, April 17 and 18: By a not unusual error of memory, General Sherman probably attributes to Johnston language that he heard in Raleigh the following evening (see pages 349 and 351). It could not have entered the mind of the latter that any of the class to which General Sherman belongs could entertain a suspicion that Mr. Davis was accessary to assassination. The object of our meeting, expressed in a letter in his report, page 137, was to make a general armistice—"to enable the civil authorities to enter into the needful arrangements to terminate the existing war." He said that this was impracticable, and offered such terms of surrender as were granted to the army of Northern Virginia. Johnston declined to capitulate, because the military condition in North Carolina was unlike that in Virginia, and proposed that they should agree upon preliminaries of peace, citing authorities. General Sher-

man assented, and in less than two hours the terms drawn up and adopted next day were agreed upon, except that General Sherman refused to include Mr. Davis and his cabinet in the article (6th) granting amnesty. This question was discussed till sunset, when they agreed to resume the subject next morning. General Breckinridge accompanied Johnston to the meeting, and Mr. Reagan put on paper the terms discussed the day before, which Johnston had given, and sent the paper after him. As soon as received, without any discussion aside, these terms were proposed to General Sherman, with the reminder that they had been almost accepted the day before. With this paper before him, General Sherman wrote rapidly that which was adopted and signed, which expressed in his language the terms discussed the day before. The terms of this convention show that there was no question of surrender, but of peace; nor of Johnston's power over other Confederate armies, for in the last paragraph both acknowledge that they had not power, but pledge themselves to obtain it.

COLONEL JAMES W. STARNES' OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE BATTLE AT DOUGLASS' CHURCH.

BRIGADE HEAD-QUARTERS,
CAMP NEAR SPRING HILL, TENN., April 13, 1863.

MAJ. ANDERSON: In making a forced reconnoissance of Federal forces at Franklin, by the First Cavalry Corps, my brigade moved down the Lewisburg pike. General Armstrong's brigade was some half or three-quarters of an hour in advance of me. In conformity to General Forrest's order, I ordered Captain Groves' company, with five or six guides, on the right of the pike to scour the country for some distance, throwing videttes well out on either side. On reaching Douglass' Church, six or eight of General Armstrong's command came back at the top of their horses' speed, and in great alarm, hotly pursued, as they said, by cavalry. I immediately threw forward Company F, of the Third Tennessee cavalry, numbering thirty men, which I had ordered up to act as guides, should it be necessary; also, Captain Gray's company of thirteen men; at the same time, ordering Colonel Biffle's regiment to the left, across Reams' plan-

tation to get a position on a woodland hill just beyond; the battery (Freeman's) to take position on Dr. Odin's hill, to be supported by Captain McLemore's regiment.

By the time Colonel Biffle's rear had reached the church I discovered a heavy force of the enemy in the wood, one hundred or one hundred and fifty yards to my right, advancing upon me. I sent back for the rear regiments to move up. Discovering that the enemy was on three sides, the battery captured, and all in rear cut off from me, I ordered a few of Colonel Biffle's men to post themselves behind a stone-fence at the church, who held the enemy in check until Colonel Biffle could dismount his men, load his guns, and get ready for action.

At the moment that Colonel Biffle's regiment started forward, Captain Allison, my Aid, came up to me with Company F and Captain Gray's company. I ordered Colonel Biffle to move on the enemy on the right. With his support I charged the enemy with the command that Captain Allison had brought up, sending him around to the regiments in the rear which had been cut off from me. The enemy were then moving down from Dr. Odin's hill in heavy force, and another force of cavalry, supposed to be a regiment, which I directed Colonel Biffle's men at the stone-fence to hold in check at all hazards. The charge was made in the most gallant and determined style, driving the enemy back from my right in confusion. I then turned on the force that was moving against me from the rear: this was deployed, and moving firmly and steadily forward with a mounted force on the pike. I ordered Colonel Biffle forward, and to shelter himself behind trees as he went. I made a charge upon them with Company F, commanded by Lieutenant Pierce, and Captain Gray's company, which routed and drove them back. Being checked by a woods-lot fence, some little delay was occasioned, at which time I ordered Colonel Biffle with part of his force to check the enemy, which had appeared in pretty strong force, moving up the pike. Another charge by the gallant Gray and Pierce completed the victory, dispersing the enemy in confusion, retaking our battery and most of the artillerists. At that moment the Fourth Mississippi cavalry came across Dr. Odin's field from the northwest, and I ordered them up for a pursuit of the routed enemy, but they did not come.

In the meantime I sent couriers back to the front to learn what was going on there. All reports agreed that the enemy was moving upon me from Reams' plantation, when I moved up my artillery and opened

fire on General Armstrong, being unable to distinguish him from Yankees on account of the duskiness of the evening and the amount of dust floating in the air. The enemy, as you will see by Lieutenant Douglass' report (Freeman's Battery), had made a simultaneous movement against the Third Tennessee regiment, immediately in rear of the battery, and charged it on horseback. The horses of the rear caissons taking fright, ran through one-third of this column, and threw it in confusion; owing to the fact that their guns were not loaded, they fell back some distance to the right and rear, and other regiments partook more or less of the same confusion.

I ordered a squadron forward and to the right, under the command of Captain William Forrest, to drive off the enemy, who had appeared in that direction, which he did in handsome style. Colonel Biffle is entitled to great credit for his prompt and determined action during the whole of the fight; my thanks are also due to Captain Allison for the invaluable services he rendered; also, to Tullass and Parke for coolness and promptness in carrying my orders. Without detracting in the least from Colonel Biffle, whose action in the engagement was invaluable, I will say that my success was greatly due to the gallant charges and persevering movement of Lieutenant Pierce and Captain Gray, the latter having four (4) men wounded out of thirteeen (13), and seven (7) horses killed and wounded.

Among the many individual instances of gallantry and daring which deserve particular mention, as he does in every battle in which he participates, is that of Sergeant John Norris, of Company F, of the Third Tennessee; Lieutenant Lyle, of Captain Gray's company, who carries a crutch from a wound received in a previous engagement, distinguished himself in charging and shooting down the enemy, and in recapturing our prisoners. Notwithstanding the precaution of putting out scouts on my right, and other precautionary measures, the enemy captured my videttes, and was upon me without notice. With all of these advantages, the force which fought them did not exceed two hundred and twenty-five (225) men, yet they whipped General Stanley's brigade, and drove it from the field in most handsome style.

Most respectfully,

JAMES W. STARNES,
Colonel Commanding Brigade.

P. S.—My loss was six (6) killed, seventeen (17) wounded, and thirty-one (31) captured. The enemy's was seventeen (17) killed, fifteen (15) taken prisoners, and wounded unknown.

DIARY OF PRIVATE W. J. DAVIDSON, COMPANY C, FORTY-FIRST TENNESSEE REGIMENT.

VICKSBURG, MISS., 8 O'Clock P.M., Dec. 27, 1862.

WE left Jackson this morning and arrived at this place a few minutes since, traveling forty miles by rail in twelve hours, and having but one run-off. Considering the road, this is quite remarkable. Officers and men, with a few honorable (?) exceptions, left Jackson considerably tight, if not more so.

8 A.M., Dec. 28.—Left our bivouac in Vicksburg this morning at 2 o'clock, and moved in darkness through mud and over hills; just before day, halted at our present camping-ground, which is on the top of one of the thousand and one hills which surround Vicksburg. While I write, the booming of artillery and the rattle of musketry are waking the echoes far and wide, and grate harshly on the ear this spring-like Sabbath morning The fight has commenced in earnest on our left wing, and we are expecting every moment to be ordered to the scene of conflict, although we are pretty well worn out already, for the want of sleep and nourishment. But here comes a courier, and, I have no doubt, he has orders for us to double quick to the battle-field. Just as I expected, I hear "fall in!" Heaven protect us to-day!

Jan. 1, 1863.—We have spent three days in front of the enemy, and, notwithstanding the fact that we have been under the fire of one of their batteries and of their sharp-shooters all of the time, the Forty-first has not lost a single man. Yesterday we were out on picket, and were compelled to lie behind logs to prevent the enemy's sharp-shooters from picking us off. We lay in this position for twenty-four hours. Half of the time the rain was pouring down in torrents, but at day-light the rain closed, and the weather changed to freezing cold. We certainly passed a very disagreeable time during this day, for if we attempted to straighten our frozen and cramped limbs by rising to the erect position, the instant bang and whiz of a minnie-bullet about our ears proved the experiment was dangerous. [Donelson repeated] I noticed that some of our *fighting* men at home were the first to get behind some convenient log and the last to leave its friendly shelter. As for myself, I make no pretensions to bravery at home or abroad, and

I freely acknowledge that I laid very close to *my log*. The fact is, a bullet, which whistles like it had a shuck tied to it, does not give out a very musical sound to my ears.

Jan. 2.—Yesterday passed off in comparative quiet; a few shot and shell thrown from our batteries into the lines of the enemy, and a few rounds from their sharp-shooters in return, was all that disturbed the Sabbath-like stillness of the first day of the year. The enemy were engaged in burying their dead, under flag of truce, and I understand that they have a big job of it. In Sunday's and Monday's fighting we killed, wounded and captured near fifteen hundred,* and sustained a very slight loss. The Third and Thirtieth Tennessee and the First Louisiana regiments were the troops who bore the brunt of the fight, and right nobly did they do their duty against the fearful odds.

Jan. 3.—Early in the day yesterday it was announced that the enemy were re-embarking on their gun-boats and transports, and before night the report was confirmed. We captured one hundred barrels of crackers and fifty boxes of axes, which they had left in their haste to get out of the way. They did not quite get Vicksburg, after all of their boasting. Our commander is of the opinion that they will endeavor to land at the wharf to-morrow, under the cover of the fog, and take the place by storm. For this reason, we are still held in position, though nearly worn out by exposure and prolonged abstinence.

Jan. 4.—At 4 o'clock yesterday we were moved from our old position to a bridge. We had stood out in the rain since the evening before, and were completely soaked with wet, and had to climb the steepest and slickest hills a man ever lives to stand upon. Half of the time we were down in the mud, and the balance in water up to our waist, while the darkness was so thick that we could n't see our file-leaders; but I never heard a single murmur from the cold, wet and hungry men. Lieutenant-Colonel Tillman, who has command of the regiment, led the way on foot, and was as deep in the mud as we were in the mire; and, after we arrived at the bridge which we were sent to guard, the officers "stood and took it" as cheerfully as though they were basking in the sunshine of an April morning. One of the boys, who was up to his knees in mud, and over whose face the rain was streaming from a narrow brim cap, said to Major Miller, who was leaning against the side of a house and under the drip, "I say, Major, you look like a man trying to hide behind a ladder." The Major took

* U. S. Official Report, 1929.

the joke quite good humoredly, and did not appear more discomposed by the loud laugh which greeted the sally, than he was a few days before, when the Yankee sharp-shooters were making the minnie bullets sing around his ears. At 10 o'clock, the enemy having failed to come to time, we were allowed to drag our weary limbs out to our camps. There being only one tent to the company, we had to stand out in the wet all day and part of the night, when, to our great relief, the wind changed to the north, and the rain, which had been falling for forty-eight hours, ceased.

Jan. 5.—Yesterday being Sunday, and no enemy appearing, we had a day of comparative rest. In the morning we were marched into town for fear the Yankees might return and attempt to land under cover of their gunboats, but five minutes after our arrival we were about-faced and moved back to camps. The day was spent in drying clothes, cleaning guns, and setting tents. The cooking is an easy job with us here, as our ration consists only of musty meal and poor, tough beef. I obtained permission this morning to go to town, and while there learned that the regiment was coming in to take a boat for Port Hudson. I write this entry on the top of the wheel-house of the "Charm," waiting for her to start.

Jan. 6.—Last night at ten o'clock we got under way for Port Hudson, La., and the motion of the boat lulled me to sleep in a few moments. I have no distinct recollection of what occurred during the night. I awoke this morning at a wood-yard above Natchez, and, as the day was breaking, I concluded to keep awake and enjoy the scenery and the spring-like morning. Mississippi scenery has been described as a "line and a pine," and I will not attempt a better description of the lowest, flattest, and most dreary landscape in my memory. The only thing to relieve the monotony of the scenery and dullness of the journey was the bluffs at Natchez and the landing of the boat at the wharf. It was refreshing to see the natives running from their 8x10 groceries, and bringing whisky to our boys. Being on the upper deck, and stopped by a guard at each hatchway, I failed to get a supply of the "cretur," for which I am most heartily thankful. The boys on the lower deck were more (un)fortunate, and procured a plentiful supply.

Jan. 10—Nothing of interest since the 6th. Arrived at Port Hudson on the morning of the 7th, and were bivouaced until daylight. The regiment breakfasted on a little spoiled meal brought from Vicks

burg; my mess did finely on bread-mush, and "sassafac" tea. At ten o'clock we were marched to our present camping-ground, one mile from the dirty little village of Port Hudson, La. Our camp is on a hill in the midst of briers and cane, and in good weather we could make it quite a pleasant place; but since our arrival it has been raining constantly, and the rich soil has become worked into a muck about a foot deep. Yesterday some men in the Third Tennessee killed three rattle-snakes in camp. Scorpions, lizzards, bugs, and green leaves are about as plentiful here now as they are in Tennessee in August. While writing, a small snake crawled up to our camp-fire, and passed between W. M. Woodward's legs.

Jan. 11.—To-day we have another beautiful Sabbath. The boys are engaged in cleaning up guns for inspection, and as we are not in the immediate vicinity of the enemy, and have no hope of marching orders, we may expect a day of comparative idleness, which is more to be dreaded than any hardship that could be imposed, as it disposes the men to immoral practices to kill time. In two hours at least half of us will be playing cards, while a few, true to the principles of religion instilled into their hearts in times past, will be reading their Bibles, or engaged in other devotional exercises. The news of the defeat of our army in Tennessee [Murfreesboro] has created quite an excitement in our camp, as nearly all of the soldiers here are from that State. We are impatient for orders to go to the defense of our own homes, and some of the men say they will go whether they get orders or not. As yet, however, good order and discipline have prevailed, and I believe will to the end.

Jan. 13.—Yesterday we had nothing to do, and spent the day writing letters to friends and relatives at home. In the afternoon had some little excitement over a report that the small-pox was in our regiment, and that we would be sent several miles away from other camps and put in quarantine. I paid but little attention to it at first, thinking it originated as camp rumors generally do, but early this morning orders came to tear down and pack up tents and other baggage, and we were soon on the march.

The report was but too true; four or five cases of small-pox have been taken from our regiment, and we are now in quarantine, four miles from our camp of yesterday. No new cases reported to-day. We are now encamped in the midst of a magnolia forest, entirely away from any habitation, and are confined to a certain limit, beyond

which we dare not go, and inside of which no one is allowed to come.

Jan. 15.—Nothing of the least possible interest to any one has transpired since our confinement in quarantine. We draw our rations, cook, eat, sleep, and play cards, occasionally varying the monotony by telling yarns, abusing the officers, and telling what we will do when we get back to old Tennessee. The latter seems to be the desire of every heart, and is so strong in some that, added to the fear of the small-pox, it has caused a dozen of Captain ———'s men to take "French leave"—in other words, to desert and go home. Several new cases reported yesterday and to-day. I fear we will suffer greatly before we get rid of this loathsome pest. Having been well vaccinated, I dread being placed in "durance vile" for such a length of time more than I do the effect of the disease; but I may lose my life, or have my good looks spoiled. I pray God that I may escape. *Evening.*—The rain has now ceased, and the wind is blowing strongly from the north. I did not expect to find the cold so intense in this land of "everlasting green," but so it is. A few flakes of snow are now falling, but melt as they touch the earth.

Jan. 16.—After a very cold night spent in sleeplessness, I arose, determined to have something better to eat than our daily ration of coarse meal and poor beef, supplemented occasionally with a little sugar and molasses. I procured a permit from Captain Feeney, which was duly approved by Colonel Tillman, but could not pass the pickets on it: had to return a short distance and go around them, which was no easy job, considering the topography of the country. After cooning logs over the same crooked little stream some half dozen times, we (Arch Conaway and myself) found ourselves in a dense cane-brake, and then in the midst of an impassable swamp. Being lost, we struck out straight ahead, and finally came to a farm-house; asked if we could purchase any potatoes, pork, or butter, and were told "nary tater;" pushed on to the second house, and the same question asked, and the same answer returned; ditto at the third house and the fourth: started on return; found an aged colored individual, who agreed to steal us a small hog at night for the small consideration of ten dollars and a half. No help for it. Must have a change of diet. [A story is told of a soldier in this regiment, when at Port Hudson, which is appropriate in this connection. He, like our author, needed a "change of diet," and slipped into a farmer's hog-pen one night to

get it. He saw, what appeared to him, a fine large porker, lying fast asleep, and with practiced skill approached and knocked it in the head with his axe. On attempting to turn it over he found his game had been dead three or four days.]

Jan. 17.—Went out this morning for small hog, but could n't find aged colored individual, so had to go back to camp porkless and in bad humor. Have spent the day in doing nothing at all, and am without energy to think on any subject except that of going home. We are in a most shameful condition here, hundreds of miles from our homes and friends [and fat hogs]. We never see a newspaper or letter, unless some of our Tennessee friends happen to hear of our hiding place, and bring us out these desirable articles. We are badly fed, and have no source of amusement except what is afforded by our camp-jokes and soldier-yarns. We can buy nothing of use or ornament, and, to crown all our miseries, we are in a quarantine which *may* end in the spring.

Jan. 18.—Lee Kelly died last night of small-pox. He came down with a party of twenty-two of us some five weeks since. He was the liveliest of the party from Deckerd, Tenn., to Canton, Miss. *Requiescat in pace.*

Jan. 20.—Yesterday my brother-in-law, Jack Smith, came in as a recruit,, and, to my great disappointment, brought me no letters. I am certainly the most unfortunate man in the regiment in that respect. I have numerous friends and relatives at home, besides a wife, whom I love better than myself, and yet I never get a letter or a message, while others who are considered as being friendless get long epistles by every one who comes. Ab. Snell, another of the men who came down with me from Tennessee, died yesterday of small-pox. He was full of life and spirits during the entire trip. God save me from such a fate! Fowler, another of my *compagnons du voyage*, is reported to be dying of the same vile disease. Colonel Farquharson arrived yesterday, and will take command of the regiment immediately. He is beloved by the entire command.

Jan. 21.—Yesterday I was on guard for the first time since I went soldiering. I cannot say that I particularly like the fun, but it gives one an opportunity of thinking over past sins, and meditating new ones. To-day I have been cooking, and, to the great joy of my mess, I made a good pot of coffee out of rice and sweet potatoes. The small-pox is on the decline.

Jan. 22.—It is reported to-day that the enemy is coming up the river; if this is the case, I will have an "item" shortly. I have been sorely distressed for something to write about since our arrival here, and a big fight would be positively refreshing. To-day the booming of heavy guns is heard down the river, but from the faintness of the sound it must be some distance off.

Jan. 23.—An anecdote is told of James B. Wilson, of the Forty-first, during the late fight at Vicksburg, which should have appeared in its proper connection. The Yankees used to deride our Tennessee boys while in prison, at Camp Morton, with the epithet of "Butternuts," on account of their clothing. At the fight at Chickasaw Bayou, one Tennessee regiment (the Third, I think) repulsed six or eight Federal regiments, capturing five stands of colors and five hundred prisoners, besides killing a great number. During the action the enemy's sharp-shooters killed one of our field officers, of which fact they seemed to be aware. As they were being brought in, Jim Wilson remarked, "You ran against the *Butternuts*, did you?" "Yes," replied a saucy fellow, "yes; and *we picked out the kernels* (colonels) too."

Sunday, Jan. 24.—Our faces were considerably elongated this morning by the report that John Bland, of our company, was taking the small-pox. As John circulates a good deal among the boys, we all expected to take it from him; but, after a thorough examination by Drs. McNelly and Smith, they pronounced it measles, whereupon we all regained our usual composure, except Joel Neece, who slept with Bland last night, and was too badly frightened to get over it in a moment.

Feb. 6.—We have had no excitement since we left Vicksburg. Nothing has transpired here to cause a "yell" even. We have lived out the allotted time in quarantine, but have received no orders as yet to go back into the world again. There has been no small-pox for over twenty days, and the boys are suffering more from the confinement than from the pestilence. Last night was the coldest of the season. Ice formed to the thickness of a quarter of an inch. Arch Sloan, of our company, died night before last of measles.

Feb. 8.—Yesterday we moved back into civilization, and took up quarters in a swamp near the broad Mississippi. Have a good camping-ground for this country, and if we can get good rations, I think we will have a healthy regiment once more. We have been through the

flint-mills since we went into quarantine. The men have suffered a great deal from bowel complaints, colds, and measles: some have died of small-pox, and but for the promptness of Surgeon McNelly in having us well vaccinated, and the infected sent to the pest-house, we might have had a serious time of it. We are now in better spirits, as we can see what is going on and hear the news, besides having the advantage of the sunshine and facilities for purchasing provisions, etc. While writing, I have been detailed as ship's carpenter on board of a steamboat now fitting out to capture the Federal gunboat Indianola, which passed our batteries at Vicksburg sometime since, and has been annoying our transports between this point and Red River. The attempt will be dangerous, and nothing but the exigency of the case would warrant the undertaking.

Feb. 15.—Another week has passed over without any excitement, save what is occasioned by the preparations for the attack on the Indianola, and what is afforded by the weekly visit of the Federal gunboat Essex. This boat is said to be the best in their fleet below this point. She wastes considerable ammunition in the woods, firing at our pickets. On Thursday heavy cannonading was heard above, in which the Indianola is supposed to have a hand. The preparations for the expedition are nearly complete, and the Dr. Beatty, our flag-ship, will be ready to start in a day or two. The Forty-first Tennessee furnished twenty-five volunteers for the expedition, and of that number Captain Feeney's company furnished twelve good and true men, excepting the writer, who goes as assistant ship's carpenter, provided his detail is approved, according to the promise of Colonel Brend, who commands the "Musquitto Fleet."

[Continued in our next.]

THE KILLING OF CAPT. FREEMAN, OF FREEMAN'S BATTERY.

J. C. G., of Freeman's Battery, gives the following account of this affair: The company was moving, on the 10th of April, 1863, on the Lewisburg-Franklin pike, about four miles from the latter place. Armstrong's Brigade had passed over the same road a short while before,

and Starnes' was no great distance in the rear; but there was gaps of sufficient length to invite an attack. The enemy were seen peering over a hill to the front and rightward, and their manner excited some suspicion among several persons at the rear of our column, which happened, at the time, to have the advantage of the elevation of the hill which the head of the column had already descended. Captain Freeman, being in the valley, had failed to notice the circumstance, and was unsuspicious of the impending danger. James Neeld and myself were so thoroughly convinced of the truth of our suspicions, that we hurried on to get to our places, and reached our gun just as a force of the Fourth U. S. Regulars were forming a short distance off for a charge. Captain Freeman, who was some yards in advance, turned and commanded, "In battery, action right," which was responded to as promptly as the scattered condition of the sections would allow. In five seconds more the guns would have been loaded and fired, but the distance of the charge was too short to make any available defense. As it was, the enemy were in a few yards of us by the time the ammunition reached the guns. Captain Freeman and those in front rode rapidly down the line in order to escape, closely pursued by the cavalry. This was the signal for all to escape who could. I mounted and followed in the same direction, mingling with the pursuers. Unfortunately, the caisons, in the effort to retreat, become jammed in a narrow part of the road and effectually blocked the way, so that horsemen could not pass; otherwise, Captain Freeman and a number of others might have escaped by hard riding. On reaching this point, he turned and threw up his hand, saying, "Stop your firing; my men have surrendered;" which was obeyed as to those here. Others had crossed the plank-fence on the left, and were making off on foot, and to these the enemy were now turning their attention. Our own cavalry were now observed not far off, and to these Captain Freeman turned, with a most longing expression of countenance, for succor; but they seemed paralyzed by the suddenness of the attack, and, besides, had empty guns. It was probably five minutes before any direction was given for us to go to the rear. When we were ordered to "double quick," Captain Freeman obeyed the command like the rest, and, as he was in my rear, I saw him no more. I soon broke down and fell, but a pistol leveled at my head brought me to my feet again and a double quick. At last I gave out entirely, and told my captors to shoot if they wanted to. Dr. Skelton, of our battery, happened to

be passing at the time, and they hoisted me up on his horse and carried me off. Dr. Skelton was shot after he surrendered—the ball passing through his uplifted hand and into his face, causing a serious wound.

Wm. B. Martin, of this battery, and eight or ten others, got off on foot three hundred yards, when they were overhauled and brought back. On nearing the pike again, he discovered a Confederate, a short distance away, relieving a Yankee of his sabre. At that instant another presented his pistol at his captor, whom he remembers as being red-headed, and he himself was admonished to get out of the way as quick as he could. He never ascertained whether his captor was killed or not. He says that Captain Freeman was shot in the mouth, and his face was badly powder-burnt.

A year or so after this affair, a Fourth Regular deserter was taken in Lincoln co., Tenn., by some Confederate Scouts, and he gave some further particulars of the death of this lamented officer. He said that he was lamed, probably by striking his knee against some obstacle—a gun or wheel, and was unable to keep up with the rest of the prisoners; whereupon a sergeant placed his pistol to his face and shot him dead in his tracks.

Captain Freeman was a splendid specimen of southern manhood, and was regarded by his cotemporaries as one of the best artillery officers in the service. This was the oft-expressed opinion of General Forrest.

"Captain Freeman, at the beginning of the war, was a lawyer. He entered the army, at an early moment, as a subaltern in a company of volunteers. His Artillery Company (one of the best in the service) was raised in Sumner co., Tenn. [The men composing it were from Sumner, Wilson, Davidson, and Lincoln counties.] He was a Christian gentleman, standing high with Forrest, who was not easily pleased. The officers and men esteemed him greatly, and his loss, much deplored, cast a gloom over the command. Even General Forrest wept at his grave, and all were deeply moved as this promising soldier was consigned to his last home at Spring Hill, Tenn., on the 11th of April, 1863. A staff officer, who served long with Freeman, in speaking of him as an artillery officer, observed that 'his favorite guns were his twelve pound howitzers, his preferred ammunition two thirds cannister, and his distance as close as his General would let him go.'"—*Campaigns of Forrest's Cavalry.*

This same command—the Fourth Regulars—murdered James

Neeld, of this Battery, at Rome, Ga., in 1865, after he had surrendered.

We would be glad to have, from any of our readers, any further details of this affair, and also a sketch of the military career of this lamented officer. He is worthy of a fuller recognition and a higher place in our history.

COL. GRANVILLE LEWIS.

THE copy of the Tyler (Texas) *Reporter*, of June 18, 1863, kindly furnished to the ANNALS by Major Winchester, of Memphis, is very interesting for its historical value, and also as a memento of those times. We are glad to put on record again the patriotism of Colonel Lewis, as shown by Major Winchester's letter and by General Donelson's report. By the way, can any of our readers furnish us the full text of this report? It would be a most valuable testimony to a most brilliant feat of arms on the part of Donelson's Brigade. The *Reporter* contains also appropriate obituary notices of Captain Samuel Gallatin Smith, of General McCullough's staff, who was killed at the fight at Milliken's Bend, and Captain William H. Smith, who fell at Raymond, Mississippi:

"COLONEL GRANVILLE LEWIS.—This clever gentleman and patriot arrived here a few days since. It will be remembered that he left here about eighteen months ago, for the purpose of joining Colonel Gregg's regiment at Hopkinsville, Ky. He was, however, dissuaded from this purpose by his friends, on account of his age. He served for a short time as Assistant-Quartermaster at Memphis, and afterward as an assistant at the hospitals, until the battle at Murfreesboro—all the time (except when Quartermaster) free of charge to the Government. The manner in which he conducted himself during the week's fighting at Murfreesboro will be seen from the following extract from the official report of General Donelson:

"'I cannot conclude this report without expressing my appreciation of the services of my staff. I was attended on the field of battle by the following staff officers: Captain John Bradford, my Brigade Inspector, acting as Assistant-Adjutant-General; James H. Wilkes, my

clerk, acting as Aid-de-Camp—my Assistant-Adjutant-General, Major James G. Morton, and Lieutenant Samuel Donelson, my Aid-de-Camp, being absent on leave My volunteer Aids-de-Camp were Captain J. L. Rice, Colonel Granville Lewis, of Texas, and Henry Lindsley, of Lebanon, Tennessee. I feel that I am doing but sheer justice to express my entire satisfaction with the conduct of every member of my staff, for they rendered efficient service in carrying orders with promptness in the hottest of the conflict—particularly to that part of the field on the right of my brigade, which the enemy was attempting to turn during the entire day, but where he was gallantly repulsed by the demined bravery of my troops. Mr. Lindsley had his horse killed by a cannon-ball early in the action, and was so severely wounded himself that he had to retire from the field during the remainder of the battle. My clerk, Wilkes, had his horse killed late in the afternoon, near the Cowan House. It is but right that I should say that Colonel Lewis, the previous day, had obtained a musket, and was fully equipped to take the field in the ranks of Captain Buford's company, of the Eight Tennessee regiment, when, being informed of this fact, I invited him to take a place with me as volunteer Aid, which he readily assented to do, and conducted himself with the greatest coolness and determined bravery.'"

EARLY WESTERN HISTORY

INDIAN BATTLE AT ROCK ISLAND, TENN., ON THE CANEY FORK.

A BODY of men from the stations in Sumner county with a company of soldiers under Lieutenant Snoddy, thirty three in all, were scouting in the neighborhood of Rock Island, in the year 1793. Just before going into camp for the night, some of the pilots discovered a bear, and it was agreed that they would drive him in the direction of the proposed camp and kill him with tomahawks instead of rifles, as a precaution against discovery by Indians, who were supposed to be in the vicinity. The pursuit began at once, and was getting hot when the hunters ran unexpectedly on a camp of sixty Indians. The latter, being taken by surprise, took refuge in the high rocky island in the river. Their camp was quickly plundered and the facts reported to the main body, now a short way off. It was decided to go up out of the cane and brush and occupy a high, open timbered hill in the vicinity.

Guards were put out, but there was no sleep in either camp. The Indians were greatly enraged at the loss of their effects, and an earnest pow-wow could be plainly heard going on during the night at the island. The chiefs were haranging their men to get their courage up to attack the whites, whose position was soon made known by the neighing of some horses which were in the party. A little before day, Lieutenant Snoddy suggested to William Reid that they had better begin their retreat; this was strenuously opposed by Reid, who gave as a reason that it was better to receive the Indians from a chosen position and fight it out there, than to be taken at a disadvantage on the march. This advice was founded on good grounds from knowledge of Indian character, and was adopted.

Soon after this conference, two Indians were discovered slipping along from tree to tree. Captain Reid went forward at once, in the same cautious manner in order to get a shot. He had reached a small

tree and was standing at a ready, when a sharp report broke the morning stillness, and his right arm fell useless to his side, from a bullet which entered at the wrist and come out near the elbow. Double Head, the Indian leader, had crawled to a small log not ten paces from him and fired the first shot. Reid was unable to take advantage of his antagonist's empty gun, and made his way quickly back to his line, with the war whoop ringing in his ears.

The Indians were already in position, and the battle began at once along the entire line. The whites were as brave a body of men as could have been collected anywhere, and cool and cautious enough to make their marksmanship tell in an affair of this kind. Their adversaries were smarting under the disgrace of having their camp plundered and were disposed to bring on a hand to hand conflict.

The chiefs bravely urged their followers to the attack, but Indian courage was not equal to such a task in the face of what they had already suffered from the rifles of the whites. So, after a prolonged tree to tree contest, they withdrew from the field. There were four killed on the part of the whites—Straitor, Scoby, and two others whose names my informant, Captain Rogan, has forgotten.

Captain Reid being disabled, passed along the line to encourage the men. At one point he met Joe Elliott, who had received a wound across the abdomen. Joe was a good deal disconcerted by the event and supposed he was mortally hurt, until he ventured on an experiment in backwoods diagnosis; which was to bore his finger into the wound and carry it to his nose. Not perceiving what he foreboded, he caught up his castaway rifle and went back into the fight, well satisfied from the experiment that he was not seriously injured, and so it proved in the end.

The whites retreated soon after the Indians left, and made their way back into the settlements without further molestation.

SKETCHES OF CAPT. EDMOND JENNINGS.

CAPTAIN EDMOND JENNINGS, one of the bravest and most efficient actors in the Heroic Age of Tennessee history, has received, by some strange mischance, so little attention from our annal-

ists, that we will publish, from time to time, a number of sketches and anecdotes which will give his name the place on record which it so eminently deserves. We have been so fortunate as to get from the lips of the aged Captain Frank Rogan, of Sumner co., Tenn., a fuller account than could have been expected at this late day, of this neglected warrior, who had as much iron in his nature as Andrew Jackson, and who contributed as much, by his valor and fortitude, to the founding of this great Commonwealth as any other man in his sphere.

A Buffalo Hunt.

Edmond Jennings and Josh Thomas were out one wintry day on the Cumberland above Nashville, on a buffalo hunt. The ground was covered with snow, and the weather was bitter cold. The buffalo herd being wild, led them into a bend of the river and back to the neck of land whence they started. On crossing their own trail, they discovered a number of moccasin tracks in pursuit. At this discovery they broke for the river, which was swollen from recent rains. Both of the men were expert swimmers, and as hardy as Indians.

So they plunged at once into the icy current, swinging their powder horns to the locks of their rifles so as to keep them above water. In this way they accomplished the passage of the swollen stream, and made their way toward the French Licks, as Nashville was then called. On reaching Stone's river it too was high, and they had to cross it in the same way as they did the Cumberland. It was now night, and the weather bitter cold. On reaching the Donelson settlement, which had been broken up by an Indian attack the year before, they resolved to build a fire out of the fence and dry out; this they did, and spent a comfortable night without further molestation.

Swimming the Tennessee at Florence.

Jennings and Josh Thomas were inseparable on the hunt or scout. Thomas was very strong, and one of the most daring of that race of pioneers which gave to our escutcheon its brightest blazonry. At the age of eighteen he was a match at wrestling or fisticuff for any of the stalwart occupants of the stations. He was the only man mortally wounded at Nickajack, and this was the result of imprudence in not taking a tree, as Jennings urged him to do.

When Colonel Robertson was at the Tennessee river on his Coldwater Expedition, it became a serious question how he could cross his men.

A canoe had been observed on the other side during the day, and it was important to secure it. He called for volunteers to swim the river, which was spread out nearly a mile wide at this point. Josh Thomas offered his services if any one would go with him. At that moment a plunge was heard in the water, and the Colonel asked, "Who was that?" "Edmond Jennings," was the reply. Edmond didn't want any formality about the thing, and stood not a moment on the order of his going. Thomas plunged in after him, and they soon disappeared in the darkness. Edmond, in telling the circumstance years after, said he got bothered, and swam a long time without making much headway, but, said he, "I finerly tuck a stair (star) and made the landing on the other side." Thomas also made the passage safely. They found the canoe, and got into it to return, but it was so leaky that one had to bale the water out while the other paddled. They made so much noise that their friends were on the point of firing into them for Indians.

Jennings was with Captain Rains, who was sent to the mouth of the creek to intercept the Indian retreat by their canoes. When the fight opened, the whites charged with great rapidity on all points. Jennings was riding a young mare, which ran away with him, carrying him ahead of his party. Being the first to reach the crossing where the Indians were already taking to their canoes, he quickly dismounted, and, according to his declaration, killed two at one shot as they were making off in their canoe; the rest quit the boat and dived for their lives. He was armed with Buchanan's fowling-piece, a famous gun in that day. Putnam states that there were six volunteers who swam the river to get the canoe, but Captain Rogan mentions only the names of Jennings and Thomas in this connection.

Swimming the Tennessee at Nickajack.

Jennings performed another feat of swimming at Nickajack, which shows what manner of man he was. He swam the river many times during the night, pushing over the raw-hide boats, which contained the guns and ammunitions, and wound up by carrying over Lieutenant Blackmore, who was no swimmer. George Flynn, a boy raised by Obi Terrill, was the first to cross. He built up a fire for some purpose, and was cursed so loudly by Blackmore from the other side that the latter committed the worst offense of the two.

SKETCHES OF THOS. SHARPE SPENCER.

A SINGULAR circumstance connected with Spencer is the fact that he had a middle name. Instances of this kind were exceedingly rare among the men of that period. I notice but a few in the records furnished by Ramsey. It was plain Andrew Jackson, John Sevier, James Robertson, etc.

He was remarkable for his great physical strength, lofty courage, docility of disposition, and love of solitude. He was, without doubt, the first white man who cleared land on the Cumberland.

The site of this historic spot is on the farm of Colonel A. R. Wyne, at Castallian Springs, Sumner county. He performed this labor after Holiday had left him alone in the depths of the wilderness. His idea was that he would be entitled to hold all of the sections on which he made a clearing. He cleared first at Bledsoe's Lick, then at Greenfields, the site of the Chenault homestead now, and, subsequently, near where Gallatin now stands. Being restrained to one tract, he selected the latter, which is known to this day as "Spencer's choice." In making the clearing at Bledsoe's Lick, he used only an axe, with which he felled the trees and cut into convenient lengths; with these he made his fence, carrying logs which no two men of the present day would be able to lift in position. The date of this settlement is not precisely fixed. He was on this spot in 1776, and did this work in one of the three following years. Its centennary has certainly come, and the people of this neighborhood should formally plant another sycamore on the site of the old one, to mark the spot and perpetuate the memory of the man who laid the first foundation of their now peaceful and prosperous homes, protected it with his strength, and finally paid for it with his blood.

That he was stronger than any two men of his day, the following incident will show: With the help of two stout men, he was building a house on "Spencer's choice." One day he lay before his fire sick, and disinclined to exertion. The others continued the work, but finally had to stop on account of their inability to raise the heavy end of a log to its place, though they had succeeded with the lighter end. Spencer tried to stimulate them by saying that he could put it up by himself, when one of them who had frequently expressed the belief that he was a match for Spencer, dared him insultingly to the trial. Spencer arose and lifted the log to its place with the greatest ease, and

returned to his pallet. His opponent after this ceased to put in any claims of rivalry.

The first Court-house built at Nashville was made of cedar logs, and the first time Spencer saw it he proposed to throw it over the bluff, log by log, if any one would treat to a quart of rum. No one took the banter.

On a visit to Demumbrane's store, he reached across the low counter, took some article from the shelf which he wanted to examine. Demumbrane, thinking he meant to take it by force, struck him across the head with a small stick. Spencer amply avenged the insult and blow by pulling his antagonist across the counter and greasing him from head to foot with buffalo tallow, of which there was a barrel standing conveniently.

His peaceful disposition is illustrated in the following instance: Two young men were vigorously pommelling each other on some public occasion, when Spencer stepped up and separated them at arms length, mildly remonstrating with them on their conduct. Bob Shaw, a very stout man himself, wanted to see the fight, and dealt Spencer a stinging blow in the face for interfering. Spencer instantly turned on Shaw, and, seizing him by the nape of the neck and the waistband of his trowsers, carried him bodily to a high fence not far off and tossed him over. This ended all fighting while he was present.

While on the scout or march, he always preferred to go some distance in advance or rear, for safety as he thought, trusting to his own watchfulness to avoid danger. This peculiarity finally cost him his life. He had been to North Carolina to get a legacy of two thousand dollars in specie, and was returning with a train of wagons through the South Pass of Cumberland mountains, now known as Spencer's Hill. As usual, he was far in advance, though it was one of the most dangerous localities on the route. A number of the whites had been killed or wounded here at different times; among the former, Armistead Morgan, the best fiddler in the Cumberland settlement, and, withal, an excellent Indian fighter. On this occasion, Spencer was fired upon at short range and fell dead; his horse turned quickly, throwing off his saddle-bags containing his money, and made his way back to the train. It would be an act of justice and wisdom if the Tennessee Legislature would appropriate a few dollars to have a rough stone on the wayside in this locality, faced and properly inscribed to the memory of one of the bravest defenders of her infant settlements—Thomas Sharpe Spencer.

THE HEROISM OF HUGH ROGAN AT BLEDSOE'S STATION.

DURING a night attack by the Indians on Bledsoe's Station, Colonel Anthony Bledsoe was mortally wounded. The fires in the Station were extinguished at the first outset. After the Indians were repulsed, mainly by the bravery of Hugh Rogan, Colonel Bledsoe was discovered to be in a dying condition. He was the owner of large tracts of land, and was anxious to make a will dividing it in a certain way between his wife and children. The fire-places were searched, but not a spark could be found from which to get a light. The only resource was at the cabin of old Katy Shaver, who lived several hundred yards from the fort. This old lady, whose husband and family had all been killed in the massacre at Mansker's Station some years before, lived alone, and was regarded with superstitious fear by the Cherokees, who knew her history and her defenseless condition. During all the bloody encounters in this vicinity, they avoided her with scrupulous care, believing she was under the protection of the Great Father, who would avenge any injury done her.

Hughy Rogan announced his determination to go to Katy Shaver's for fire, but his proposition met with a universal protest from the little garrison, as a large body of Indians were known to be in the vicinity of the place, and for him to attempt to return with a blazing fagot in his hand, would almost insure his destruction. He merely remarked that a "dying man should have his last request gratified," and, opening the door, plunged into the horrors of the outer darkness, amid the prayers and tears of the garrison, who listened breathlessly for the shot that would lay low their bravest defender. He reached his destination in safety, and in a few minutes returned with the fire blazing his way through the darkness. Not a shot was fired at him, as providentially the Indians were out of the way at that particular time.

The self-sacrificing spirit of this brave Irishman has never been surpassed, and rarely equaled. The act had in it all the elements of the "Heroic" in a superlative degree.

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THE SOLDIER'S WAR-BAG.

Old Darb Greer's Joke on Lewis Peach.—All of those who ever came in contact with the late John Greer, of Fayetteville, Tenn., will remember him as the "Ned Brace" of Tennessee. He and Lewis Peach belonged to the same mess in the Eighth Tennessee Confederate Infantry. Peach was under medium size, but Darb said that he could hold his own at eating with any man in the army. He had often twitted him about the habit; but Lewis, unluckily, one day, afforded the opportunity of a practical joke, which Darb was not slow to take advantage of. We will let him (Lewis) tell it his own way, as he did years after in response to an inquiry:

"We were camped near Tullahoma, after the battle of Murfreesboro, and some one of the mess got to making corn-meal dumplings. When it came my turn to cook, I was ignorant of the process, but thought it was easy enough; so I put on a big camp-kettle of them to cook, but they crumbled to pieces, and were nothing more than a mass of badly scorched mush. I took the kettle of abominations to a log near by, and emptied my dumplings on the ground. Old Darb had been down in the other end of camp, playing 'freeze out,' but, getting froze out before night, he came on back to the mess. As he passed the log, he spied my dumplings, and asked 'Who did that?' 'Lewis Peach,' was the reply. That was as good as Darb wanted. He instantly yelled out, 'I told you all Lewis Peach was the biggest eater in the army; come here and I'll prove it to you.' He was as solemn and earnest as an owl, and soon had a crowd of curious and astonished spectators around him, to whom he related a circumstantial account of the whole proceeding. Said he, 'I saw at dinner that he would have to throw up this mess or go to the grave-yard, and I watched him. He come right here and set right down on this log, and tossed it up." His imitation of the act, the location and the suspicious looking character of the mess, which had run down the slant for several yards, were convincing. Not a man doubted the truth of his story, but gazed, wondered and believed; nay more, went off and reported the wonder in

the most solemn manner. In an hour there were five hundred men crowding the spot, and tip-toeing, to get a look. Darb remained on the field to explain things and swear, in the most positive manner, that he would n't have believed any thing human could have held that much if he had n't a seen it with his own eyes. I knew it was of no use to try to explain the matter as long as Darb was present. In fact, I was badly plagued at the turn of events, and crawled off into my bunk, and staid there the rest of the evening. I thought the matter would blow over by the next morning, but, bless you, the crowd only increased. They came from all over Polk's Corps to see the eighth wonder of the world. Darb was at his post to swear to the fact, and when he pointed me out as the little fellow that did it, men looked on me in astonishment, pity and disgust, and I was glad to take refuge in my bunk, where I staid the rest of the day. The whole of Polk's corps religiously believed Darb's story, and do to this day, for aught I know, I was a marked man, and was continually pointed out as 'the little fellow who eat a camp-kettle of corn dumplings.' Darb, poor fellow, died of yellow jack, at Havana, several years ago, and I reckon I 'll have to forgive him the best I can."

We are happy to be able to set Lewis right before Polk's Corps, after fifteen years of misconception and flagrant injustice.

A Mother's Devotion.—On the 25th of December, 1864, a party of Confederate scouts made an attack on a band of Union Home-Guards at the house of Sol. Goodman, in Grundy co., Tenn. The latter took refuge in a barn, to which the attacking party set fire, and so compelled their surrender. In the fight, George Goodman, of the Confederates, had his arm broken by a bullet. At that time, and under the circumstances, it was almost equivalent to death, for it was a conflict of neighbor against neighbor, and animosities were embittered and intensified by many bloody acts on each side, which called loudly for revenge. In this instance, Goodman's father had been brutally murdered by three of Brixey's men, who had formerly lived on his place and had often experienced his kindness. This act, of course, raised all of the devil in George's nature, and at every opportunity he made a raid into that section, and wreaked his vengeance upon his enemies. Now, that he was too badly wounded to make his way South to a place of safety, death truly stared him in the face as soon as his enemies should become

aware of his defenseless condition. The news of his situation was borne to his widowed mother, and she at once realized its nature. As soon as possible she hastened to his assistance, determined to save him from the butchery which she knew would be his fate as soon as his whereabouts were made known. Four miles from her house there was a high cliff of rocks, near the top of Cumberland mountains, in a wild and unfrequented spot, and thither she contrived to get him without any one's help; for she feared the indiscretions of friends and a precious life, to her, hung on the event of concealment. The place was admirably suited for the purpose; the cliff jutted over, forming a roof, and some fallen rocks walled it in on one side. Waiting until midnight, she returned to her house four miles off, to get food and clothing. She knew that her absence and its object were known, and that her enemies would be on the lookout to discover George's whereabouts, so eager they were for his blood, and it can only be imagined with what caution she approached her own house, and what anxiety filled her breast until she secured what she wanted and was safely on her return. She had to cross Elk river on a log, but she said that she trusted in Providence that it would not break under her until her journeyings were ended. For thirteen long weeks, in the middle of the unusually severe winter of '64–5, she returned every third night to her home for provisions, crossing and recrossing the frail bridge, until George was sufficiently recovered to take care of himself. It was but a short time after she ceased her travels that a party of Federals attempted to cross on the log that had borne the faithful old mother so long, when it broke and precipitated them into the river.

Such is a brief description of the mental tension this heroic woman had to undergo for more than three months. She thought, for a long time, that George would die, but she says she never lost hope. She had dreamed before the war that she would save him on that mountain, and would cover him with a certain quilt. So, when she started to his succor, she remembered her dream and took the quilt with her, and, in the darkest hours, in looking on it she felt her courage revive. Now she says it all seems like a dream—the occurrences that made up that age of suffering under the cliff. She prayed to God every step she took—prayed continually. She scarcely ate or slept, for George needed constant attention; the large nerve in his arm had been cut by the ball, and his suffering was acute and long continued, and his nervous system so shattered, in consequence, that he would scream out

in terror at the slightest noise. Erysipelas also attacked his wound, and added to his danger; he was often delirious, and groaned continually. His mother says that one night, as she started off for food, she could hear him groan for a long distance, and could hardly hope that he would be alive on her return; but, when she approached the spot and heard his moaning, these evidences of life, though tokens of great sufferings, and were the sweetest sounds she ever heard.

Although it was the dead waste and middle of winter, she dared not build much fire, lest the smoke would be a cloud by day and the light a pillar of fire by night to guide her enemies to the spot. Nearly every day she could see them in the valley below, and frequently the light of a burning house; her own house was threatened, but she told her daughter to let it burn, and move nothing out.

Wild cats were numerous on the mountain, and their savage screams at night added to the wildness and loneliness of her situation. The bleating of a flock of sheep, which came occasionally and rested on the mountain side, was of the greatest company to her, for it betokened no harm, and it was a blessed consolation, amid the warring elements surrounding her, to hear some sounds of innocence and peace.

Poor woman! as has been stated before, she scarcely ate or slept, and how she endured the mental strain of continual anxieties and fears, passes understanding. Faith, Hope, and Love all blended to give her strength, but the greatest of these was Love, which never once thought of bodily comfort, which halted before no danger nor sacrifice, but followed relentlessly as fate but one object—the saving of her darling boy.

The names of the murderers of old man Anderson Goodman were Mart. Phipps, —— McChristian, and —— Conatzy. The immediate cause was this: The old man was at a prayer-meeting one night, when these men shaved his mare's mane and tail. He met them on the Sunday following and upraided them for the act. They immediately reported him to the blood-thirsty Brixey, at Tracy City, and he sent a squad to kill him, which they did on the following Tuesday. He was taken from his plow and carried about a mile. Phipps and Conatzy did the shooting, one ball striking him in the brain and the other in the chest. They forbade his body to be touched or buried, but this was attended to by the neighbors after the murderers left.

Conatzy was killed afterward, and Phipps, at last accounts, was a wanderer in the West, fearing to return.

"Jeff Davis" Captures "Abe Lincoln."—Colonel James H. Holman, of Tennessee, was acting on the staff of Major-General Withers in the movement against one of Buell's columns in the neighborhood of Lawrenceburg, Ky., on the eve of the battle of Perryville. The hostile lines lay one night in short distance of each other, ready for the battle which was to begin the next day. The Colonel awoke at daylight from a hard bed by the roadside, where he had dropped down the night before, tired and supperless, and, feeling the need of a square meal to support him through the arduous duties of the day, he set out for a farm-house, five hundred yards to the front and between the lines. As he reached the door, he saw two soldiers of the Nineteenth United States Regulars sitting at the fire-place. Being a man of great self-possession, he quietly remarked, "Boys, you are *our* prisoners."

"Who are you?" they asked.

"I am Jeff Davis! Who are you?"

"We are Abe Lincoln!"

"Well, Abe Lincoln, you are *our* prisoners."

By this time he had possession of their Enfields, which were leaning against the wall.

"Where are your men?" asked one of the soldiers. "They are behind the house; come out and see for yourselves," the Colonel invitingly replied. The "boys in blue" made no further parley, and surrendered at discretion.

As he started off with the prisoners, a lady came to the door and he asked what she had for breakfast. She answered that she was cooking a goose for the soldiers. "Is it done?" "Not quite." "Bring it out and some bread."

Receiving the smoking goose and some pones of hot corn-bread, which latter he had to slip in his bosom for safe transportation, and, with a gun in each hand, he arrived safely in his own lines with his prisoners, who tried hard to laugh at the *joke* played on them by a single rebel.

Take Me to the Rear, Quick—A Federal Captain was captured by the Forty-fourth Tennessee regiment, at Chickamauga, in the heat of the fight. He had lost his hat and was advised by some of the boys to pick up one. "No," said he, "I'll get my d—n head shot off hunting around for a hat. Take me to the rear as quick as you can."

EDITORIAL.

IT may be well for us to state the origin of the enterprise which we have undertaken to conduct, and to define its *status*. For some years we have been in the habit of committing to writing such recollections of army life as we could recall, or get from the lips of others. At first only minor incidents, anecdotes, and short sketches were attempted. Then followed the graver matters of our history, which required a more careful handling, and the use of official and authentic *data* for reference and verification. On attempting to obtain published material in the shape of official reports of battles and other written history of events in the western part of the late Confederate States, we found none accessible. The editions of Confederate official reports were out of print, and copies so scarce as not to be had after a persevering inquiry of several months in different States. Further, we found that the field of historical investigation had hardly been touched by any regular and systematic labor in that direction. As the venerable historian, Dr. Ramsey, says, in his letter published in the ANNALS, "The field is wide and inviting, but the laborers are few." In view of these circumstances it was apparent, on reflection, that the history of the western armies would have to be gathered from the lips of the survivors to a great extent, and that, too, in a short time, as many of the leading actors had passed away, and the common fate must, soon or late, overtake them all. Thereupon, in January of this year, with the approval of a number of our soldiers at Fayetteville, Tenn., we issued a circular to the public calling attention to the existing facts, and proposing a remedy before it was too late. It was distributed in this and other States, and the argument met with a prompt response of approval from every quarter from our representative men, and particularly from the press, showing that the suggestion was timely, and had reached the popular heart. At the suggestion of a number of gentlemen we issued a prospectus for a monthly magazine of history, and the tokens of public approval, in the shape of a substantial subscription list, have enabled us to give a practical shape to the movement begun a few weeks ago, and the first number of the ANNALS OF THE

ARMY OF TENNESSEE AND EARLY WESTERN HISTORY is before you. Its mission is to collect and preserve from loss *every fact* which can illustrate the nature and extent of the mighty struggle we waged for the supremacy of our arms, from the first shot which broke our half century of internal peace to the last order, to stack arms on a defeated field, and yield our bodies to the mercies of a conquering host, who, happily for us and their own honor, exacted no degrading terms of submission.

The ANNALS will aim to subserve only the interests of truthful history, and will not seek to perpetuate error and misrepresentation, however gratifying they may be to our pride. It will be a glorious consummation if it gathers enough truth into its pages to do justice to our dead, and claim for the living the respect due to men who, for four long years, fought to maintain their convictions of the justice of their cause.

It is only in this spirit that we regard the pursuit of historical investigation as having any value. If it is used improperly by us, or by our late foes, the attempt will redound only to the discredit of the authors of it, and lessen the value of what is good and worthy of preservation.

In our conduct of the ANNALS we will endeavor to be guided by these simple rules, as far as any thing is concerned which comes from our pen. For the statements of correspondents, of course, we will not be responsible. If errors occur, our columns will be open for their correction.

In conclusion, we will say that the ANNALS is not the *protege* of an army *organization*, and possesses no official sanction, except such as has been accorded by the voluntary approval and commendation of a number of Confederate soldiers, of every rank and grade, and of representative men in literary and politcial circles in this and other States.

WE ask all who feel an interest in the collection and preservation of our history, to forward to the ANNALS diaries and other manuscripts or copies if preferred, old files of newspapers and other periodicals, original communications, giving specific and authentic information concerning our battles, skirmishes, marches, etc. Also sketches suitable for the Soldier's War-Bag. We particularly want material which will give a correct estimate of the character, traits, and services of our dead of every rank and grade.

THE following kindly notice of the ANNALS, from the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, fully explains the relations of these two monthlies to each other. The injustice complained of, was certainly not intentional. Our attention in the West has been drawn so little to matters historical, that we can well afford to plead ignorance of the extent of the noble efforts in that direction by the Southern Historical Society. There had been no special effort to introduce its publications to our people until this year, and our reading only extended to the Gettysburg series of papers, from which it was easy to make the mistake.

The two fields are wide and inviting to the searcher after historical materials, and will tax the efforts of both monthlies to the utmost to reclaim and preserve much that would otherwise be lost in the next few years.

We believe the argument advanced in our first circular to be good: that the important points in our history could be gotten only by a discussion of events in which our soldiers were actors, and thus personally interested; and, to provoke a discussion, it was necessary to have a home organ.

The Land We Love was certainly the parent of historical monthlies in the South; but to the Southern Historical Society is due the credit and honor of making an extended and systematic effort in this cause, and we hope to see its publications circulating in every nook and corner of our Southern Land. We rejoice to know that it is so firmly established, and able to do so much service in the field of general history. The ANNALS, as yet, is in its infancy, and if our people fail to sustain it, it will be gratifying to know that one able worker will still remains.

"ANNALS OF THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE is the title of a new monthly which it is proposed to start in April at Nashville, Tenn.

"We have received the circular and prospectus from the editor, Dr. E. L. Drake, and shall cordially welcome the new worker in the cause of historic truth, and bid it a hearty 'God-speed.' The circular is signed by a number of gallant soldiers of the Western army, and contains a number of important statements in reference to the preservation and vindication of the truth of history, especially as it regards the achievements of the Western armies.

"It, however, does the *Southern Historical Society* injustice (unintentionally, of course) in the statement that our publications have been

'confined mainly' to the Army of Northern Virginia. We have published a large number of articles on the *general* history of the Confederacy, in which the soldiers of all our armies are alike interested, and we have published a number of reports, 'Recollections,' etc., of the Southern, Western, and South-western armies. For the past six months, we have devoted a large part of our space to Gettysburg; but we are ready to illustrate as fully the great battles of the West, if our friends who fought them so gallantly will only furnish us the material.

"The truth is, that our Society was originally started in New Orleans by officers of the *Western* army—that we have on our shelves a large mass of material which illustrates the gallant deeds of our comrades of the West—and that, while we hail the 'ANNALS' as a valuable co-worker and helper, we shall still claim the privilege of asking our friends in the West to help us to put them right on the record."

GENERAL CLEBURNE'S Official Report, though appearing in the published Table of Contents, is left out of this number, to make room for matter which has never before been in print. The paper of General Johnston is of general interest, and an authoritative refutation of many errors and misstatements which have been before the public for years in General Sherman's Memoirs. We will follow this rule, to give our unwritten history the benefit of publication before it is lost. For the May number of the ANNALS, we are promised some original papers, which will throw light on important events yet misunderstood or hardly known outside of a narrow circle of witnesses. We have on hand files of a number of newspapers, from 1860 to 1865, from which we will extract, to show the spirit of those times. They contain an amount of valuable information in the shape of Military Orders, Acts of the Confederate Congress, Records of Current Events, Leading Editorials on important subjects, letters from Northern prisons, etc., etc.

SEVERAL of our War Bag sketches have been left out of this issue, sacrified, for the present, to the exigencies of the printer.

THE Official Report of Colonel Starnes is from the original manuscript in pencil, and, as far as can be ascertained, the last he ever wrote.

THE Diary of Private Davidson gives a very correct and graphic account of the daily life of a soldier in Mississippi. Of course, mere rumors and camp-talk do not constitute the data of truthful history, but diaries have this value: they give life and spirit to the times of which they treat, and sometimes settle disputed questions, in place of the after-thought, which may invent a solution. The Forty-first Tennessee never had greater trials than it was compelled to face daily, in its long and loathsome quarantine in the magnolia forest at Port Hudson.

OWING to lack of room, we are compelled to defer, to another issue, the publication of a number of letters from our soldiers, expressing their good-will for our monthly—among them, one from General Hood, who commanded the Army of Tennessee in the most trying hour of its fortunes; one from Judge Marks, of the 17th Tennessee; from Colonel Hale, of the 2nd Tennessee; from Maj. Winchester, of General Bate's staff, and many others—all expressing the same spirit of interest in the preservation of our history. We are under particular obligations to Governor Porter, of this State, Generals Bate, Cheatham, Palmer, and Chancellor Marks, and others, for valued favors in furthering the progress of the work. Governor Porter has been looking into the old archives of the State with antiquarian zeal, and has brought to light many valuable, but hitherto neglected, documents bearing on the early history of Tennessee.

ALL communications must be addressed to the Editor, at Fayetteville, Tenn., for the present. Remittances must be made by Draft, Post-Office Order, or Express. Terms of subscription to the ANNALS: *Two Dollars per annum, in advance.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dr. E. L. Drake—My Dear Sir:—It was with pleasure that I received your favor, and am much gratified to learn of your proposed enterprise.

The individual gallantry exhibited by private soldiers and subaltern officers during our war was of a character which should be recorded and preserved in the interests, as well of the society of to-day as of posterity. If not rescued from oblivion by a hand extended as you have extended yours, what is to be its fate?

For nearly a seventh of a century the government, and most of the literature of our country, have been in the hands of those whose interest seemed to demand, and certainly whose efforts have been exerted in, the misrepresentation of our people.

Let another decenium roll over with the same influences, and what will the rising generation know of the valor displayed on a hundred fields of battle, where a quarter of a million of chivalry's truest sons fell in heroic action, one-fourth of them to rest there forever. Facts and figures, if preserved, are eloquent proofs of the devoted gallantry of our soldiers.

In the first real battle of the Army of Tennessee, our thirty-three thousand lost double as many killed and wounded as was lost by the entire American army of one hundred thousand men in the two years' war with Mexico; and at the battle of the Wilderness, on May 10th, my recollection is that our troops inflicted upon Grant's army a loss of over thirty thousand, which would be nearly ten times the loss of the American army in Mexico.

At Chickamauga we inflicted a loss on Rosecranz as great as the loss sustained by Napoleon at Waterloo, when opposed by Wellington and Blucher, with an army one hundred thousand strong; and in many single battles the loss we inflicted upon our opposing forces equaled, and often exceeded, the entire loss in killed and wounded which the German army sustained in its march upon Paris and conquest of France, in 1871; and when the Russian and Turkish war is officially written, we will find that even they will fail to show such re-

sults of prowess as was displayed on either side in the great American conflict.

If we let these acts pass unnoticed, and admire the opulence of those who stole and traded while our Southern cherished sons bled and died, we cannot expect the coming generation to be molded in that type which made Southern chivalry and Southern honor the admiration and emulation of the world.

With great respect, your obedient servant, JOS. WHEELER.

Wheeler, Ala., March 19, 1876.

Dr. E. L. Drake, Editor Annals of the Army of Tennessee—My Dear Sir:—The prospectus of your forthcoming ANNALS OF THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE has been duly received, and examined with some care. In this journalistic enterprise I cannot withhold from you the expression of my warmest sympathy, and the assurance of my strenuous co-operation. In another position I have for several years been laboring in the field of investigation and research into the whole *past* of Tennessee. Something has already been effected by the State Historical Society, and the Association has received much to encourage it in the prosecution of its objects in the future. The field is wide and most inviting, but the laborers are few. There ought not to be—there cannot be—between us any competition or rivalry; our objects are the same—viz., to rescue from oblivion every thing that add *eclat* and celebrity to the proud escutcheon of Tennessee. I wish your enterprise every possible success, and will, on the appearance of your first number, inclose the price of subscription.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. G. M. RAMSEY.

Knoxville, Tenn., March, 1, 1878.

Dr. E. L. Drake—Dear Sir:—We heartily indorse the ANNALS, and hope the publication will be successfully carried out.

W. C. WHITTHORNE,
WM. P. CALDWELL,
J. D. C. ATKINS,
JNO. M. BRIGHT,
H. Y. RIDDLE,
CASEY YOUNG,
G. G. DIBRELL,
JNO. F. HOUSE.

House of Representatives, Washington, Feb. 27, 1878.

Dr. E. L. Drake—Dear Sir:—Your favor of the 9th inst., with inclosures, has been received. I am glad to hear of your intention to establish a monthly magazine devoted to the Annals of the Army of Tennessee, etc., and I sincerely hope that it may meet with complete success, for the gallant deeds of that brave army are but imperfectly known outside of those who participated in its glorious deeds.

Your remarks relative to the battle of Shiloh are in the main correct; but I did not think it advisable to continue the fight after 2½ P.M. on the 7th of April, because I *knew* of the exhausted condition of my troops, and feared that the remaining *two* corps of Buell—which had not yet taken a part in the fight—might be thrown on my extreme left or right, and produce a panic in our thinned and exhausted ranks. Governor Harris and Colonel Jacob Thompson, volunteer Aids, urged then upon me the necessity of withdrawing from that glorious field. At about 2 o'clock, having completed all necessary arrangements, I ordered the offensive to be assumed on our whole front, to throw Grant back as far as possible, and enable us to retire unmolested—which occurred as you state.

My full report of Shiloh has not been published, for the official reports of my corps commanders *never* passed through my hands to the War Department. It was only just as I was about to leave Charleston that I received copies of a part of them, which were lost, with some of my other papers, in Georgia, in 1865. Those subordinate reports contain many errors, which I was thus unable to have corrected before being published.

The report that I wrote, a few days after the battle, was a short preliminary one, intended only to give the Confederate government a general idea of the fight. It was written without the assistance of a single sub-report; hence, is not without some errors.

I was engaged last summer in preparing a full history of that great and bloody battle—one of the most remarkable and severest contests of the late war—but have not had time to finish it. I hope to be able to take hold of it erelong; for I feel that great injustice has been done to that gallant "Army of the Mississippi," and to myself, by inconsiderate or ignorant writers.

Please put my name down as one of your subscribers.

I remain, yours most truly, G. T. BEAUREGARD.

New Orleans, Feb. 25, 1878.

Dr. E. L. Drake, Sec'y, etc., Fayetteville, Tenn.—Dear Sir:—I most cordially, and to the fullest extent, commend the noble enterprise you speak of, and which you and others are already taking steps to carry out. From some cause, this is the first intimation I had received of such an enterprise being on foot. Had I have known it sooner, you would have had a word of encouragement from me ere this; for it is a subject, I agree with your letter and circulars in saying, is of the most vital importance to the "survivors of the Army of Tennessee, and its friends," in that upon its success depends the placing ourselves, and those who gave their lives in the "Lost Cause," correctly before the country—the world—on the pages of history. I say "God-speed" to the noble enterprise! I am willing to do any thing in my power to help advance the effort to a successful carrying out. I will endeavor to follow your suggestions in getting up any statistics, manuscripts,

Most respectfully, yours truly, B. P. STEELE.

Shelbyville, Tenn., Feb. 11, 1878.

Col. Drake—Dear Sir:—Write me what you think should be done, and I will take great pleasure in giving you all possible aid, not only now, but at any future time. I see your heart is in this noble work, and it shall not be the fault of *The American* if you do not find many capable and willing helpers. Let me hear from you freely concerning your plans.

Yours truly, HENRY HEISS.

Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 6, 1878.

Dr. E. L. Drake—Dear Sir:—Your communication, with inclosed circulars, was received to-day, and I assure you I am very willing to give you all the aid I can in your enterprise to chronicle a full and fair account of the battles and incidents of the late war in the South and

Respectfully, T. NIXON VAN DYKE.

Athens, Tenn., Feb. 11, 1878.

Dr. E. L. Drake—Dear Sir:—Your favor was received some time ago, and I owe you an apology for not answering sooner. I have been very busy, and neglected your letter. To-day I procured all of our Democratic delegation to indorse the circular, which I hereby return. I will try to furnish you some items from the cavalry when I go home.

Yours truly, G. G. DIBRELL.

House of Representatives, Washington, Feb. 28, 1878.

THE

ANNALS OF ARMY OF TENNESSEE

AND EARLY WESTERN HISTORY.

VOL. I. } NASHVILLE, TENN., MAY, 1878. { No. 2.

GOVERNOR HARRIS' LETTER.

[THE letter of Hon. Isham G. Harris to Governor Porter, on the subject of General Hood's failure to arrest the enemy's retreat on Franklin from Columbia, supplies an important link of historical information which has never before been made public, and relieves General Cheatham, who was harshly blamed at the time and since, from the responsibility for this untoward event. We believe it is conceded that if the enemy's retreat could have been intercepted on this occasion, most important results would have accrued to General Hood, and the brilliant, but sad, story of Franklin would have had no place in Confederate history. Governor Harris' letter is silent as to the reason of Major Mason's failure to get General Hood's order to attack to General Cheatham, and we hope that the subject will receive farther attention, which its importance certainly demands.]

Governor James D. Porter—Dear Sir:—

IN answer to yours of the 12th instant, I have to say that on the night that the Army of Tennessee, under command of General J. B. Hood, halted at Spring Hill, on its march from Columbia to Nashville, General Hood, his Adjutant-General, Major Mason, and myself occupied the same room at the residence of Captain Thompson, near the village. Late at night we were aroused by a private soldier, who reported to General Hood that, on reaching the camp near Spring Hill, he found himself within the Federal lines; that the troops were in great confusion, a part of them were marching in the direction of Franklin, others had turned toward Columbia, and that the road was blocked with baggage-wagons and gun-carriages, rendering it impossible to move in order in either direction. Upon the receipt of this report, General Hood directed Major Mason to order General Cheatham to move down on the road immediately and attack the enemy. General Hood and myself remained in bed. I went to sleep, and I sup-

pose that General Hood did the same. At day-light on the following morning we learned that the Federal army had left Spring Hill and was being concentrated at Franklin.

On the march to Franklin, General Hood spoke to me, in the presence of Major Mason, of the failure of General Cheatham to make the night attack at Spring Hill, and censured him in severe terms for his disobedience of orders. Soon after this, being alone with Major Mason, the latter remarked that "General Cheatham was not to blame about the matter last night. I did not send him the order." I asked if he had communicated the fact to General Hood. He answered that he had not. I replied that it is due to General Cheatham that this explanation should be made. Thereupon Major Mason joined General Hood and gave him the information. Afterward, General Hood said to me that he had done injustice to General Cheatham, and requested me to inform him that he held him blameless for the failure at Spring Hill. And, on the day following the battle of Franklin, I was informed by General Hood that he had addressed a note to General Cheatham, assuring him that he did not censure or charge him with the failure to make the attack.

Very respectfully, ISHAM G. HARRIS.

Memphis, Tenn., May 20, 1877.

GENERAL CLEBURNE'S VIEWS ON SLAVERY.

[THE letter of Colonel A. S. Colyar, who was at that time a member of the Confederate Congress from Tennessee, to Colonel A. S. Marks, giving General Cleburne's views on the subject of slavery in 1864, places the mental endowments of this splendid soldier in a light which strongly adds to his otherwise brilliant reputation. These views were discussed at the time in the army, but with bated breath, and never appeared in print before that we are aware of. Every line is prophecy, and has been fulfilled to the letter, so far as the present status of the negro as a freedman is concerned. The question of the effect of the abolition of slavery by the Confederate States on Foreign Powers is, of course, left to inference, as the policy was not adopted. General Cleburne, by his acquaintance with outside sentiment on this subject, was better qualified to form a just and correct opinion on the proposed measure than our own people, whose feelings and interests were more deeply involved. We hope, through the ANNALS, to give, from time to time, such sketches of this remarkable man as will give the world a proper estimate of his character and services. We will only mention now

one circumstance in this connection. In 1863 he predicted that the subsequent fighting would be made from breastworks and fortified skirmish lines, and to this end labored hard and persistently to improve the marksmanship of his Division by didactic and practical instructions.]

Colonel A. S. Marks—Cousin Albert:—

WHILE at Atlanta, I saw General Cleburne for the first time, and spent some time with him at his room. He spoke in high terms of you. I found him to be apparently, and I suppose really, a very modest man. I was very much surprised to hear him say that he considered slavery at an end. That we ought to put many of the negroes in the service, but that we could not risk them and the consequences without first changing our relations to them. That no half-way measure would do—that an entire change of our relations to the slaves, not by military law, but by the action of the States, was necessary. That as soon as this was done, the effect would be upon the North such that they could not keep their armies in the field; and certainly it would insure our recognition at once by the principal powers of Europe. That if we take this step now, we can mould the relations, for all time to come, between the white and colored races; and we can control the negroes, and that they will still be our laborers as much as they now are, and, to all intents and purposes, will be our servants, at less cost than now. His great argument is, that if the Yankees succeed in abolishing slavery, equality and amalgamation will finally take place. General Cleburne says he submitted his views in writing to a number of the officers of the army at a meeting some weeks ago. That the paper was signed and approved by most of the officers of his Division; that many officers at the meeting seemed favorably inclined to his views, and but one man—Major-General Walker—took decided ground against him, and a few days afterward wrote him a note (which he showed me), asking a copy of the paper, to be forwarded to the Secretary of War. General Cleburne answered him, saying he would take pleasure in furnishing a copy; had no objection to the Secretary of War knowing his views; that he did furnish the copy, signing his own name, saying to General Walker that he had not consulted the other gentlemen, and did not feel authorized to give their names, as they signed the paper for the purposes of that meeting. General C. promised to send me a copy of this paper (25 pages).

I admire General Cleburne's boldness and the fearless manner in

which he comes up to a question which he must know may overwhelm him in ruin; but I cannot agree with him in the necessity for such a move. I have no doubt about the effect on European Powers; but I do not believe the negro could be used to much advantage after he was freed. (But General C. says, writing a man "free" does not make him so, as the history of the Irish laborer shows.) We are fast approaching the crisis in this revolution when we may look for bold moves on the chess-board. No man need be surprised at any thing. I am always hopeful.

Very truly, A. S. COLYAR.

Newnan, Ga., Jan. 30, 1864.

Colonel A. S. Marks—Cousin Albert:—

I HAVE just received a letter from General Cleburne, in which he excuses himself from sending me a copy of the paper referred to in my letter to you, by saying that he had a communication from the Secretary of War, saying "The President was of opinion that the promulgation of such opinions, under the present circumstances of the Confederacy, can be productive only of discouragement, distraction, and dissension; and urging the suppression not only of the memorial itself, but, likewise, of all discussions growing out of it." General Cleburne further says: "After such an opinion from the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and highest officer of our Government, I feel it my duty to suppress the memorial and to cease to advocate the measures mentioned."

Truly, A. S. COLYAR.

Newnan, Ga., Feb. 5, 1864.

THE SECOND TENNESSEE REGIMENT AT CHICKAMAUGA.

CLEBURNE'S DIVISION held the extreme left of Bragg's line on Saturday morning, Sept. 19, 1863, when it was ordered to the extreme right, where it got into line of battle at sunset. The battle had raged furiously at this point during the day with varying success. The dead and wounded were numerous on both sides, and mingled in-

discriminately over a breadth of a half mile. Forrest's Cavalry had rendered signal service here by obstinate fighting, and the number of "dead men with spurs on" was conspicuous, and elicited the praise of the infantry, who, until then, had no high opinion of the staying qualities of this arm of the service. Batteries had contended for the last inch of ground on both sides, and changed hands several times during the day. At sunset the contest had lulled from exhaustion with the advantage to the Federals, who had proceeded to kindle fires and prepare for the night's rest. The air was quite chill, and Cleburne's men, who had waded the Chickamauga, built little brush fires in spite of orders to the contrary, supposing that no further movement was intended that night. As soon as the lights disclosed their position, several shots were fired from a Federal battery, one of which struck the fifth wheel of a caison in the immediate vicinity of General Cleburne. Skirmishers were thrown out in front of Ector's Division, which was lying a little distance in front, and at dusk Cleburne's Division was ordered forward over it, seemingly for the purpose of relieving it for the night; but the command "Forward" ran along the line, and at the next instant the enemy's skirmishers opened a lively fusilade. This was followed briefly by a burst of artillery and a flash of rifles along the front, and the Division, before it was aware, found itself in the midst of one of the most memorable and thrilling scenes of the war. A short halt was made, to deliver a few rounds, when the right of Polk's Brigade advanced steadily onward, firing occasionally, as the enemy's position was disclosed. The First Arkansas, on the left, never slackened its fire as it advanced, and, consequently, received a larger share of the enemy's attention. The general allignment was remarkably well kept, and no confusion seemed to exist at any time. The enemy retreated in such disorder that the Seventy-ninth Pennsylvania regiment, U. S. A., with its Lieutenant-Colonel, fell into the hands of the Second Tennessee skirmishers, while wandering around in the darkness. Colonel Robison, of the Second Tennessee, received this officer's sword and wore it in the engagement the next day. The plate of the belt was very large and heavy, and in the progress of the fight at the breastworks it was struck by a bullet with such force that the Colonel was unhorsed, but sustained no serious injury. The Second Tennessee also captured a caison and gun.

When the line halted for the night, a mile and a half of ground had been recovered—a matter of vital importance to the Confederates,

pushed, as they were at sunset, back among the breaks of the Chickamauga. General Cleburne was particularly well pleased with the performance, which added another chaplet of glory to his already laureled brow.

General Forrest displayed his usual determination in taking an active part in the work, though his command had been hotly engaged all day, and could reasonably have claimed respite.

For a half hour the scene was thrilling indeed, and not surpassed in interest by any similar engagement of the war. The Federal artillery was served with spirit, and the flaming streamers of the flying shells added fearfully to the dramatic effect of the occasion. The scene of conflict was a level upland, covered with an open forest of hickory and oak, with little undergrowth. The dead of both sides were numerous and intermingled, and some of the badly wounded still lay where they fell. When success was assured, loud cheers ran along the line for miles. As the shouts died away, a long defiant whoop broke the silence in front from an irrepressible Federal, and the noisy tumult was over for the time. Later in the night heavy cheering was heard a mile in front, probably announcing the arrival of reinforcements.

The flurry of battle was scarcely ended, when prowlers began searching the field for booty; and, as each one came back with acquisitions of money, finger rings, tobacco, haversacks, knapsacks, blankets, and the like, fresh parties started out and prowled all night—some of them going as far as the enemy's line. The United States soldiers, while encamped about Lookout, had manufactured finger-rings of the laurel root, which is abundant on that mountain. Numbers of these were collected, and, in some instances, the brutal prowlers unjointed the stiffened fingers in order to remove them. In fact, our own dead were robbed without scruple. To the Confederates the night was more or less feverish, from anxiety for the morrow. A constant chopping and felling of pines at the front kept them awake to the probabilities of a desperate contest the next day. There was but one feeling among the men, and that was the necessity of making the attack at day-light, before the enemy's works were finished; and with this view they were in line at the earliest light and ready for action. But as hour after hour went by without orders to advance, and the ring of axes and crash of trees never ceased at the front, the situation grew sickening to contemplate, and murmurs of dissatisfaction were openly expressed.

The explanation of the delay given by Lieutenant-General Leonidas

Polk would shift the blame on to the shoulders of others; but it failed to save him from General Bragg's censure and the loss of his command in that department. Lieutenant-General D. H. Hill, in his explanation, admits that he failed to obey General Polk's order to report to him the night before, giving as a reason that he was fatigued by the cares of the day and slept until 2 o'clock A.M., when he rode to Alexander's Bridge, but failed to find the courier who was placed there to conduct him to General Polk's quarters; whereupon he returned to the field, which he reached shortly after sunrise.

As a consequence of this want of concert, the proper disposition of the troops designed for the attack was not effected until near 10 o'clock A.M. On whose shoulders the responsibility for the tactical blunders and omissions so patent on this occasion should fall, will have to be left to a fuller and more unbiased investigation than has yet been made public. We think it safe to say that a spirit of captiousness, taking refuge behind the sanction and privileges of red tape, is clearly visible in the conduct of several officers intrusted with the direction of affairs on the right wing. General Hill says that, when every thing seemed ready for the attack to begin, it was found that Jackson's Brigade was formed perpendicularly to the general alignment. The gist of the dispute on this occasion seems to be narrowed down to the question as to whether the tactical details of a movement ordered by the Commanding General were to be supervised by himself, or left to the discretion of his subordinates for execution. Responsibility rises with rank, and the success of a commander rests largely with the ability of his "right hand." Such was the relation that subsisted between Lee and Stonewall Jackson. How far such ethics applied to General Bragg and his Lieutenants, turned out to be a question of dispute when the critical hour of action had arrived; and the consequence was a fearful loss of life and prestige, which might have been avoided by a better regulated concert of action between them. Granted that these officers all felt exculpated on technical grounds; yet, there are times when considerations of self should sink to the lowest pit, and the behests of duty rise supreme, and this was one of them. The commonest soldier appreciated the importance of an attack before the enemy's works were completed. If these criticisms seem out of place, they are inspired by the recollection of the bloody butchery of Cleburne's and Breckinridge's Divisions, in their prolonged and desperate contest against the doubly fortified lines of the enemy; and, worst of all, their morning repulse.

Pending this delay, but not affecting it, according to General Hill, cooked rations were distributed, and, at the last moment, two men were detailed from each company to go to the Chickamauga—a mile off—for a supply of water.

At length the Commanding General became thoroughly out of patience, and sent peremptory orders for the attack. His orders were promptly and gallantly obeyed.

The Battle.

The whole front moved forward simultaneously, and in a brief time was engaged throughout its entire extent. The musketry was so heavy and continuous that, for a while, the roar of the artillery was undistinguishable. Cleburne's Division struck the enemy's works nearly parallel, following closely on the heels of the skirmishers. The position was strong, being protected by two lines of logs in front of Polk's Brigade, rising in tiers on the hill-side, the top of which was crowned with artillery. A lower ridge, a mere swell of the surface, ran parallel 75 or 80 yards in front. There was a smart growth of underbrush intervening, which was trimmed down smoothly by bullets before the battle was over. As Polk's Brigade reached this plateau, a terrible burst of artillery and musketry greeted its appearance. The hissing of the missiles was more noticeable than the explosions of the guns, and sounded like the clashings of a multitude of sword-blades in the air overhead. Not a shot of the first volley struck the line, all flying high. Colonel Robison, of the Second Tennessee, gave the order to charge, which was only partially heard, and the yell with which we were wont to join battle was feeble, and roused little animation. Unfortunately, parts of the line began to fire, which occasioned a halt, and soon the firing became general. No further attempt was made to go forward, as all commands were drowned in the noise of conflict, and the men seemed constrained by circumstances to endure the pelting of the terrible tempest as best they could. The Second Tennessee occupied a conspicuous position on the plateau, and on this account got an undue share of the enemy's attention; but its fire was so closely delivered and so accurate that few heads were shown above the breastworks; in fact, very few of the enemy fired from the shoulder, the guns generally being held above their heads and fired at random; otherwise, few of the attacking party would have escaped, as it remained under fire fully an hour. The intervening trees were scarred

bullets from bottom to top. The smoke, which shrouded our position somewhat, was another element of safety, while a few scattered pines and oaks gave some shelter. The writer was one of a party of nine stretched out behind one pine. This tree was regarded as a monster in size at this time, but, on inspection after the battle, it proved to be of quite ordinary proportions.

This was, without doubt, the most cheerless and monotonous combat in which the regiment ever engaged. There was nothing to do but load and fire at a dim vista, whence proceeded quick flashes and a constant hissing of bullets. The voice of command was suppressed, and officers lay among the men, awaiting the end of the agony, hardly hoping to escape with life. But little was said more than a passing comment on each fresh disaster which lay low some brave fellow, or drove another bleeding from the field. *There was no straggling!*

Soon after the action began, a section of Key's Battery came into the gap between the Second Tennessee and the First Arkansas on the left, and unlimbered amid a shower of balls. Bravely they loaded and fired, but the underbrush and smoke made such a blank that their firing was extremely unsatisfactory, and they decided to withdraw from such an unpromising field, where bullets pelted their front and shell and canister played on their right flank at point blank range. In the act of withdrawing, a shell severed the trail of one piece, and it was left to its fate. The First Arkansas regiment acted more wisely than its fellows. It had gone into action on the left of the Second Tennessee, but, finding itself unable to advance after the first dash on the enemy's works, it retired a few paces to the shelter of the ridge and fought from this point.

The battle had been waged here fully three-quarters of an hour, and the Second, Fifth, and Forty-eighth Tennessee regiments still held their places at 75 yards from the enemy's line. The fighting on their side had dwindled to a solemn farce. Over one half their numbers were killed and disabled, and still the dreary conflict dragged on. No one said retreat. The ammunition gave out. The boxes of the dead and wounded were searched, and a new supply obtained, and with this the struggle was kept up. Gradually the enemy's fire slackened and ceased; our own was nothing more than that of a skirmish line. Had we silenced the enemy, or what did it mean? Some one, looking through the smoke, reported that men were coming over the breast-works. At this the Confederates sprang to their feet, and, by a

hasty retreat, put an end to the melancholy contest. However, Companys I and K were determined not to abandon Key's gun as a trophy to the enemy. Headed by Lieutenant House, of Company I, they quickly unslung the gun rope and carried it off the field at a double quick.

The gallant owners were greatly mortified that others should save their gun, but promised never to leave us again in an hour of need, and nobly did they redeem their promise a few hours later.

The sense of mortification in the repulsed line was overwhelming and fully justified by the state of affairs as then known. Heavy reinforcements had come from Virginia to help their brothers in the West, and all recognized this to be the golden opportunity to crush Rosecranz and regain Tennessee. And now, after the middle of the day, the right wing of the Army of Tennessee had been signally repulsed, and lay bruised, bleeding and decimated, waiting for others to win the victory, if possible. It was heart-sickening to contemplate. If Cheatham's Division, which had n't fired a shot that morning, had only been brought to our support, the case might have been different. Breckinridge's heroic Division, after breaking in on the enemy's left, had been compelled to retire for want of support and leave its dead and hundreds of wounded where they fell. Well might the most patriotic heart have been cast down, humiliated and disgusted at such a state of affairs. The loud cheers of the enemy over our discomfiture were ringing in our ears. The brave General Deshler, of the Texas Brigade, had fallen with a cannot shot through the chest. General Lucius Polk had staid with his men all through the ordeal at the breast-works, and was the last man to quit the field. The First Arkansas had lost a number of her best officers and men—among them, Adjutant Greenleaf. The Fifth and Forty-eighth Tennessee had suffered heavily. The Second Tennessee had lost Captain McKnight, of Company A, and a fearful list of officers and men. Its left company, K, at roll-call that night, reported 22, out of 28, killed and wounded, and *not a solitary straggler*. What added bitterness to this feeling in this Division (Cleburne's) was the belief that the field could have been carried with ease at sunrise. It is certain that if Cheatham's Division had supported Breckinridge, the enemy's left would have been effectually crushed in the first onset. Walker's heavy Division was at hand, and took little part in the contest. This assertion is corroborated by the fact that Cleburne's reduced and deci-

mated lines, properly supported in the afternoon, carried the enemy's works against Granger's fresh Corps which had arrived on the field after the morning fight. When General Lee's lines were repulsed at Gettysburg, he rode among his broken and disheartened men, and sought to soothe their troubled feelings by taking all the blame on himself, saying, "It is my fault, it is my fault!" Who heard a single "*peccavi*" from the lips of those intrusted with the direction of affairs on this part of the line at Chickamauga? Not one! But, on the other hand, long official reports from each, endeavoring to fix the blame on others.

There are many contingencies which may mar the plan of a battle, but the issue is not altogether under the domain of pure chance. There are certain general principles governing success which admit of almost mathematical accuracy of application. For instance, the Confederate right wing out-numbered and out-flanked the Federal left, and could, without doubt, have crushed it at sun-rise; and yet only half of this force was brought against it at 10 A.M. Even then, if Cleburne and Breckinridge could have been actively supported, they would not, in the light of their evening performances, have been repulsed after two hours of desperate fighting.

But we are anticipating our narration.

After the morning fight, Polk's Brigade retired on Cheatham's Division, which it found in line of battle four or five hundred yards in the rear. Maney's Brigade was upbraided by a Second Tennesseean for not coming up to Cleburne's assistance, when one of them returned for an answer that he was "d--d glad they did n't get into any such scrape." The answer was so cold blooded, under the circumstances, it was never forgotten, though it was only the utterance of an individual.

Here the line, diminished more than one-half by losses, was reformed and rested for several hours, listening, with painful suspense, to the battle raging on the left. The work of the Confederate left wing was favored in the afternoon's fighting by the withdrawal from their front of a large body of the enemy to reinforce their own left, which had suffered greatly in the morning fight.

As the afternoon wore on, the firing seemed to be bearing toward the enemy's rear, and at this stage news came that Longstreet had captured many pieces of artillery and was driving every thing before him. Such tidings had a marked effect on the spirits of the right wing, and when Cleburne's Division was ordered to advance again, the men went

forward with alacrity and restored confidence. Polk's Brigade struck the enemy's works several hundred yards to the right of its morning point of attack, and encountered a heavy fire of artillery and small arms as soon as it came in view. Right at its heels came Key's Battery, making a conspicuous mark for the enemy's guns; but it formed in line with the infantry and unlimbered within one hundred yards of the works. The infantry fought in Indian style, from tree to tree, up to within fifty yards of the enemy, and the battery was pushed by hand to the same point. A thick smoke from burning leaves hung over the field, and both sides were nearer together than either apprehended. The Federal artillery overshot, and was silenced long before their infantry retreated. The firing of Key's Battery—which was very rapid—gave great confidence to the infantry, who cheered every round. Several of the latter—among them, Chas. Rogan, of Company K, Second Tennessee—dropped their rifles and carried ammunition at a double-quick in order to keep the guns at work. As the enemy's fire began to slacken, a charge was made on their works by individuals, quickly followed by the rest of the line. John Terry, of Company K, was the first to reach them. He and Colonel Robison made a race for the breast-works, but Terry won. As the Colonel reached them, a big Dutchman rose and fired in his face, but missed him. He instantly drew his sword and closed in on his antagonist, who dropped on his knees and begged for mercy, which the Colonel granted. It must not be supposed that this combat was of brief duration from the description. A soldier in battle has little idea of the lapse of time. Our ammunition was nearly exhausted at this stage, and this fact was evidence that we had been engaged more than a half hour. The enemy's works, at this point, consisted of two lines of logs. Above these, on the hill, was their artillery, also protected by logs. Fifty yards in rear of these lay Granger's line of U. S. Regulars, slightly protected by such logs and chunks as they could get together. The moment was extremely critical for the little handful of Confederates, whose ammunition was about exhausted; and, when this line rose to charge them, it seemed well nigh impossible to prevent their etaking the works. A most fortunate arrival of boxes of cartridges, dispatched by Ordnance Sergeant Blackmore—which the men broke open with the butts of their guns and seized on like famished wolves—enabled them to hold their position until Cheatham's Division came up on the right. Then Polk's Brigade leaped the works and closed in for

the death struggle. A large number of the enemy surrendered at once, and the rest fled to the Chattanooga road and made their escape under the cover of darkness, which settled rapidly over the scene. The prisoners were mostly Irish, and, when our line passed over them, they rose and cheered the Confederates as the "domdest bravest min in the worreld!" The closing scenes in the great drama were thrilling and impressive beyond the power of language to express. The tug of two days' desperate battle had ended at sunset in a glorious victory for the South over her invaders; and the roar of conflict ceased amid a wild tumult of shouts which rose on the right and swelled into the grandest chorus as it rolled away in exultant tones to the left, to return again in like volume of triumphant joy, and then die away among the Mission Hills, where the defeated host sought safety under the cover of darkness.

Pursuit ended at the Chattanooga road, along which the corps of Polk and Hill lay on arms that night. On account of the long drought which preceded the battle, this highway was filled with a light dust, which rose in dense clouds from passing horsemen and settled in great quantities among the men, who were ordered to remain in place, as the whereabouts and intentions of the enemy were still involved in uncertainty. This dust was stifling and disagreeable in the extreme, on account of the absence of water, of which there was none nearer than the Chickamauga, three miles away, and it was near midnight before the canteen detail returned. Hundreds of the Federal dead lay in ghastly array on the road-side, and among them Polk's Brigade made its bivouac that night. Being exhausted by the excitements of a two days' conflict, the men gave little thought to their disgusting surroundings, and dropped down to rest in the vacant spaces between their dead enemies without the least compunction. This night among the dead had many loathsome features which are recalled now, but excited little concern at the time. As soon as the line halted, the work of prowling began. Bodies would be turned over to get at a pocket with as little compunction as a boy would turn over a log to find fishing worms. The haversacks of Granger's men were filled with hardtack, fat bacon, sugar and coffee, and were in particular demand. Knapsacks, pocket-books, boots, shoes, hats and finger-rings, were taken without scruple, for these were the spoils of the hard-won victory, in which the soldier was immediately interested. Greenbacks at that time were little prized, and ranked under Confederate notes in value.

There was one circumstance connected with our bivouac which will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. It was that of a wounded Federal whose skull had been partly torn away by a bullet. He was constantly pulling out his brains with his fingers, and repeated, monotonously, this sentence: "Bill, it is time to go on picket." He was off duty forever by the next morning.

When morning came, the loathsome nature of our surroundings was revealed in all of its horrid aspects. The faces and clothing of the dead were covered thickly with the dust of the highway, while the fingers and lips were begrimed with powder and smeared with dried blood. How foul a thing the human face can become, when the spirit has left it and no friendly hand is by to compose it into comeliness and remove, with loving care, all traces of the last dreadful struggle!

VIEUX SECONDE.

BATTLE OF BENTONVILLE.

Charge of the Fourth Tennessee and Eighth Texas Cavalry.

[We will mention, in connection with Adjutant Guild's brief sketch of the brilliant achievement of Colonel Baxter Smith and his heroic little band, that the Colonel had but lately returned from a long imprisonment at Johnson's Island, and, aside from a soldierly sense of duty, was animated on this occasion by a fierce fever of delight at the opportunity of meeting his enemy, sword in hand, and with an unshackled arm. The impetuosity with which he headed the charge alone saved the Army of Tennessee from probable destruction, as his feeble force would have been inadequate to such brilliant results in a more deliberate movement against such odds. We are sorry Adjutant Guild went so briefly into the details of this historic charge of a few hundred cavalry against Mower's Division of infantry. We believe it was in this affair that young Hardee lost his life almost in the presence of his illustrious father.]

THE Battle of Bentonville, North Carolina, was the last general engagement in which what is known as the Army of Tennessee participated, and, we believe, was the last of the war between the States. It was fought on the 19th, 20th and 21st of March, 1865. But a small remnant of that noble army which General Hood had carried into Tennessee reached the field in time to take part in that battle. Generals Hardee and Bragg had brought up from the coast some re-

serves, sailors, and other detachments of troops, and had organized them as best they could. The army, if it could be called such, did not number, all told, over 14,000, while the enemy, under Generals Sherman, Schofield, and others, was at least 75,000. Bentonville, a small village, is situated on the bank of Mill creek, a large, dirty looking stream, with low and marshy approaches. There was but one bridge across the stream in that neighborhood, and that was contiguous to the village. Across this bridge our army passed and formed a line of battle in a semi-circle from the creek on our right and extending in the arc of a circle toward the left. But, the force being small, a considerable opening was left on our left flank. For the greater part of three days our small army had been contending with the overwhelming numbers of the Federals; and with considerable success, for we had captured over 900 prisoners, 3 pieces of artillery, and the enemy's dead and wounded far exceeded ours.

More than a decade of years has passed since the battle of Bentonville, and the surrender took place in a few weeks thereafter; but the writer of this has recurred with pleasure to the scenes of that memorable battle, and it has been to him a source of inexpressible gratification when he reflected with what courage and daring the Southern troops fought it. This particular time was certainly the darkest and gloomiest hours through which that army had passed. The Army of Tennessee had been almost annihilated in the diastrous campaign against Nashville. All of our coast defences had been abandoned. The Confederacy had only an uncertain tenure in two States—Virginia and North Carolina. When we fought we knew it to be in the ratio of ten to one. Notwithstanding all this, I venture to say that our troops never fought better and with more spirit at Shiloh or Chickamauga than they did at Bentonville. They went into the charge with the same wild shout that had ever characterized them, and was so distinguishable from the weak hurrah of the Federals, and which had always been the certain precursor of victory. They were successful in every assault and repelled every attack made upon their positions.

About 3 o'clock on the evening of the 21st, the enemy had been gradually extending his right, till, finding that our left flank was unprotected, his skirmishers having approached the town till they were about two or three hundred yards from the bridge across Mill creek, which was the only egress for the army. This destroyed, it would have been impossible for the army to have escaped. This information

having been communicated to General Hardee, he immediately dispatched couriers to the nearest troops to hasten to the spot and arrest, if possible, the threatened disaster. It happened that a portion of the brigade commanded by Colonel Baxter Smith was moving to a new position on the field, and, having obtained the information from the courier, Colonel Smith started, at a sweeping gallop, with a portion of the Eighth Texas and Fourth Tennessee cavalry, to the point indicated. General Hardee met us on the road, and hurried along with us, giving his instructions. As we charged down the road leading from the village to our left, the Eighth Texas deployed in line of battle to the right and the Fourth Tennessee to the left. With a wild shout we rushed through the woods, and soon drove in their skirmishers, capturing some and driving the rest in confusion on their main line, which seemed to be in the act of fortifying at the time. As we passed through the woods, a section of our artillery was just behind us, firing at random in the air and just to make a "fuss." The whole line partook of the confusion and panic, and were driven back hastily through the woods a distance of one-half mile. Before the enemy could recover or understand the matter, a division of our infantry reached the point and held the position till dark. That night the army passed safely over the bridge and withdrew.

There can be no doubt but that this charge saved our little army from destruction at Bentonville. The Federal troops engaged on this part of the line was General Mower's Division of infantry. It is almost incredible to believe that two small regiments of cavalry could have accomplished this; but the charge was made at a most opportune moment, just when the enemy least expected it, and when along their whole line they seemed to be taking off their knapsacks and laying down their guns to intrench themselves; and before they could recover from their surprise or knew the exact character of the attack, a sufficient number of our troops had arrived to hold them in check and save the bridge.

G. B. GUILD,

Adjutant of Fourth Tennessee Cavalry.

DIARY OF PRIVATE W. J. DAVIDSON, COMPANY C, FORTY-FIRST TENNESSEE REGIMENT.

[Continued.]

ON BOARD THE CONFEDERATE GUN-BOAT DR. BEATTY,
February 19, 1863.

YESTERDAY the expedition for the "wiping out" of the Yankee Gun-Boat Indianola started, and I had the good fortune to ship as carpenter for the voyage. After many delays and false starts, we got under way and came up the river to the little town of Waterloo, where we tied up for the purpose of cooking and taking on more cotton; but as soon as the boat touched shore, the men started, at a double-quick, in search of a certain vile compound called Louisiana rum, and by night nearly every man and most of the officers were too drunk to stand on their pegs. About 11 o'clock the command "to arms" was given, as a boat was seen coming down on us. Then ensued a scene which, for the honor of some of our officers, had better not be described; but, fortunately for us, it proved to be one of our own boats. I think that the effect of this lesson will be good, and may prove fortunate in the end.

I remained in the cabin and saw the "wounded" brought in. Our loss was one Irishman stabbed in three places, one (ditto) head broken in, and several with bruises. If the enemy had been aboard the Frolic, they could have taken us with ease. In the future, our officers will be in better condition, and, if they can keep the men under proper discipline, they will make a good fight when the hour of action arrives. The command is made up of one hundred men from Miles' Louisiana Legion, fifty from the Fourth Louisiana, fifty from the Fifty-fifth Tennessee, and Capttain Bowen's Louisiana Artillery.

I have been kept too busy to-day to notice the officers in detail, but I am satisfied they are a merry set of fellows, and will fight well. The worst to fear is that they will not enforce a strict discipline. Colonel Brend has pleased every one, so far, by his quiet, pleasant manners and his agreeable firmness in commanding.

Feb. 21.—Yesterday we had a pleasant time, compared with that of

the day before. The whole command sobered off, and, the day being fine, we enjoyed the trip. It is certainly a great relief to get out of camp for a few days, even on such an expedition as this, from which it is not expected that many of us will return. The men are in fine spirits, and seem anxious to meet the foe. To-day may give them the opportunity, as the signal has sounded to get under way for the mouth of Red River, where the enemy's boat is posted. It is quite likely we will have to board her before night.

We passed some fine scenery yesterday, and the beautiful farm-houses, which make the west bank look like a long strip of town, certainly belie the saying that the Mississippi is destitute of scenery. 5 *o'clock p. m.*—We have passed the danger for the present, and our boat is now steaming up Red river. The Indianola went up the Mississippi last night, and left the way open to us. It is the intention of our commander to join our fleet above and make a combined attack on the enemy as soon as our arrangements are complete. I understand that we have several boats up this river, among them an iron-clad gun-boat and the Queen of the West, lately captured by our batteries. We are having fine weather. The morning was ugly, but now it is as pleasant as April. I confess to feeling some relief since we left the Mississippi.

Feb. 22.—Last night we tied up at the mouth of Red river, and this morning found our boat aground; but, after several hours' work, got her safely off and proceeded a few miles up stream, when we tied up again to take on wood and allow the men to cook. In a short time, the crew had stolen all the chickens in the neighborhood. The New Orleans Rats, of which this command is mainly composed, can beat the world stealing. [What say you, Rats?] I saw several coming in with honey and the bees swarming around it. During our memorable "big drunk" mentioned on a previous page, some one, more drunk than economical, threw away his shoes, and, on waking the next morning and finding himself minus this important article of dress, had to go bare-foot or steal from his neighbor. The latter plan suited his inclination, and the consequence was, a man in a different company was found to be shoeless and the thief with a tolerable pair of boots on. So it goes: one man is bare-foot all the time, but a different man every day.

Evening.—About one o'clock we met the balance of our fleet coming down, and our boat turned her prow down stream to act in concert with them. The whole fleet consists of the Queen of the West, the

Gun-Boat Webb, our own steamer (the Dr. Beatty), and the transport Grand Era. Altogether, we make quite a formidable appearance, and can certainly take *one* Yankee vessel.

We are steaming down stream at a rate that will soon bring us upon the broad bosom of the Mississippi, and, unless the Indianola has *skedaddled*, we will soon be in our first naval engagement; and, to judge from the fitting out of our craft, it will be a novel one. I do not know the plan of action, and will have to wait for it to develop itself, when, if nothing prevents, I will record the events as they occur. I am enjoying the expedition more than I expected at the starting, and have no greater desire than to go into action.

Monday, Feb. 23.—We are steaming up the river in search of the enemy, and have just passed the place where he lay-to last night; so that we are now in full chase, though not in sight. We are some distance below Natchez at this writing, and the probability is that we will overtake him there. Our decks were cleared for action this morning, but the alarm proved false, and was occasioned by the Grand Era mistaking the smoke of a sugar factory for the gun-boat. Yesterday evening the Queen of the West, in reconnoitering in Old river, ran aground, and had to signal the Era to come and tow her off; after which we entered the Mississippi again and ran all night without accident or incident. The weather has been quite cool since 12 o'clock yesterday. *Evening.*—We have just had some sport. Five negroes hailed us, and on being asked if they wished to come aboard, answered "yes" with every demonstration of joy, as they supposed us to be Yankees. The shout that went up when they were safely aboard made the welkin ring. They never found out their mistake until Colonel Brent told the mate to take them below and pay them for their loyalty, which he knew how to do from long practice. They had been working on the fortifications at Vicksburg, and said they had "been trying to get with us for several months." One yellow rascal shouted for Lincoln as he stepped aboard. We are now in sight of Natchez, and have not found the Indianola yet.

Feb 24.—We stopped at Natchez for nearly an hour, and in that short space of time nearly every officer and man got decently drunk. Some of our crew went aboard other boats, not being sober enough to distinguish the difference. We got back the missing men at the wood-yard this morning. The ladies were out in full force on the bluffs, and during our stay presented us with a flag, in return for which we fired

a salute of two guns. 12 *o'clock.*—We have just come in sight of the Yankee boat, and the excitement of the chase or the terrible conflict will soon begin. 7 *o'clock p. m.*—We had to stop and take on wood this morning, and that let the Indianola get a start on us, but we are in sight again. She is around a sharp bend of the river, and going at full speed. We will overtake her before midnight, and the darkness will be to our advantage, as it will prevent her taking us at long range with her sixty-fours. My duties as carpenter will consign me to the hold during the action, so that I cannot see the fun. I will probably be safer there than on deck, but I have an almost irresistible desire to witness a naval engagement at night. 12 *o'clock p. m.*—We came up with the enemy at half-past ten, and, after a spirited engagement of *forty minutes,* she surrendered to us unconditionally. We lost three men killed and wounded, all on the same boat, but I have not yet learned which. The Dr. Beatty was struck but once—a shot striking between two cotton bales on the upper deck and passing full length of the cabin, without again touching. All of our men behaved nobly, and the only trouble was to keep them behind the cotton bales. The Webb claimed the prize, though she surrendered to the Dr. Beatty, just as we were in the act of boarding her. The first throw of our grapnels failed to hold, and as we turned to make another throw, a head appeared from a hole in the top of the Indianola and proposed to surrender. This was Lieutenant Brown, commanding her, and on his asking to whom he surrendered, Colonel Brend called out: "To Colonel Brend, commanding the Confederate States *Mosquito Fleet.*" The Webb is probably entitled to the prize, as she disabled her by ramming her in the wheel-house. She is said to be sinking. We got a fine lot of the ardent in her liquor chest. I *know* a man who came on board the Beatty with his arms full of fine bottled wine.

Feb. 25.—We took one hundred and five prisoners on board the Indianola, and a few are said to have gone down the river on a coal barge. The Beatty was sent down to look after them, and, on her return, she was run into by the Queen of the West, who mistook us for a gun-boat from above, which was reported as having passed Vicksburg a short time before. On our return we had passed the fleet in the darkness unobserved, and when we turned again, the Queen ran at us with the full speed of her powerful engines [they were the most powerful on the river], and did not discover her mistake until too late, although we signalled with might and main. At the last moment she managed to

sheer a little, and only took off our larboard quarter, carrying all of the cotton bales into the river on that side. The Beatty then careened to the heavy side, and we had to throw off the cotton in haste to keep her trim.

I have just been aboard the Indianola, and find her to be a splendid craft, mounting four guns: two 11-inch Columbiads forward, and two 9-inch Parrots aft. She is heavily ironed. We rammed her in the only vulnerable place, and if she could have worked her guns and her men had been more gallant she would have blown us into the middle of next week. However, she had little chance to work her guns, for the action was fought at close range, and our infantry poured a constant stream of bullets into her port-holes. Thousands of balls had flattened on her sides, particularly in the neighborhood of the port-holes. The prisoners themselves say that she was their best iron-clad.

The boys, following the example of the officers, have stripped her of every thing portable, from a fine sofa down to old newspapers. We did n't get much in the way of commissary stores, as the water was too deep in the hold this morning. A few barrels of flour and a box of soap were fished out. We will get a great many articles if we succeed in raising her, which is extremely doubtful unless we go about it with more energy than has yet been shown. We have two men at work making pumps, but every one is too intent on plunder to think of raising a gun-boat worth millions of dollars to our government at this particular time.

The affair is now being badly managed, and I fear that the Yankees will run another boat past Vicksburg and recapture our prize before we can get her up. We are only twenty-five miles below this place, and they could plainly hear the firing. In our present crippled condition we could 'nt make much of a fight, if we were to attempt it at all.

The Webb is in almost a sinking condition, from damage to her prow. The Queen of the West is the only one of the fleet uninjured. She is now up the river reconnoitering, and if danger approaches, will give us timely warning.

Feb. 25th, 7 o'clock, P.M.—About 4 o'clock this afternoon we went up the river to bring down a company of artillery, and one of cavalry, to assist us in raising and repairing our prize. When we had taken the last man aboard, the Queen of the West was descried coming down stream under a full head of steam, and signalling violently that a gun-boat was in close chase of her. Lest we might not understand the sig-

nal, some one aboard called out for us to follow at once. We now had a panic. The officer in command of the Beatty, Captain McDonald, of the Fifty-fifth Tennessee, ordered the two companies just taken aboard to get off. The order was misunderstood, and every man of the expedition, even to the cabin boy, started ashore, but the mistake was rectified, except as to five of them, who failed to return. We are now in full retreat, the Queen of the West taking the lead, the Webb following in her wake as fast as her crippled condition will allow.

The Grand Era is some mile and a half behind the Webb, while the Beatty is bringing up the rear, and covering the retreat. She has thrown off some cotton to make her more trim and increase her speed. What is to become of our prize we have 'nt the remotest idea, and the natural inference is that she will fall into the hands of the enemy again. We made no attempt to destroy her; and, in fact, the attempt would have been useless, unless we could have gotten to her magazine and blown her up; she would have only burnt to the water, which was deep in her. I am surprised at the precipitateness of our officers in abandoning the boat without an attempt to hold it. If they had placed some artillerymen on board, they could have made an impregnable battery of it. Such is not their judgment, however, and it becomes not a private soldier to set up his opinions in opposition to superiors.

[To be continued.]

TALES OF FORREST'S ESCORT.

THE names of few of Forrest's Escort have ever appeared in the gazette of its many desperate battles and combats. As a body of horsemen, having no superior in any age, its fame is widely known, but history has never recorded their names even, or given to its members the individuality on which that fame rests for its basis. This corps was not a machine of simply trained soldiers, delivering its blows compactly, but each member was a host in himself, ready to act single-handed in any emergency, and to perform intelligently the work at hand in the most efficient manner.

We will select for this sketch the name of G. W. Cooper, as the most available at present, and as a fair type of the rest of this body.

He was a stalwart blonde, who joined the company at sixteen, and passed unscathed through most of its eventful struggles. With Colonel Jeffrey Forrest he headed the mad pursuit of Grierson's raiders after the latter was driven out of Okalona. Colonel Forrest, Cooper, and several others, being splendidly mounted, kept in advance and were constantly engaged in hand-to-hand conflicts with the enemy's rear guard. At one time a desperate struggle took place for the possession of a Federal flag. One of its bearers being shot, its folds caught in an overhanging limb, and the staff was dragged from his nerveless grasp; another, seeing its danger, returned under a hot fire and succeeded in bearing it off, but was himself killed a few minutes later. At length it fell into the hands of the pursuers, after two of its guard had been killed and several wounded.

The pressure of pursuit had now become so great that a heavy force was halted and put in a strong position, to check it. Towards this line Colonel Forrest's column dashed without halting, himself and Cooper in the lead, and fifty yards in advance. A withering volley from the enemy was poured down the narrow road, and Colonel Forrest and his horse fell to rise no more. Cooper's horse fell dead also, pinning him to the ground, helpless and unable to extricate himself. Up thundered the head of the column, but it was halted with the horses feet just short of the bodies in the road, and the action was fought out from this point. At length the enemy gave way, and Cooper was rescued by his comrades from his perilous position. In a few minutes a splendid-looking captured horse was brought back to him, and upon him he threw his saddle and was preparing to mount, when the noble animal, bleeding from a concealed wound, sank to the ground. Taking his saddle on his back, he pushed to the front to obtain a re-mount; he soon came upon an old, poor gray which some of the boys had exchanged with an accommodating prisoner, and on to him he mounted with many misgivings, but to a cavalryman he was decidedly better than no horse. He soon after overtook Major Tate, who had also been unhorsed, and he too mounted on to the old gray. At the first mud-hole the poor beast stuck fast, but at this instant the Major obtained a fresh horse from a comrade. Cooper extricated the fallen stud, and pushed forward in time to take part in the repulse of the famous sabre charge made in desperation by Grierson to hold his enemy in check. In the final charge an aid of General Grierson, mounted on a beautiful gray mare, passed in a few paces of him, and

escaped a shot of his carbine to be killed a few minutes later by McCulloch's men, a short distance in the rear. He hurried after him on foot to obtain a mount, but on reaching the spot found that others had secured the prize, while the body of her gallant rider, despoiled and stripped, lay on the road-side, a victim to his own rashness, and a loser in the game he had played so harshly on the defenseless inhabitants in this section.

It was at this point that General Forrest and Major Tate killed five of the enemy, who set on them. Forrest was in the field in advance of his lines, and met the attack simply with his sabre at tierce. Aside from the necessity of a personal exhibition of courage before his little force, which was greatly outnumbered at this juncture, General Forrest was animated on this occasion by an avenging spirit, evoked by the death of his brother a few hours before, and he was little inclined to shrink from a personal encounter, however great the odds. At successive thrusts he killed three of his antagonists, his weapon burying itself to the hilt as he pushed his last victim from his horse. In the meantime, Tate dispatched the remaining two, winning, by his conduct, promotion as Major. Forrest always had presence of mind enough to use his sabre at a thrust, an infinitely more dangerous procedure than a cut, which is more easily parried and less effective at best.

Escort at Memphis.

In the attack on Memphis, the Escort was the first to break through the infantry camp to the right of the Hernando road, and soon after took a battery. In this affair Cooper killed two of the enemy, at successive shots, while his horse was in full speed. One of these was a Dutchman, who might have escaped, but his habits of thrift detained him too long arranging his heavy knapsack and other accoutrements; the other was a negro soldier, who fell in a few paces of his companion. After passing the battery, it was remanned, and a shot fired into the Escort tore off Tom McCord's leg and put thirteen grape shot into his mule. A regiment was ordered to charge, but being slow, the Escort proposed to take it, and the General told them to go to work at it.

Their pistol practice soon told on the enemy, who abandoned their guns and aimed to make their escape across a field, in which a number of them were overtaken and killed at a run.

But the crowning feat was yet to come. General Forrest, ever on

the alert, sent Lieutenant George Cowan and Cooper to watch on the Hernando road, on the left. They had been on the ground but a short time, when a squadron of cavalry was seen approaching, but in the early morning light its character could'nt be made out. Lieutenant Cowan now rode forward to reconnoitre, when the officer in command dashed upon him with drawn sabre, and forced him to retreat a short distance to where Cooper stood with his cocked carbine concealed behind a tent. As soon as Cowan cleared the way, Cooper fired, and his daring antagonist fell headlong from his horse. The facts were immediately reported to General Forrest, who started at once with the Escort to meet the movement. Taking advantage of the obscure light, the General led his men to a convenient position, and burst upon the enemy so impetuously that they were quickly borne backward and endeavored to escape. At the first dash Sam Donelson and Cooper broke for a crossing to intercept their retreat. Donelson being mounted on a fast horse, known throughout the command as the "Yaller Ram," was the first to reach the spot, and reined across the road; horse and rider were quickly overthrown by the impetuous mass, but, fortunately for Donelson, he fell to the side of the road. As he lay stunned and bruised, a Federal officer reined in to give him the *coup de grace* with his pistol. At this critical moment Cooper reached the scene, and, seeing his comrade's peril, fired on his antagonist, repeating the shot as he fell to make sure. At that instant another was bearing down on him with drawn sabre, and he had just time to club his Spencer rifle and deal his opponent a heavy blow in the face as his sabre grazed his head; his own weapon was broken off at the breech by the force of the blow. He also gave number two a shot, for surety. He then leaped his horse across a pit and went to work on the passing horsemen with his pistols, of which he had four. After this party had passed, he descried two on foot, making off across the open field. As he galloped up in easy range, he called upon them to surrender; he saw at once that the rearmost one meant fight, by the way he handled his gun, and as this one turned to fire, he killed him with his pistol while still in a gallop; the other threw up his hands and surrendered. A great number of Federal dead were left on the scene of this combat, and of these Cooper had killed six or eight, at least.

The pistol was the favorite weapon with this corps, and, in fact, with all the Western cavalry; and a sabre charge, though formidable in appearance, had no terrors for the Escort. Lieutenant Nath. Boone,

Jack Eaton, and a number of others, were splendid shots from horseback, and in a close engagement made their marksmanship tell most effectively. Eaton rarely failed to bag three or four.

ERROR CORRECTED.

LIEUTENANT FRED. JAMES is credited, in the "Campaigns of General Forrest," with the honor of capturing the enemy's pickets in the attack on Murfreesboro, July 13th, 1862. This service was most efficiently rendered by Captain Ed. Arnold, whose home was at this place, and to whom the locality was familiar. He had visited it a short time previously as a scout, and ascertained that there was a dissention between a Michigan and a Minnesota regiment which formed part of the garrison. The Minnesota men were unwilling to affiliate with the negroes who flocked into the Michigan camp and were protected, and they settled temporary trouble by moving out to a camp on Stone river, a mile and a half from town. The Captain made a hard ride to Altamont, and reported the facts to General Forrest. The General was not much inclined at first to make the venture, but when he became satisfied of the value of the opportunity presented by the division of the enemy's forces, he set about the task of their capture with characteristic nerve and boldness. The enemy's pickets were cut off and captured by Captain Arnold and a small detachment of the Eighth Texas, without giving any alarm. The reserve guards were also captured without alarm to the main camp. A sentinel was found walking his post at this place, and on being ordered to surrender, innocently replied that he was on guard and couldn't leave his post. He was rudely awakened to the difference between the *theory* and *practice* of war when loaded guns were presented at his head by hostile rebels.

After the capture of the pickets, General Forrest went with the advance and took post at the corner of the college lot, where he aimed to cut off one hundred and fifty of Colonel Wharton's Texans for the attack on the Michigan encampment, but miscounted, and only sent one hundred on this errand. The Colonel, not being aware of the mistake, was a good deal disconcerted after the charge at finding that he was fifty men short, and supposed they were killed or captured.

Lieutenant James was selected as a guide in the attack on Hewitt's

Battery, which service he most gallantly performed; but he was not concerned in the capture of the picket post.

In consequence of the part taken by Captain Arnold in the capture of Murfreesboro, his family was afterwards subjected to a most brutal course of treatment, systematically carried out for six months, by a Union regiment from East Tennessee. One of his daughters was assaulted, and received a pistol wound from which she never fully recovered. The members of the family were confined to the house, and their ears were daily regaled with the foul and dirty language of camp, often addressed purposely to insult. These things are not recorded with pleasure, but only to show the nature of the warfare waged in some instances against the defenseless, and as such they belong to history.

A Linen Duster as a White Flag.

During this engagement a force of the enemy was fortified at Maney's, where they held a number of the citizens as prisoners, among them Wallace McDowell. During the heat of the fight he noticed that the Federals were badly alarmed, and seemed at a loss to know what to do. He thereupon called out to them that they had better surrender, or they would all be killed. They said they were anxious to surrender, but did n't know how to go about it, as they had no white flag along. He quickly relieved their distress by pulling off his linen duster, none too white, and hoisting it on a stake. This had the desired effect at once, and many poor souls on both sides were made happy.

CAMP CHASE LETTER.

[The Camp Chase Letter to the Richmond *Enquirer* gives such a graphic sketch of life inside of prison walls, that we are sure it will be read with the same interest by our readers as ourselves; besides, it is a contribution to history which will bear fixing in a more permanent form. The offenses which occasioned the imprisonment of these defenseless old men are not stated, but it is evident that the punishment was harsh.]

To the Editors of the Enquirer—Gentlemen:

HAVING been a prisoner for some ten months, and knowing the deep interest felt in our welfare by our Government, our citizens, and our gallant comrades whose good fortune it is to be yet in

the field, I avail myself of a passing opportunity to send you "installment first" of "Our Correspondence from the North." I reached Camp Chase, under the administration of one Lieutenant-Colonel Poten, a Hessian in character as in name. The prisons were crowded and filthy under his administration. For trivial offenses on the part of individuals, he would condemn whole barracks to reduced rations—thus clearing from his Government several hundred dollars per diem, which he pockets of course. In some cases he would order the sutler-stands closed entirely. At one time, an ordinary three-cent stamp was sold for eighty-five cents, in Federal currency; and men scrambled over the scanty supply of fuel to pick off oak bark, which was used as a substitute for tobacco. Lee Polk, of Maury co., Tenn., was shot down while going to the yard-gate to get a package promised him by an underling. He lived twenty-four hours, and his last words were, "I am a murdered man" The surgeon in charge, a humane man, under item of "Remarks," in his Monthly Report, entered opposite Polk's name. "Murdered by a sentinel." For this he was arrested and removed from his place, to make way for a more tractable and less conscientious individual. In February last, however, Poten was removed, and since then the post has been commanded by Colonel W. P. Richardson, of the Twenty-fifth O. V. I. His regiment is in Grant's army. The regiment on duty here is the Eighty-eighth O. V. I., under Colonel J. W. Neff. They have never seen any service but this—guarding prisoners—and their gleaming muskets are guiltless of shedding any blood but that of the helpless and unarmed. Richardson, however, began at once the most beneficial changes. The ration was increased, the hospital remodeled with improved ventilation, considerable additions were made to the quarterly requisitions for medicine, the inclosures were greatly enlarged, and the cabins refitted. A stream of water was arranged to be turned through the prisons each day, and effectually remove the old arrangement by which the sewerage was managed, and wonderfully adding to our comfort and healthfulness. At once the spirits of the men improved, and since then we cannot reasonably complain as a body—for, of course, individual grievances occur now and then. There are now some four thousand prisoners—there are one hundred and fifty officers, two hundred citizens, and the remainder are privates. In each class are representations from every State and every army of the Confederacy. Why is not something done for these old gray-haired citizens? I look around me and see feeble and elderly men—noble

martyrs in the cause of that dear country which it would seem "it is treason to love and death to defend." There is Chisholm, of Alabama, and old Judge Van Dyke, of Tennessee, and old Sheppard Duval, of Kentucky, a minister of God. Yonder is Jonathan Huddleston, of Preston co., Va., once in your State Senate, and near by the patriarchal form of Colonel George Bowman, of Strasburg, whose long and perfectly white beard imparts to him a particularly venerable appearance. Surely our authorities only need to be reminded that these gentlemen are here, subjected to unwarrantable privation, to demand at once their release, and if refused, to promptly seize hostages for them. We respect the citizen—Union or not—so long as he was content to be only a citizen, and make no interference in matters beyond his sphere. These unfeeling vandals, however, whom we oppose, snatch the aged and the weak, the grandsire, the widow, the sucking-babe, the maiden (see Sherman's vile order sending four hundred poor employes of a Georgia factory north of the Ohio). No age, no sex, furnishes exemption. We who are soldiers will bear our lot firmly, we will do it cheerfully, but we reach forth our hands to you, from these gloomy walls, and implore you to act in behalf of these victims of a ruthless and cruel injustice. The so-called officers who have applied for that terrible humbug, "The Yankee Oath," amount to a small fraction, without influence, and many of them are only applicants to get out and go immediately South. There is one Lieutenant who heard the other day that his young sister, without money and without friends, had been banished by Sherman, whose hellish infamy is blacker than Butler's or McNeil's. Said he: "Even now I will stand firm, and put my trust in the prompt action of my Government." Speak again, sirs, in the thunder tones of truth, that these wrongs may be stopped, and some effort be made to right our cruel wrongs.

There is no general officer here. The most distinguished officers with us are Colonel O'Brien, of the Thirteenth Mississippi, who was captured on the parapet of Fort Saunders, in Longstreet's memorable charge; Colonel Josey, of Arkansas, who is still suffering from his wound; Majors Calmees and Green, of Virginia, one of the cavalry and one of the engineer corps; and Colonel Wm. Hawkins, of the noted "Scouts of Middle Tennessee." At this capture the whole Northern press villified and malinged this gallant young soldier, who was fresh from college walls when the war broke out; but Rosecrans him-

self vindicated his claim to be treated as a prisoner of war. When two hundred and fifty officers left for Fort Delaware, in March, he was detained by special order, to punish him for repeated and persistent attempts to escape; and the Yankees then spread, themselves, the report that he was completely subdued, to weaken, if possible, his influence; but, since then, month after month has passed, and he is yet "the brightest, the truest, and the dearest" of our throng. His pen and voice have enlivened for us the weary hours, and his songs are the most popular we sing. One is the *Marsellaise* of our prison; and the authorities have at length *tabooed* it. I send you a copy of it—"The Triple-Barred Banner;" also, one of his poems, published recently in your Cincinnati namesake, "The Guerrilla's Serenade," which, before publication, however, was emasculated of its very pointed, patriotic allusions. The Colonel has devoted himself to the sick, has organized a corps of volunteer nurses, established a hospital fund, and, by his personal popularity and influence in the States of the border, has had numberless contributions forwarded to alleviate the condition of the sick and needy. We have no chaplains, old Parson Duval being too old for service, and Captain Phillips, of Staunton, being a victim of bronchitis. Colonel Hawkins, a lay member, has supplied with noble and ceaseless efforts the vacancy, and often have I seen him soothing our poor, forlorn boys in their dying moments, praying tearfully beside them, or leaning tenderly over them to catch their last messages of expiring affection; and I send you a list obtainedfrom him of the deaths this year, at this place. Your publication of it will be, to many, the first announcement that their dear ones are no more. We are permitted to have preaching every Sunday, and, rather than have the Federal chaplain come and deal out to us his blatant abolitionism and low befoulings of our cause and country, Colonel H. speaks to us himself. The last time he painted, with really wonderful orative power, the great naval fight off Cherbourg, and when his hundreds of auditors stood well-nigh breathless about him, "So," said he, "the Alabama of the soul must go down before the flaming port-holes of the Kearsage of sin. All would be lost, but God sends to us his Son and this dear book, this holy yacht, which comes 'like a thing of life and light' to bear us to the Land of Safety." The effect was electric, and, in fact, a deep religious feeling prevails where once there was so much idleness and folly, and daily prayer-meetings are now held.

A number of men are now here who were paroled at Port Hudson

and Vicksburg. Have they not been exchanged for once? Others are here who in 1863 signed, some of them, as many as three exchange rolls. Cannot this swindling process in some way be stopped? or in some way counterplanned? There is a good deal of apprehension, too, about our Confederate money. We could not refund it as required, being in durance vile. Will there be any provision made for our benefit? Some men have several hundred dollars, and it is their all.

And now, good-bye. The voice started from this house of bondage may not reach you, but if it does, let it say to you and to all that we are firm, hopeful and strong. We hope to come back to you better men and better soldiers. Our hopes, our prayers, are all with you, and, in the stern words of our prison poet:

"Go say to all our brothers, still wage your fight sublime;
For fast our car of triumph rolls along the grooves of Time;
'For God and Right,' still form in might, your proud and peerless band,
And Freedom's gleaming crown shall yet bedeck our native land."

Truly yours, EDGAR H. RANSOM, of N. C.

CAMP CHASE, OHIO, August 21, 1864.

EARLY WESTERN HISTORY

PRESIDENT ANDREW JACKSON.

Characteristic Letter from the Old Hero to General Richard G. Dunlap.

General Richard G. Dunlap, Knoxville, Tenn.—My Dear Sir:—

I HAVE just received your letter of the 30th ult., and snatch a moment from public duty to reply to it. I am happy to learn that your health is improving, whilst I regret to hear that it has been feeble. If my good wishes for your vigorous health will give it, I send them with great sincerity. As I have but a moment to write, you will excuse my brevity on the various points of your letter.

Whilst it is pleasing to hear that the organization of my Cabinet meets with the approbation of Tennessee, as well the whole Union, I cannot omit a passing notice on your remarks on this subject, as it respects Major Eaton. It is this: "Major Eaton leaves the War Department by the consent of all parties." In this you are badly informed. He leaves it with the great regret of a large majority of the army and citizens of this place who, without regard to politics, tendered him a dinner, which he declined. This was not offered to any other of the resigned Cabinet. Great regret has been expressed by many of the citizens of Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio and Indiana, to which you may add my own; whilst all approve the high, honorable feelings that gave rise to Mr. Van Buren's and Major Eaton's resignations when they found harmony in the Cabinet could not be maintained. I fear, my friend, you have been reading and giving too much credence to the slang of General Duff Green's and other opposition papers, to be correctly informed as to the facts here. The plan of Duff Green & Co. is to slander, and if they could, draw from me every honest man in whom I ought and have confidence; and it is now well known here that if Major Eaton could have been made the supple tool of Mr. Calhoun and become the enemy of Mr. Van Buren without cause, he, with Major Lewis, would have been ranked with the first and best men of our country. They, however, were too

honest to be bought, and too virtuous to do injustice to Mr. Van Buren, who, permit me to say, has more honesty and candor, talent and frankness, than a hundred such as Mr. Calhoun. I never acted with a more frank and candid man than Mr. Van Buren. It is said that he is the great magician. I believe it; but his only *wand* is good common sense, which he uses for the benefit of his country. You will open your eyes at this declaration, and perhaps not believe it. As to the depravity and duplicity of Mr. Calhoun, before I am done I will give you some facts; but, before I do, one passing word as to Major Lewis; and, first, I most sincerely regret the language used with regard to him, without pointing to some fact that could justify it. I have seen such slang in opposition papers; I have heard it from Calhoun's tools in Nashville; but coming from General Dunlap, without detailing some facts that would justify it, has really astonished me. I have known him long; I have known him well. He is honest and faithful, as far as I know and believe, and attends to his own, without interfering with others', business.

You must surely have been taking the slang of Duff Green, the *Philadelphia Sentinel*, and the *City Journal*, for your proof, without looking to the positive refutation of the whole in the *Globe* and *Philadelphia Enquirer*. If I am right in this, then you might well believe all that Arnold says about Judge White and Mr. Lea; and I am sure you do not believe one word of Arnold's slander. The others are as foul; for I assure you, of my own knowledge, I do know of several instances where General Duff Green has wilfully stated falsehoods. But suppose I was to send Major Lewis home, do you think that would appease my political, unprincipled enemies? No, no; I must send home Major Barry, Colonel Campbell, and every other friend of mine that will not become the pliant, supple tool of Mr. Calhoun, and the open enemy of the unoffending Van Buren, who it is pleasing to Duff Green to decry as a plotter, without proof, and who is as innocent of the plots charged as you are. General Dunlap could not ask me to bend to such humility; and if he was to, I assure him I never part with well-tried friends to gratify my enemies, or for new ones. Therefore, for the present we 'll neither part with Barry, Campbell, Smith, Kendall, Major Lewis. When any of them departs from the paths of honesty, sobriety, or truth, and it is made manifest to me, I will soon "*send them home.*" Not before.

Many of my real friends, under a great delusion, have done me

more injury than all my enemies could do; and many who have professed friendship (Calhoun like), under the mask of friendship, have endeavored to do me much injury. They have been foiled. The moment I was installed, because I appointed Major Eaton, so necessary to me when Judge White declined, all was wrong. And where was there a man who had labored so much, and burnt the midnight taper so often, as he did in my behalf? Such a friend as Major Eaton is hard to find, and is worthy to be hugged to the bosom as a pearl beyond price. I have and will so cherish him.

The extracts of sundry letters, being a correspondence between Mr. Calhoun and a gentleman in West Tennessee, explains all this matter. Too much credence is given to the slang of Duff Green and his coadjutors in the opposition with regard to my friends. If the *Globe* was read it would show all these tales put down by positive denials and proof. Clerks have been engaged here who have written to Nashville some of the most positive falsehoods that ever have been raised by the most depraved of the opposition. They are just discovered, and some of them will "go home" soon. One fact is now well ascertained; that Duff Green or Mr. Calhoun never supported me. They opposed Mr. Adams, under my name, to put him down, and now wish to put me down, to open the way to the Presidency for Mr. Calhoun.

Mr. Calhoun first tried to crush me by his secret move in the Cabinet. He prostrated Crawford, and now wishes to crush Mr. Van Buren, least he may be in his way hereafter, and will unite with Mr. Clay, or any other, to effect his views. As to myself, I leave these things to the people. They have the right to select their agents, and I hope ever will exercise it; and if they prefer another, I am sure I will be satisfied with my sweet retirement at the Hermitage, which I was dragged from, contrary to my wishes, and now am complained of because I select a few well-tried friends around me, and will not abandon them for new ones, to gratify one of the most wicked and depraved conspiracies that ever disgraced any Christian country. I would loathe myself if any earthly influence could bind me to so vile a purpose.

It is well known the high confidence I once had in Mr. Calhoun. I was once taught to believe him a high-minded and honorable man, capable of friendship, free from duplicity or falsehood. This being my opinion of him when I returned from the Seminole campaign, enfeebled with disease—with one foot in the grave, and the other on the brink—and found, from the public journals, that there had been a

Cabinet council held which had divided on the subject of my arrest for transcending my orders in Florida. I could not believe that Mr. Calhoun was approbating such a movement (the Nashville paper ascribed it to Mr. Crawford, and that Mr. Calhoun was my shield and support against this movement for my destruction), because I knew that Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Monroe could not think so, because my public orders were a *carte blanche*, and very confidential had been received my views, fully made known, and Mr. Rhea instructed to write me that my views were fully approbated. I therefore believed that Mr. Crawford was this secret agent of my destruction, for how could I believe that Mr. Calhoun, who had said to Gov. Bibb "that I had orders to carry on the war as I pleased;" who had read the confidential letter, had approved it, and said to Mr. Monroe it required his answer; who knew that Mr. I. Rhea had been instructed, and had answered it; who, in his letters, and those of confidential friends, had breathed their full approbation of my conduct—I say, after all this, how could I believe that Mr. Calhoun was this secret assassin who had endeavored to destroy my reputation by his movement in the secret Cabinet council, where he believed his acts never could become public, and had laid it upon another?

It is true, in 1824–5, Mr. Rankin, member of Congress, did tell me Mr. Calhoun, and not Mr. Crawford, had made this movement against me. I did not, nay, could not, believe he could be so base; nor did I, when I sent him Mr. Crawford's statement, believe it until I received his acknowledgment, under the sanction of his name, in reply to my note alluded to. You may ask me why I was so incredulous. I will tell you: You have read the correspondence; you have seen it published in my confidential letter to Mr. Monroe, in which I. Rhea is referred to as a confidential friend, through whom the wishes of the Executive could be communicated, and in sixty days I would carry into effect the Executive wishes; you have seen that Mr. Calhoun read that letter, drew Mr. Monroe's attention to it, and said he must answer it. I have now to tell you that Mr. Rhea did answer it by the directions of Mr. Monroe, approving all my views. This letter was received by me on my way to Fort Scott. Mr. Calhoun knew that this letter was answered by Mr. Rhea, and that I had complied with the public orders and confidential wishes to a letter. He knew I had not, nay, could not, transcend my orders: and how could I believe that Mr. Calhoun had secretly moved my arrest or punishment? I was mis-

taken—he was the man. And I now ask you, if a man would do this and at the same time publicly hold forth to me his friendship and support, what is it he would not do to prostrate those he might conceive to be in the way of his own ambition? Think you he would not sever the Union rather than not reach the point of his ambition? Think you, would not such a man rather rule in the lower regions than serve in heaven?

I sincerely regret that the multiplied bereavement of my friend, Judge White, has prevented me from having the benefit of his able assistance in the Department of War. All my influence was exerted, but has failed, and I have appointed Gov. Cass to that department. I trust that my present Cabinet will harmonize. *It must.* I cannot permit such scenes as Mr. Monroe suffered in his.

One word and I must close. You may rest assured that all the acts of Mr. Calhoun and his satellites cannot cause me to abandon my old and well-tried friends without cause. Tennessee was the last place in this Union that I expected a combination to injure me, and promote the views of my most inveterate enemies. It is now clear that the vile attempt against Eaton was not to injure him, but me, through him. Still, when he has resigned, it is kept up to injure me. Be it so. They have fell into the pit they dug for Eaton and myself. Ingham is prostrate, whilst Eaton lives in the heart of his countrymen; and when his traducers are buried in forgetfulness, his name will be hailed by the good and great as one of the best and most virtuous patriots of his day.

I shall expect to hear from you on receipt of this, and hope you will pardon the haste in which it has been written.

Your friend, ANDREW JACKSON.

Washington, July 18, 1831.

P. S.—It would have been a source of great consolation to me to have had Judge White in the Department of War. My whole influence was used to effect this. It failed from the situation of his family.

In Major Eaton I had a faithful and confidential friend, and had it not been for the intrigues of Calhoun, and part of my Cabinet falling into his views and aiding him in operating on the Senate to defeat my nominations, I would have had a harmonious and successful administration. I will still have it.

Who is it that is making the serious charge that I have discarded my old friends? Who are they I have parted with? It cannot be pos-

sible that Calhoun is meant as one of my old friends? I thought him so; but his own declarations show he was lukewarm between Mr. Adams and me, and his secret attempt against me in the Executive Cabinet shows that although he was my open, professed friend, he was my deadly enemy. Was it meant any of my Cabinet that have resigned? There were but two that would not have sacrificed me at any price for their own aggrandizement and that of Calhoun. I had three friends—*disinterested, high-minded, and talented men—Van Buren, Eaton,* and *Barry.* These were jewels—men of high, honorable feelings, on whom their friends and country might repose with safety. No country holds men of purer patriotism, or talents of higher order, particularly Van Buren and Barry, and Major Eaton is one of the best men, and his talents are far above mediocrity. You have seen the *disgraceful flight of Ingham.* "The wicked flee when no one pursueth." Ingham has fallen, never to rise again—the fate of all slanderers. A. J.

N. B.—You say, "If Mr. Calhoun is a nullifier," &c., &c. I have positive proof of that fact. I have this day read a letter from a high source that he is secretly encouraging hostilities to the Republic, and if it proves to be true, *I will meet* the crisis firmly. A. J.

KILLING OF WILLIAM McMURRAY.

IN the year 1782, General Smith, Wm. McMurray, Hughey Rogan, and four others, went from one of the lower stations to Bledsoe's Lick on some errand, and were about a mile on their return when they met a large body of Indians at the spot now the site of "Cragfont," which for seventy-five years was the homestead of General James Winchester and his descendants. General Smith and McMurray, ignorant of the numbers of the enemy, dismounted for battle, but a heavy volley showed them too late the folly of such a course, and they attempted to remount. McMurray's arm being broken at the first fire, he was unable to get upon his horse, and General Smith being quite fleshy, failed himself to remount, as the Indians pressed forward at a run. The mounted party made good their retreat without injury, but McMurray was soon overtaken and cut down with tomahawks. Smith took advantage of the attack made on McMurray, and slid

down a high bluff, after the manner of a frightened bear, without stopping to think of the consequences. On reaching the bottom he gathered himself up, and plunging into Bledsoe's creek, he soon gained the high canes and weeds on the other side, and made his escape. Rogan made off up the creek at such a gait that the leaves with which he had muffled his mare's bell dropped out, and its tell-tale clatter added greatly to his danger and discomfiture. After going a mile or so, he decided to quit the mare and try his luck on foot. He stripped off the bridle and saddle and took refuge in a large hollow sycamore, where he remained until the next day. On coming out from his place of concealment, his mare was gone, and, as he never heard of her afterward, he supposed the Indians carried her off.

After wandering three days without food, he reached the settlement nearly exhausted with hunger and fatigue. The rest of the party reached places of safety, but it was some time before Rogan and Smith knew that each was safe, and when these doughty warriors met, although ordinarily of grave demeanors, they fell on each other's necks and wept most joyously. McMurray's bones, lightly covered with stones, marked the spot where he fell for a great many years, mute memorials of this bloody episode, and an eloquent tribute to the life of danger and personal sacrifice led by the fathers of this Commonwealth.

Tennessee has never rewarded the names of those who perished in laying the foundations of her existence as a great State, with any official recognition or remembrance. The sites of few of their graves are known with certainty, but, with a few strokes of the chisel and mallet, she could fix their names on the corridor walls of her Capitol, and establish a Roll of Honor which would do honor to herself. Such inscriptions, spread on the extensive walls of the Capitol, would well and cheaply supplement the labors of the artist's brush, which have been so freely bestowed on the portraits of her illustrious citizens. These walls could not contain a more honorable record, and would serve, incidentally, to work the purpose for which ancient kings expressly taxed the physical strength and treasure of vast empires.

If there be any virtue in exalted patriotism, let Tennessee foster its influence on the coming generations by honoring, publicly and officially, the memories of those who were the brightest exemplars of this sentiment—the *men* who gave their lives in the defense and protection of her *infant cradle*.

THE SOLDIER'S WAR-BAG.

Incidents of a Fight at Mossy Creek—James Morgan's Adventure—Killing of Captain Talbot—Butchery of "Nashville."—Toward the close of this fight, the Third Arkansas Cavalry got out of ammunition and began to withdraw, when other regiments, mistaking the nature of the movement, followed suit, leaving James Morgan and Byrom, of Company I, Fourth Tennessee, on the skirmish line. Captain Talbot, of Brownlow's Union Regiment, immediately charged. Morgan fired at the foremost man, and then discovered that Byrom and himself were the only occupants of the field; they broke to the rear, each closely pursued by a trooper with a drawn sabre. He endeavored to reload as he ran, and got his cartridge in the muzzle, but never could steady his ramrod on it to drive it down, as he had to keep one eye on his assailant and dodge around trees and under the limbs to save his bacon. The affair was growing extremely critical with him, as he was determined not to surrender to one man; but, to his great relief and joy, he discovered — Roach, of Company I, standing behind a tree with his gun ready and watching the race. He asked Roach to "kill that fellow." Roach nodded assent, while he passed on. As the Yankee was passing the tree, Roach presented his gun in a few feet of him and shot him through. He then mounted the dead man's horse and made his escape. Byrom also succeeded in making his escape from his man. A soldier of Company E was not so fortunate. He was called throughout the regiment only as "Nashville," very few knowing his real name. He was overtaken by Talbot's men and cruelly butchered, his head being hacked to pieces with their sabres.

This taste of blood seemed to have made Talbot and his men reckless, and they pressed so closely on the Fourth Tennessee, which had rallied in a field, that eighteen out of twenty of them were killed in a short time. Captain Talbot galloped up to within twenty-five yards of the Confederate line, and was shot by Sergeant Risener, of Company I. Before dying, he sent a gold ring to his sister, who lived at Talbot's Station, near by.

Personal Daring of General Wheeler.—In the winter of 1865, the combined forces of Generals Wheeler's and Hampton's Cavalry approached the Pedee river in South Carolina late one afternoon, to effect a passage and attack the enemy, who were camped several miles beyond. The ford was very rocky and dangerous, and General Hampton suggested that if General Wheeler could cross, he would try to follow with the men. This was accepted, and the General, with five or six of his escort, plunged in at once. The site of the crossing was an artificial dam, made for fish-traps, and was filled with large boulders. After great peril in the rapids, the party got safely across, and the General waved his hat to General Hampton to follow. This the latter decided not to attempt, and moved up the river to seek a ferry. General Wheeler now found himself in a critical situation, cut off from support and in the immediate vicinity of the enemy; but he decided to hold what he had won and await the issue. So, with the little party he formed a picket-line, taking post himself on this duty and watched, without sleep, during the entire night, anxiously awaiting the approach of General Hampton. When day-light came, no succor came with it; but, on the contrary, immediate and pressing danger from a column of the enemy's cavalry, which was seen marching along the road a short distance off in the direction of his position. With a wide river at his back, and a force of the enemy in the front, it were hard to say which was the least perilous mode of escape. But this stout-hearted officer cut the gordian knot at once, and decided to fight. Gathering his little party into compact ranks, and taking his place at their head, he dashed like a thunder-bolt at the advancing column, which broke in confusion at the first onset, and in a brief space of time was in a pell-mell retreat, without halting to inquire into the character and numbers of the force which had so successfully overthrown it. In the course of the day, General Hampton reached the spot by a circuitous route, and the heroic little band was safe.

J. W.

He Saved His Oxen.—A Lincoln county farmer was pressed, much against his will, into the service of a squad of Federal Infantry to carry them to Fayetteville. Their motive was to make greater speed from the supposed danger of bushwhackers. His only means of transportation was an ox-cart, and into this nine of them mounted, leaving him to walk and drive. Aside from the distasteful character of the service forced upon him, he knew that his fat oxen would be sacrificed to the

Union war-gods as soon as he got to camp. On his route, he espied a low bridge, which he thought presented a favorable opportunity of escape from his distress. As he rose on to the bridge, he slyly pricked his leader forward, and in an instant cart and soldiers were precipitated into the bed of the creek; a cart wheel was smashed, and this ended the journey. Threats of vengeance were made against the innocent oxen, but the driver was not once suspected of having a hand in the disaster.

A Texas Ranger's Strategy.—In a fight near Smoky Knob, in East Tennessee, a Texas Ranger was captured about nightfall, by Colonel Jim Brownlow. The Colonel, it seems, was doubtful of his position with reference to his own army, and anxiously inquired of the prisoner, "Whose fires are those on the mountains?" He replied at once that they were the rebels, but he knew at the same time that they were Federals. The Colonel saw that if they were rebels he was in great danger of being captured, and he proposed at once to give his prisoner fifty dollars, a horse, pistol and free pass through the lines, if he would pilot him to a place of safety. This the Ranger promised confidently to do, and, by avoiding the suspicious fires, he soon performed his part of the contract. The Colonel complied gratefully with his promise, except as to the pistol, and the Texan regained his command the next day.

Origin of the Term "Josh."—The troops of each State received, in the course of the war, nicknames, by which they were familiarly distinguished. The Texans were called "Chubs," the Arkansians, "Joshes." The latter soubriquet originated in this way: There was a man in the Third Arkansas Cavalry named Josh ———, who was conspicuous for his height and size, and from this circumstance his name soon became familiar throughout Forrest's Cavalry. In time, the Third Arkansas were dubbed "Joshes," and then the term was applied generally to all Arkansians.

Covered Himself With Glory.—General Polk accosted Colonel Robison, after the battle of Chickamauga, with the remark that a certain officer had covered himself with glory. The Colonel had a better knowledge of this officer's conduct, and dryly replied, "*He covered himself with a big tree.*"

EDITORIAL.

WE are gratified to know that the April number of the ANNALS has been well received and handsomely complimented by the press of this State and by subscribers. It has imperfections, of which we are well aware, and which will be remedied as rapidly as the circulation will justify. The typography is very creditable to the publisher, but, for economical reasons, the paper is not as heavy as could be wished. We have thought it best and safest not to weight down this enterprise, in the beginning of its career, with a heavy expense, deeming it vastly more important to get our history into print, even on the *cheapest* scale, than to cater solely to the critical taste of typographical experts. In common with hundreds of others of our soldiers, we have deeply deplored the condition of our history, and have sought, by this publication, to provide a remedy. What has already been done, has gone far toward awakening a public interest in a subject which has only come up for discussion around fire-sides, where comrades have met and revived the memories of their toils, sufferings and triumphs in the cause of the Confederacy; and we feel encouraged to believe that an honorable pride and a sense of duty will move our people to come up to the rescue of their civil and military fame, which, when recorded, will be found to be as bright and glorious as any that graces the pages of the world's history.

THE letter of Dr. J. B. Lindsley is a pointed endorsement of the ANNALS that we prize highly indeed. Commendation from such a source serves greatly to strengthen our purpose and encourage our efforts in the cause of Western History. He, like all others who have given any attention to this subject, appreciates the value of authentic *records* as the only sound basis of truthful history; and further recognizes the fact that these must be obtained from the living without delay, before the sources of them fail and cease to exist. With the enlarged *vision* begotten of the perusal of such scanty materials as are at hand, he sees that the events of the great struggle between the States

will occupy a prominent place in the literature of the coming centuries, and furnish an inexhaustible theme for the historian, poet, painter and sculptor. Every relict of those times will be idealized into a living presentment and picture of these martial scenes, and have a value far above any sordid considerations. In such a spirit Massachusetts sought to obtain the files of the Nashville *Dispatch* of the years 1862–3–4–5, and in a similar spirit—to his honor and credit be it said—Dr. Lindsley refused to part with them. Another important consideration, which we will mention as proper to keep before the view of our people, is the fact that numerous errors and perversions crowd the pages of northern histories, and stand there unchallenged and unrefuted. Many of these were made solely in the interest of the military reputation of commanders, and serve only the selfish ends of a few individuals. Others were used as the legitimate weapons of warfare against us, and have served their purpose most efficiently. Now, we say, let the scales of justice weigh every fact on either side, and give to each its place and value—thereby teaching the coming generations to honor and respect what was good and noble, and to detest what was base and degrading, in the acts of each party to the great contest.

TERMS.—In localities where we have no special contract with Agents, we will furnish an extra copy of the ANNALS one year, gratis, to any who will get up a club of ten. Where persons will form a club of more than ten, we will allow them a copy each at $1.80 per annum. The name, post-office, county and State must be written plainly. Payment must accompany each list. *Single copies, Two Dollars per annum.*

WE invite the attention of business men to the advantages of the ANNALS as an advertising medium. It is distributed to nearly every locality in this State, and will be mailed extensively to other States of the South and West. It will have this advantage of newspapers: it is less destructible, and will circulate, from house to house, largely beyond the limit of actual subscribers. Again, the place of an advertisement being once noted, reference is readily made to it subsequently. Contracts can be made with the Publisher or Editor, as may be convenient.

WE hope our soldiers will take an interest in this effort to do justice to their achievements in the Confederate service, and will aid the circulation of the ANNALS in every locality. The price is *cheap*, and will be but a small tax on many of them, even in these hard times. This enterprise is fairly in the field, and was established solely to give our unwritten history the benefit of publication and secure it a "local habitation and a name." The opportunity for consummating a great and important work is at hand, but lessening every year, as time takes its victims from our already thinned and fading ranks, and we trust that every soldier and citizen will realize its value before it is too late. No selfish considerations prompted this undertaking, and if no financial loss accrues to those interested in it, they will be content, in the hope that the ANNALS will render a genuine service to the living and the dead, and to the future generations of our people.

THE letter of General Jackson to General Dunlap is from an original kindly furnished the ANNALS by Governor Porter, who obtained it recently from a relative in West Tennessee, in whose family it had been preserved until now, when it appears in print for the first time. It is thoroughly Jacksonian in every line, and from it some will be disposed to trace the steps which led on to the adoption of the President's policy in regard to nullification. In this letter he foreshadows it in the sentence, "*I will meet* the crisis firmly," on hearing that Mr. Calhoun was connected with the movement. It is safe to say that President Jackson would have opposed a dissolution of the Union on almost any terms, but it is evident that he regarded his success as a personal as well as national triumph.

THROUGH inadvertance, credit was not given to the Philadelphia *Times* for General Johnston's paper. The copy came in the form of a slip from him, and was forwarded to the publisher as such, without any other directions. We mention this in justice both to ourselves and to the *Times*. This paper has a department devoted to History, and has published a great many valuable and entertaining articles from distinguished Confederate writers.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dr. E. L. Drake—Dear Sir:—I am glad that the work for which you have so carefully and faithfully prepared is at length fairly under way. From personal experience, I can testify to the necessity of your undertaking. Since 1872 I have read many thousand pages concerning the late war, which, for centuries to come, will be the great theme in American literature. The meagreness of authentic information concerning Confederate Tennessee and Tennesseeans, is wonderful and painful. Yet Tennessee was the theatre of more and greater events than any other State, Virginia alone excepted. And Tennesseeans, in heroic gallantry and self-devotion, were second to none on either side in the long contest. The history of Confederate Tennessee is full of brilliant romance. Yet it cannot be written for want of records.

Soon after the war I refused one hundred and twelve dollars for a complete set of the Nashville *Dispatch*, since merged in the *American*. This offer came from a Boston library. New England people have always valued history, and are willing to pay for it; and hence stand at the very top of the historical world on this Western Continent. The offer was refused, because the files were kept for home investigations. In making out a list of Tennessee officers (Confederate) killed in action, or who died of wounds, this original source of history, whose conductors took pains to clip from all sources, whatever they could find of interest to Southern readers during 1862, '63, '64, and '65, furnishes hardly fifty names.

No one who has not engaged in such researches can realize how very barren are the records of Confederate Tennessee. You are clearly right. The gap must be filled up from original and living sources. And that too without delay.

You ought to be eminently successful. You are a pioneer. You are the leader of a forlorn hope. If the survivors among your comrades will contribute the equivalent of what, even during these hard times, they annually expend upon tobacco, you will have amply the sinews of war. If the million of white people in Tennessee are not embraced

in Wendell Phillips' eight millions of dunces, you will not lack appreciative co-operation on all sides. For all history, of nations, communities and families, proves that the people or the family which does not honor the noble deeds of those who have gone before, will do none worthy of being honored by those who come after.

Inclosed please find amount due for your volume first.

Truly yours, J. BERRIEN LINDSLEY,
Librarian of the Tennessee Historical Society, Nashville, Tenn.

E. L. Drake, M.D.—Dear Sir:—Inclosed please receive post-office money order for $2.00, in payment of my first year's subscription to your monthly. I have received its first number and will wait impatiently for the succeeding ones. I trust you will be much encouraged in your undertaking, and that the soldiery of Tennessee, from the General to the humblest private, who have survived the civil war, will all, without exception, furnish you with their diaries, their journals, their experiences, and their recollections of Confederate services, toils and victories. There will be few *defeats* for you to record, and then only when the enemy outnumbered greatly our gallant troops.

Yours truly, J. G. M. RAMSEY.
Knoxville, Tenn., April 3, 1878.

Dr. E. L. Drake:—I thank you personally, my dear sir, for conceiving and undertaking this work, and know that thousands of others will, in time, do the same. I sincerely trust that you are resolved to continue it, and will be enabled to do so.

I will try and get you some subscribers here, if I can, in a few days, or at least, by the next number.

Yours truly, ALBERT T. McNEAL,
Bolivar, Tenn., April 6, 1878.

Dr. E. L. Drake—Dear Sir:—I am glad to see you propose to publish, in magazine form, THE ANNALS OF THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE, and write to place my name upon your list of subscribers, as well as the "Public Library and Historical Society," Macon, Ga. Will remit for both on receipt of first number.

Yours truly, ROBERT E. PARK, General Agent.
Macon, Ga., March 1, 1878.

Dr. E. L. Drake—Dear Sir:—In looking over my old files the other day, I came across the old Texas paper enclosed. You may find

something of interest for your scrap-bag. I mark a little extract from General Donelson's Report of the Battle of Murfreesboro, noticing, in a complimentary way, Granville Lewis, Esq. This gentleman was seventy-five years of age. He came to my tent just before the battle, and said he wanted me to furnish him a musket and cartridge-box. I said, "What for?" He replied he was going into the fight. I said, "You are too old; but if you are determined to go, I will get you a position on General Donelson's Staff as Aid, and furnish a horse." I spoke to the General, who said, promptly, "I would like to have him." He bore himself so gallantly, that you observe, the General notices him handsomely.

With many wishes that your enterprise may be crowned with pecuniary success, and, with the confident belief that you will be encouraged by the approval and smiles of your old fellow-soldiers,

I am truly yours, GEO. W. WINCHESTER.

Memphis, Tenn., Feb. 23, 1878.

Dr. E. L. Drake—Dear Sir:—I have your favor of the 11th inst., inclosing prospectus of a monthly magazine you expect to publish in Tennessee, for the purpose of gathering facts and records pertaining to the operations of our armies in the West, and requesting me to aid you by contributing information, etc. This I would cheerfully do, were I not, during my leisure moments, engaged in writing an account of the operations of the Army of Tennessee whilst under my command. I therefore require all the material and facts in my possession for my own use. There is, however, in this city, an association of this Army of which General Beauregard is President; it may afford you some assistance.

Wishing you great success in this laudable undertaking,

I am truly yours, J. B. HOOD.

New Orleans, La., Feb. 19, 1878.

My Dear Doctor:—I have been engaged all the week with my Court, and have only time now to say that I am with you heart and soul.

Your friend, ALBERT S. MARKS.

Winchester, Tenn., Feb. 1. 1878.

Dr. E. L. Drake—Dear Sir:—May success attend you in your noble enterprise. The truth of the remark in your letter, "In a few more years, and we will pass away, and ours will truly be a lost

cause," strikes me forcibly. The thought makes me shudder to think how negligent we have been in vindicating our comrades who fell by our sides, and whose noble deeds of valor won the admiration of the civilized world.

Your friend, W. J. HALE.

Hartsville, Tenn., Jan. 29, 1878.

Dr. E. L. Drake—Dear Sir:—Your letter was received, as have been the circulars. Will publish a part to-morrow, and cheerfully co-operate with you in the important work. Whenever I can have time, if ever, will contribute.

Yours, S. A. CUNNINGHAM.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Feb. 16, 1878.

ANNALS OF ARMY OF TENNESSEE
AND EARLY WESTERN HISTORY.

VOL. I. } NASHVILLE, TENN., JUNE, 1878. { No. 3.

VICKSBURG DURING THE SIEGE.

How the Iron Crown of the Mississippi Was Fruitlessly Defended—Thrilling Incidents of Life in the Beleaguered City—A Campaign of Misconception—People Dwelling in Caves and Living on Air.

BY EDWARD S. GREGORY.

[THE Siege of Vicksburg, by Major Gregory, in the Philadelphia *Times*, is a model of graceful pen-sketching, while its tone is of a character not easily attainable under the circumstances, where the field of censure and criticism is so inviting. It is a valuable contribution to important events in Western History, and will bear repeated perusals.]

ON January 24, 1862, a fleet, bearing the united forces of Generals Grant and Sherman, descending the Mississippi from Memphis, appeared before the "Terraced City of the Hills"—the name given Vicksburg, according to local tradition, by Daniel Webster. The disastrous experiment made in the previous December by General Sherman—of approaching the town on the Yazoo line—was not repeated. The troops were *debouched* on the west bank of the river, and began to dig a canal across the isthmus which the great bend of the river opposite Vicksburg makes, the original idea of which scheme of isolation had occurred to General Williams the year before. Demonstrations in other directions were not neglected, meanwhile. Nine gunboats, carrying 4,000 men, in March made a move down the Tallahatchie, but were repulsed by General Loring at Fort Pemberton. General Pemberton, in command of the Department of Mississippi, was induced for a while to think that the city was in no immediate danger,

and that a large part of General Grant's army had been sent to join Rosecrans. He soon had occasion to alter his mind in this connection, and the troops which he had dispatched to General Bragg, at Chattanooga, were promptly withdrawn.

A New Plan of Campaign.

Early in April a new plan of campaign was adopted by General Grant. He struck work on the canal. His new scheme was to march his troops down on the west bank of the river to some suitable point below Vicksburg, and throw them over in transports that were to pass the batteries under veil of night. Already, in March, the "Hartford" and "Albatross," of Farragut's Squadron, had passed the Port Hudson guns. On the night of April 16 a Federal fleet of gunboats, and three transports towing barges, ran by the batteries at Vicksburg and moored at Hard Times, La. (thirty miles, say, below the city), where the forces had arrived. On the night of the 22d six more transports and barges followed. The damage done by the Confederate artillerists on these two occasions summed up as follows: One transport sunk, one burned, six barges rendered unserviceable. We shall hear more fully of these feats hereafter. The vigor of the game began when, on the 29th of April, Admiral Porter opened the guns of his ships on the Confederate intrenchments at Grand Gulf, the Thirteenth Corps (McClernand's) being held in readiness to cross over when these were silenced. At sunset the guns were still vocal, and General Grant determined to land at Bruinsburg, which was ten or twelve miles lower down. Gunboats and transports gave the batteries the slip at night in numbers sufficient to ferry over a division at a time. More than twenty vessels of different descriptions had then passed the Confederate fortifications.

On April 30 the four divisions of McClernand's Corps crossed; and on the 1st of May moved, and in brief time encountered the Confederate command of General Bowen, consisting of the brigades of Green and Tracy, four miles from Port Gibson. The Confederates were choice men and fought gallantly against great odds; but on the next day General Bowen was forced out of Port Gibson, and retired across the suspension bridge of the Bayou Pierre to Grand Gulf. His stay here was transient, seeing that his flank was almost immediately turned. On the 3d he marched to Hankinson's ferry, on the Big Black, and there met Loring and his division, sent from Jackson by Pemberton, whose head-

quarters were at Edwards' Depot. On the 30th of April, General Sherman, commanding the Fifteenth Corps, after a slight feint on Haines' Bluff on the Yazoo, returns to Milliken's Bend and proceeds to the main body. On the 8th the three corps met at Willow Spring, where McClernand and McPherson (commanding the Seventeenth Corps) had been waiting since the 3d. On the same day they advance on parallel roads northeast, but the Thirteenth shortly turns off toward Edwards' Depot; while the Seventeenth, followed by the Fifteenth, keep their faces toward Jackson. The latter column, on the 12th, encounter the single brigade of Gregg, at Raymond, and drove it away: not till after a stout resistance. McPherson then moves on Clinton—a station on the railroad ten miles west of Jackson—interposing between Vicksburg and General Joseph E. Johnston (who arrived in Jackson on the 13th and assumed command) and breaking the line of Confederate communications.

Prior to his departure from Tullahoma for the scene of war, General Johnston had sent an order to General Pemberton in these words: "If Grant's army crosses, unite all your forces to beat him. Success will give you back what you abandoned to win it." One dispatch had been received from General Pemberton, bearing date the 12th, and beginning: "The enemy is apparently moving in heavy force toward Edwards' Depot, on Southern Railroad." The "moveable army" of Pemberton—consisting of the divisions of Bowen and Loring, which had come up from Grand Gulf, and Stevenson, who was detached from the garrison of Vicksburg, leaving the two divisions of Forney and M. L. Smith *in loco*—was now at Edwards' Depot, eighteen miles east of Vicksburg; and headquarters were at Bovina, a station some four miles west.

Johnston Arrives Too Late.

On the 13th General Johnston sent a dispatch to the War Department in these words: "I arrived this evening, finding the enemy in force between this place and General Pemberton. *I am too late.*" These were ominous words. Through Captain Yerger he dispatched that order to General Pemberton which has been the bone of contention in all the subsequent discussions on the responsibility of failure. It directed the latter to come up, if practicable, on the rear of McPherson, at Clinton, at once. "All the strength you can quickly assemble should be brought. Time is all important." This was put into Pemberton's hands at 7 o'clock on the morning of the 14th. He answered

at once, signifying his purpose to obey, though he did not think his force justified attacking. But immediately he summoned a council of war, to which the question was submitted for discussion, and a majority of the major-generals present sustained the execution of the order; others said "nay." General Pemberton concluded that he would obey the order in this wise: He would set off for Clinton, which was twelve miles east, by moving on Dillon's, which was eight miles south. By this route he might break the communications of the enemy and force him to attack. If his luck was good, he might proceed to Clinton; if his luck was extraordinary, he might keep on forcing the enemy to attack him. This is not the exact language of any of the reports, but a legitimate inference from events. On the morning of the 15th the three divisions set out on their march, being compelled to make a tedious detour because of the destruction by flood of a bridge over Baker's creek, which was a little east of Edwards' Depot in a southwesterly course to the Big Black river. That such was to be his mode of obeying the order, General Pemberton had written General Johnston in a note dated the 14th, at 5 P.M., which contained, however, no reference to the council of war. It was part of the tragedy of errors which the whole campaign illustrated that this answer reached General Johnston before the note previously sent.

Meanwhile no grass was growing under Sherman's feet. On the 14th, Johnston, hearing that the Fifteenth Corps was twelve miles from Jackson, on the Raymond road, and that both it and McPherson were moving on Jackson, sent out one brigade to meet each corps and evacuated the city, which was promptly entered. McClernand, who had been near Edwards' Depot, having received orders to that effect, joined the main body in the neighborhood of Jackson, out of which General Johnston had marched with his little army, then 6,000 at most, toward Clinton, twenty odd miles north. Ascertaining the Federal concentration, he dispatched an order to Pemberton on the same day, informing him of the situation of affairs and disposition of forces, and asking if he could not close their communications with the river, and, above all, beat them if for want of supplies they were compelled to fall back. It was part the second of this tragedy of errors that Pemberton received this communication not till after the battle of Baker's creek—too late to affect his action.

Battle of Baker's Creek.

The battle of Baker's creek happened in this wise: When General

Johnston, on the 15th, received General Pemberton's second note of the day before, disclosing his designs on Dillon's, Johnston instantly replied that "the only mode by which we could unite was his (Pemberton's) moving directly to Clinton and informing me (Johnston), that I might meet him there with 6,000 men." Hardly had Pemberton got well clear of Baker's creek when this order reached him. He reversed his columns and prepared to obey it promptly, and so informed General Johnston. Just at this point a new factor appears in the shape of Grant, who had heard in Jackson of Pemberton's designs to attack him piecemeal, and who had conceived the design of reversing the operations. McPherson, McClernand, Blair and Hovey were ordered on the 15th to march to Bolton's Depot, eight miles east of Edwards' Depot. Returning to Edwards' Depot, General Pemberton formed his line of battle—remaining, General Johnston contends, for five hours in front of a single Federal division, which he might have crushed. Battle was delivered by Grant on the 16th, with all his force. The Confederate resistance was spirited, but unavailing. General Pemberton lays the blame of defeat on Loring, who declined to reinforce the Confederate left. For this same inaction General Loring is equally praised by Johnston. The field was lost, and Loring, after guarding the retreat of the army arcross the creek, and seeing the bridge burned, moved out by a wide detour and joined General Johnston with his division. Next day the Federals, crossing Baker's creek on pontoon bridges, renewed the battle at the Big Black river, east of which Pemberton had stationed Bowen, while Stevenson was bivouacked on the other side. The Confederates were disheartened and divided, and the fight soon became a flight. Eighteen Confederate cannon were captured. The remnant of Bowen's command was conducted from the field by Stevenson. Grant followed swiftly, and the pickets of the advance were before Vicksburg on the 18th. On the next day the investment was complete.

On the 17th, Johnston, marching his two brigades on the road from Livingston to Edwards', received Pemberton's account of events, including the council of war on the 14th and the battle at Baker's creek. The action at the river was then progressing. Hearing of the abandonment of the Big Black, General Johnston orders Pemberton: "If Haines' Bluff is untenable, Vicksburg is of no value and cannot be held. * * * Evacuate Vicksburg, if not too late, retreating to the northeast." Expecting that this order was obeyed, Johnston

marches to the northwest to meet the garrison. On the 18th he received a dispatch from Pemberton, at Vicksburg, announcing his retreat into the intrenchments, and adding that the order of evacuation had been submitted to a council of war, and while it was holding the enemy's guns opened. "I have decided to hold Vicksburg as long as possible. I still conceive it to be the most important point in the Confederacy." Johnson answers Pemberton to hold out. "I am trying to get together a force to help you;" and orders Gardner to evacuate Port Hudson. Before this order could be repeated, Port Hudson was invested by the whole force from Baton Rouge. Thus far the preliminary narrative, which has been condensed to the exclusion of many important points—among them the discussion between General Johnston and the administration as to the authority of the former over the army in Tennessee to order reinforcements from it to Mississippi. How far results were affected and responsibility fixed by the disagreements and that between the generals in the field, may be considered on a later page.

Inside the City.

It may well be credited that the garrison and the populace had not been indifferent while these great actions sped. That a crisis impended, every man and woman felt; and that the odds were greatly against us was equally evident. Still the people would not harbor the thought of defeat, and were equally unprepared for the siege. The city had been bombarded once before—an ordeal invoked by the defiant reply of the mayor, speaking for the citizens, when S. P. Lee demanded their surrender after the fall of New Orleans. When, therefore, the sudden unfolding of a ball of dense white smoke in the sky above them gave sign, on the 18th, that the enemy had arrived, the fact did not frighten the brave community, however much it may have surprised them. At first the depressing shadow of exclusion, with constant peril of death and the corrosion of anxiety and of imminent famine, was relieved by the excitement of battle; for on the 19th and 20th sharp attacks were made on the lines, which were repulsed with great slaughter of the Federal column. The novelty of the situation sustained the spirits of the people still longer, and their courage was never dimmed. But the sickness of hope deferred was of gradual growth, while the sordid conditions of life, made necessary by the exigencies and exposures which were incident to the siege, had their own sad effects of steady and hard attrition. Just how and by what distinct

stages a "city full of stirs—a tumultuous city—a joyous city," such as Tyre of old, takes on itself the aspect of a camp or a trench, devoid of the attendants of home and pleasure, and marked by every feature of war's worst exactions and destruction, nothing short of a diary of contemporaneous experience could describe. It answers the purpose of a picture to select any period when the siege was well advanced and distinctly charactered—when the life of the people had become adapted to it, and when the full consequences of such abnormal influences were developed.

I have spoken of the element of danger. The Federals fought the garrison in part, but the city mainly. Even the fire on the lines was not confined to them in its effects, for hardly any part of the city was outside the range of the enemy's artillery from any direction, except the south. Shot from opposite quarters might have collided above the city. But the city was a target in itself, and was hit every time. Just across the Mississippi, a few days after the lines were closed, 7, 11 and 13-inch mortars were put in position and trained directly on the homes of the people; and if any one of them was silent from that time till the white flag was raised, any longer than was necessary to cool and load it, I fail to recall the occasion. Twenty-four hours of each day these preachers of the Union made their touching remarks to the town. All night long their deadly hail of iron dropped through roofs and tore up the deserted and denuded streets. It was a feature of their practice that early in the night their favors would be addressed to one part of the city, and afterward changed so as to reach the cases of persons in other parts who had gone to bed in fancied security. Those who could forget the deadly design and properties of these missiles might admire every night the trail which they made across the western heavens—rising steadily and shiningly in their great parabolic curves, descending with ever-increasing swiftness, and falling with deafening shriek and explosion, hurling in many a radius their ponderous fragments. It is believed by the expert that a mortar shell is the most demoralizing agency of war. Throughout the war the Confederates had the same horror of them which the other side felt for masked batteries and black horse cavalry. For forty days and nights, without interval, the women and children of Vicksburg took calmly and bravely the iron storm which, in less volume and in a few minutes, turned back the victorious column of Beauregard from Pittsburg Landing. They wreaked their worst and utmost on the town,

bringing out the most vicious of all war's aspects. That the ordinary atmosphere of life, the course of conversation, the thread of every human existence, took in for nearly two months the momently contingency of these messengers of thunder and murder, is past ordinary comprehension. How many of them came and burst, nobody can have the least idea. An account says that on June 22 150,000 shells fell inside of the city; but this was probably an exaggeration. They became at last such an ordinary occurrence of daily life that I have seen ladies walk quietly along the streets while the shells burst above them, their heads protected meanwhile by a parasol held between them and the sun!

Nothing was spared by the shells. The churches fared especially severely, and the reverend clergy had narrow escapes. The libraries of the Rev. Dr. Lord, of the Episcopalian, and of Rev. Dr. Rutherford, of the Presbyterian Church, were both invaded and badly worsted. One Baptist Church had been rendered useless for purposes of worship by the previous shelling. But what mattered churches, or any sacred place, or sacred exercise at such a time? There was nothing more striking about the interior of the siege than the breaking down of the ordinary partition between the days of the week, as well as the walls which make safe and saved domestic life. During those long weeks there was no sound or summon of bell to prayer. There was no song of praise. The mortars had no almanac, and the mortals kept at home a perpetual service of fast and humiliation.

An Atmosphere of Death.

I have spoken of the wretched expedients to which families resorted in the hope of safety. Vicksburg hangs on the side of a hill, whose name was poetical—the Sky Parlor. On it thousands of people assembled to see the great sight when the Federal ships went by on the night of the 16th April; at which time the houses of De Soto were kindled on the other side, lending a lurid background to the dark shadows of the boats, while the fire of the batteries made the river a sheet of flame! But the Sky Parlor was reserved for other uses. Its soil was light and friable, and yet sufficiently stiff to answer the purposes of excavation. Wherever the passage of a street left the face of the hill exposed, into it and under it the people burrowed, making long ranges and systems of chambers and arches, within which the women and young took shelter. In them all the offices of life had to

be discharged, except that generally the cooking-stove stood near the entrance, opportunity to perform upon it being seized and improved during the shells' diversions in other quarters. Sometimes the caves were strengthened by pillars and wooden joists, and beds and furniture were crowded in them. Whether they were really effective as against the largest shells dropped directly above, I cannot tell. Stories were told, more than once during the siege, of people who had been buried alive by the collapse of caves; but they probably were not true. They made good shelter against the flying fragments of the bombs, and this was no small matter. It was rather a point of honor among men not to hide in these places, which were reserved for the women and children. Under all circumstances of difficulty, the modesty of these was supported in the half-exposed life of the caves with a pathos which affected me more deeply than any other circumstance of the siege. Another refuge of a few young ladies in the neighborhood of General Smith's headquarters, which had been a bank, was a vault in the cellar. One night, when more than a dozen of them were huddled in it, a shell struck the brick arch squarely and burst the same moment. None of the pieces penetrated; but would it have gone through? was the question. And suppose it had, and had then burst? I believe the vault was never again occupied by the ladies. Considering the constant danger and the many narrow escapes, it is a great wonder that the casualties among the non-combatants were so few. I know of but one, and that was not fatal: the loss of an arm by Mrs. Major Reid, while bringing her children under shelter from a sudden storm of shells. There were doubtless others, but I have sought in vain to obtain the figures. Inside and outside the lines there were many exaggerated stories in this connection. One of the mortalities published was that of Mrs. General Pemberton, who was at Gainesville, Ala., the while.

How these people subsisted was another wonder. The straits to which the garrison were reduced are known, in fact. "After the tenth day of the siege," says the report of General Stephen D. Lee, "the men lived on about half rations, and less than that toward the close." The ration has been described to consist of one-quarter pound of bacon, one-half pound of beef, five-eights quart of meal, beside an allowance of peas, rice, sugar and molasses. Of this, anon. The citizens must have had less; and where they got that from was a mystery. Business, of course, was suspended. There were some stores that had

supplies, and at these prices climbed steadily in a manner suggestive of the prophecy of Jerusalem's undoing. A barrel of flour at last came to sell for $100—an immense figure then; but worse than the figure were the two later facts—that nobody had the money and then nobody had the flour. Some people eked out their supplies by cooking the tender sprouts of the common cane, of which there was an immense "brake" just below Vicksburg. I have reason to believe that few applications, and those only by the poorest people, were made to the military powers for help throughout all this trial. Sympathy and patriotism must have improvised a practical communism. The cruise and barrel had a little dust and unction to the last.

Mule Meat and Pea Bread.

How about the mule meat? everybody will inquire while rations are being treated. Both horse and mule meat were extensively sampled during the siege, though not in the way that by many may be imagined. On account of the want of provender, nearly all the horses of the garrison were turned out of the lines, and as the other side could not safely take them unless they strayed within reach, many of them were killed by the cross-fire. Early in the siege, when some of the men complained of the scanty ration, General Smith, I believe, who had seen the thing done on the plains, issued a circular to his brigades, recommending that the experiment of horse meat be tried to piece it out. I was on hand that very evening when somebody, waiting till dark, slid over the works and cut a steak out of a horse that had been shot that day beneath them. It was cooked at General Vaughn's fire, and everybody tasted a little; but the flesh was coarse, and nobody hungered for any more. Some of the soldiers did like it and eat it not to speak of rats and other small deer which the Louisianians, being Frenchmen, were said to prepare in many elegant styles for the table. When Pemberton was thinking about cutting his way out, he had half a dozen fellows—men who looked like Mexicans or Indians—cutting mule meat, at the old depot of the Southern Railroad, and jerking it over slow fires, to make it handy and lasting. One morning, for trial, I bought a pound of mule meat at this market and had it served at breakfast for the mess. There was no need to try again. On the day of the surrender, and only then, a ration of mule meat was actually issued; but nobody need eat it, as General Grant issued abundant supplies of the best that his army had.

Another expedient, amiably intended by General Pemberton to reinforce his commissariat, became, unhappily, famous at the time by the name of pea bread. It has been mentioned that part of the siege ration was the common stock pea. It occurred to the general, or to some profound commissary, that this could be ground up and mixed with meal, and issued as the "staff of life." But the scheme did not succeed, for the best of reasons, to-wit: that the meal part was cooked an hour or so before the pea part got well warmed. The effects on the human system of a hash composed of corn bread and rare pea bread combined may probably be imagined without any inquiry of the doctors. From that time the soldiers had their peas and meal served them at separate courses.

One great trouble in the trenches, not so great in the town, was the scarcity and bad quality of the water. The use of the cisterns, on which the people in that country have to rely, was confined to the citizens necessarily, and the drink of the soldiers had to be hauled in barrels from the river. It was muddy and warm, and not wholesome for many reasons, and caused many of the disorders which prevailed with effects so fatal. As to spirituous drinks, I believe the city was as bare of them as Murphy himself could wish. Even Louisiana rum, the poison that had once been so abundant, withdrew its consolations from the beleaguered city.

The Course of Life.

A state of siege fulfills, in more ways than would be imagined by the uninitiated, all that is involved in the suspension of civilization. Its influences survive; its appliances vanish. The broader lines of the picture have been drawn the instant danger, the hovering death, the troglodyte existence, the discomfort, hunger, exposure—these are things which affect the needs of life; but to these men become more easily habituated than to the absence of many really dispensable comforts and pleasures. I have said all partitions were broken down—as completely as in that Valley residence of a Revolutionary general of Virginia, in which the apartments assigned to his guests were indicated by chalk lines upon the floor. Home was a den shared with others, perhaps with strangers. All of the invasions into normal restraints and sanctities that this implies were known, perhaps, only to those who could not undress to rest, or change their clothing except by arrangement. That people had to wait on themselves was a matter of course,

and by comparison a minor hardship. It has been said there was no business, no open stores, no hotels or places of congregation and discourse; no passage of vehicles, no social pastimes, no newspapers, no voice of the Sabbath bell. When the weight of anxiety that rested on the hearts of the people is duly reckoned, and with it the total lack of all means by which anxiety is usually diverted and the tension of thought relieved, it is a great wonder that many did not become insane. That they did not, gives another proof of the heroic texture of the beleaguered population.

It is not quite true that there were no papers. Three copies of the *Citizen* were published during the siege by Mr. John J. Shannon, an old gentleman, in whom, however, there was no lack of ardor and courage. The *Whig* office was burned just before the siege, and the *Citizen's* quarters were struck by the shells time and again, its type scattered, its floors flindered; but the semi-occasional issue was continued to the last. It was printed on the back of wall-paper, and its circulation was limited. Sometimes papers were handed across the lines and sent to headquarters, and afterward, by regular grade, through the circle of headquarter attaches. Every one was worn to a frazzle, though the news it contained was not generally of a kind to encourage perusal. In this state of suspended animation it is really wonderful how people continued to drag out their endurance from one hopeless day to another. Perhaps the very vigilance they had to exercise against the shells and the activity necessary to avoid them, kept the besieged alive. Every day, too, somebody would start or speed a new story of deliverance from without, that stirred up, although for a fitful season only, the hearts bowed down by deep despair. Now it was E. Kirby Smith, and now Joe Johnston, who was at the gates. The faith that something would and *must* be done to save the city was desperately clung to to the last. It probably never had deep roots in the reason of the generals, the men in the lines, or the people. But at such times men do not reason. The hand of Fate seems to rest upon them. Powerless to resist the tide of events, their only refuge is in the indulgence of a desperate hope, whose alternative is despair and madness.

(Concluded in next number.)

BATTLE OF KENNESAW MOUNTAIN.

The Charge of General Jeff C. Davis' Division, U. S. A., at "Dead Angle"—Resistance by Cheatham's Division—Part borne by the First and Twenty-seventh (consolidated) Tennessee Regiments, Maney's Brigade.

BY A MEMBER OF THE ROCK CITY GUARDS.

IT is a rather difficult task to attempt an accurate account of this battle after the lapse of nearly fourteen years. Confining myself mainly to the facts that came under my immediate observation, this paper will be devoted to a narrative of the parts played by the First and Twenty-seventh (consolidated) Tennessee regiments—under command of Colonel H. R. Fields, forming the right of Maney's Brigade—the battery of Carter's Brigade on the left, and incidentally of General A. J. Vaughan's Brigade on the right.

This battle was fought on the morning of the 27th of June, 1864, resulting from an attack by the Army of the Cumberland and the Army of the Tennessee, under General W. T. Sherman, upon the intrenched corps of Generals Hardee and Loring respectively, under General J. E. Johnston. The position occupied by these two corps was chosen by General Johnston on the 17th of June, and prepared for occupation under the direction of Colonel Pressman, of the engineers. The troops were placed on this line on the 19th. Hood's Corps occupied the space between the railroad and the road from Marietta to Canton. Loring's Corps joined him on the left, his own division, under Featherstone, extending from the railroad to the eastern base of the mountain, and Walthall's and French's completing his line along the crest of the short ridge to its southwestern base. Hardee's line ran nearly due south from French's left, across the Lost mountain and Marietta road, to the high ground immediately north of the branch of Nose creek.

Hardee's Corps consisted of the divisions of Generals Walker, Bate, Cleburne and Cheatham, which were placed in the order named. General Cheatham, who had been in reserve for several days, finding that the enemy was extending his line farther south and threatening Cleburne's left, urgently pressed General Johnston to allow him to place his division in position, and this was accordingly done on the morning of the 20th. This line, in General Vaughan's space, ran along the

crest of a hill, but to his left made an abrupt bend to the rear for several hundred yards to the right of Carter's Brigade—and was occupied by Maney's Brigade, consisting of the First and Twenty-seventh, Nineteenth, Fourth and Fiftieth, and Sixth and Ninth Tennessee regiments—when it resumed its general southerly direction. The four right companies of the consolidated First and Twenty-seventh Tennessee regiments faced west from the angle, and the rest south. This locality is about four miles west of Marietta, Ga., and is known in history as the "Dead Angle," from the number of victims to the assault upon it. The ground was favorable for concealing an attacking force, breaking about sixty yards in front of the point of the angle and of its right limb into an abrupt slope, which shortly becomes more gradual until it reaches a field. Fronting the left limb the ground presents a more level approach, sloping away to a small creek; from this point the space was open for probably one hundred yards, and free from obstruction; beyond this a thick growth of trees and brush well leaved out. The picket line conformed to the main line, distant one hundred and fifty yards, and at the base of the incline. An eight gun battery occupied the obverse angle to the left, and was so disposed as to sweep up the face of the short line. Carter's Tennessee Brigade, to the left of Maney, was able, by its fire, to contribute something to the defense of this quarter.

After tedious marches, several hard-fought battles, almost daily skirmishing, trenching and exposure, from Rocky Face, where it went into line of battle early in May, the Army of Tennessee, under General Johnston, was in the above described position on the 27th of June, 1864. The morning broke brightly, and the men occupying the angle, after breakfast, arranged their blankets across poles over the ditch as a protection against the beaming sun. That portion of the works held by the Rock City Guards was unprotected by head-logs. In repairing the damage inflicted by the enemy's artillery a few days before, these important adjuncts of defense were not replaced, and this circumstance added to the weight of odds against us.

Shortly after sunrise the picket firing became very heavy, and we could discern long lines of blue coats maneuvering to the west and southwest. These, however, soon disappeared from view in the heavy timber, and the movement was surmised to back an advance of the skirmishers simply, as had been done on the 23rd. On that morning a heavy force advanced across a field on our right and drove in our

pickets. General Cheatham, seeing this, determined to retake the line, and for this purpose called upon the First and Twenty-seventh Tennessee regiments for volunteers. One hundred men were soon ready, and as they were crossing the works some one called out, "Come on, boys, let us all go." No sooner said than the entire regiment crossed and advanced down the hill pell-mell, and retook the line in a jiffy. Three or four of the men, however, who had pressed forward to the extreme point of the picket line, ran, unexpectedly, upon a body of the enemy who were lying behind the earth thrown out of the picket holes, and were captured. One of them, however, made his escape in the stampede which shortly followed, and returned to the regiment. The movement, though successful, was at the cost of one of the best and bravest men in the Rock City Guards—H. C. Ramage. While pushing his way through the bushes among the foremost he was killed by a Federal soldier at short range. He was of a generous, noble nature, which endeared him to all, and the name of Harry Ramage is yet mentioned among his comrades with the tenderest feelings of love and respect and regret for his untimely death. In this little affair the enemy lost two killed and six or eight wounded.

But to return. As the morning advanced, the skirmish firing continued to grow in volume, almost amounting to a regular engagement, but the intentions of the enemy were yet unrevealed, in spite of a sharp lookout. There were only about one hundred and eighty men of the regiment in the trenches, a heavy detail being on the skirmish line and the rest at the wagons washing their clothing, thus reducing this command to one-half of its real strength. At length the lookouts descried a white smoke rise from a battery which completely commanded the angle, and "down, down boys," ran along the line. At the next instant a shot came crashing through the woods, striking a large tree before reaching the works; another and another followed in quick succession, and a fusilade of artillery and small arms opened and roared along Sherman's entire front. Some of the shot were buried in the works, but mostly passed over and to the rear. This continued for nearly an hour, but without any casualities to life or limb. About 8:30 A.M. the artillery and picket firing ceased entirely, and we were still hugging close to our earthworks, wondering in our minds as to this sudden seeming friendliness on the part of the enemy, when some one called to Captain Kelly that he heard the command "forward" given down the hill. The Captain told the men to be

quiet and see if it was repeated. "Yes," said Tom Steele, "I hear it, and it is much nearer." Captain Kelly then rose, and, removing a blanket, saw two of the pickets running in, and the advancing lines of the enemy but a short distance behind. "Up, up men; they are charging us!" Away went blankets and poles to the rear. A small tree, which had been cut down by a cannon-shot and had been left across the works where it fell for the sake of the shade, was seized and lifted off. Guns were seized, cartridge boxes adjusted, and every thing made ready for the conflict as rapidly as possible. On came the enemy, with guns loaded, but uncapped, relying on the bayonet, line upon line and well-closed up. This was General Jeff C. Davis' Division, formed in columns by regiments, two of his brigades being commanded by Generals Harker and McCook. The advance was led by an officer of General McCook's staff, who, cheered by the prospect of feeble resistance, called to his line, "Come on men, we will take"—the rest of the sentence was cut short by a volley which came at this instant from the works, and the gallant fellow was cut down to rise no more; his comrades broke in confusion and fled pell-mell down the hill, leaving their leader and a number of dead on the ground. No sooner was this observed than young George B. Allen, of the Rock City Guards, mounted the works and exclaimed, "They are running! come, let us follow them." His animating words were scarcely out of his lips when he was killed by shots from the woods. He was a brave, noble boy, and his high spirit took its flight in a moment of triumphant exultation.

The second line followed closely on the first with fixed bayonets, but a still more destructive volley of bullets than had greeted its predecessor tore through its ranks, and drove it quickly to shelter. The third line, led by an officer on a white horse, now approaches. The word runs along the line, "Shoot the man on the white horse!" He turns his horse to the rear and is seen no more; but on come his men, followed by a fourth line, amid the rattle of musketry from the trenches and the crash of shot and shell from four of the eight guns enfilading from the left. (These guns opened, under the supervision of General Cheatham, as soon as the skirmishers got in, a blasting fire on the right flank of the fifth, sixth and seventh lines, as they halted at the brow of the hill, waiting the issue at the front.) Still forward comes the third line, taking our fire stoically, and their colors are planted in the loose earth at the foot of the works. Above the din of battle the voice of

the gallant Fields is heard, "Give them the bayonet, if they come over," while the work of death waxes warmer and more terrific. But here comes the fourth line to the aid of their wasted and confused comrades of the third line, whose foremost dead lay against our works, trampling over the bodies of the dead and the dying which beset their footsteps. Now the artillery comes to the rescue in earnest, and quick discharges of grape and cannister cross the front, and do their appointed work like so many strokes of lightning. Our Colonel, though wounded, still urges his men to "shoot for life," and all, officers and men, stand nobly to their posts as if the fate of the army hung on their resistance. There was no time to think; action, under such circumstances, becomes intuitive, mechanical. The flesh will shrink, in spite of the spirit, from the "sword of death," and when the front line realized its inability to cross the works, there was nothing to do but get back, if possible, to a place of safety. So back went the remnant of this line on and through the fourth, which yet held on from the backing it got from the fifth, sixth and seventh lines. Our gun-barrels had by this time become so hot we could hardly hold on to them. The Sixth and Ninth Tennessee regiments, ordered by General Cheatham to our support, work their way under the braces to their position and join their fire to that which is converging from every available point upon the halting, staggering ranks of the enemy. The piles of slain between them and the coveted works, which still spout volumes of angry fire, at length conveys the admonition that the day is lost, and their disheartened ranks take refuge from the storm under the shelter of the friendly hill. Still individuals hang on the edge of the woods and fire from behind trees spitefully at the exultant Confederates, who mount their works to get a view of the wonderful carnage. These shots inflicted the chief damage that was done.

The attack on this point extended to General Vaughan's Brigade on the right, and the losses of the enemy were fully as great in his front as in Maney's. Among their slain on our part of the field were Generals Harker and McCook. General Sherman watched the progress of events from an elevated platform on a hill in the rear, and witnessed, with his own eyes, the disastrous repulse and failure of his picked division. The point of attack was selected with judgment. It was the weakest place in the line, and had cost General Cheatham nights of anxiety for its safety. It could be approached to within one hundred yards under cover of the hill, and there was no abatis to im-

pede the enemy's dash; besides, a portion of the works was without head-logs. The Federal troops fought bravely, and it is evident that nothing but the unflinching courage of the defenders saved the place from capture. A like success attended our arms on all parts of the field. It was not regarded at the time by the Confederates as a general assault, on account of its feebleness in most places. None of them ever entertained an idea that Sherman would commit the folly of making such an attack, however eager they may have been for him to make as many trials as he wished.

General Johnston says in his narrative, pages 342–3: "But the most powerful attack fell upon Cheatham's Division and the left of Cleburne's. The lines of the two armies were much nearer to each other there; therefore the action was begun at shorter range. The Federal troops were in greater force and deeper order, too, and pressed forward with the resolution always displayed by the American soldier when properly led. An attempt to turn the left was promptly met and defeated by Cheatham's reserve—Vaughan's Brigade." As Vaughan's Brigade was not in reserve, but on the main line and actively engaged, General Johnston is certainly in error. But he continues: "After maintaining the contest for near three-quarters of an hour, until more of their soldiers lay dead and wounded than the number of British that fell in General Jackson's celebrated Battle of New Orleans, the foremost of their dead laying against our works, they retired unsuccessful; because they had encountered *intrenched* infantry unsurpassed by Napoleon's Old Guard or that which followed Wellington into France out of Spain."

The Losses.

The First and Twenty-seventh Tennessee regiments lost twenty-seven (27) men killed and wounded. Among the killed were George B. Allen, James Carrigan, Ed. Ferris and Jerry Cook, of the Rock City Guards; James Brandon, of Co. H; Frank Lynch, of Co. F; Huston McGarr, of Co. L; Dick Abernathy, of Co. K, and Captain Beasley, of the Twenty-seventh. Among the wounded were Colonel H. R. Fields, Captain W. D. Kelly, W. W. Southgate, Whitfield, E. A. Coldwell and W. S. McLemore, of the Rock City Guards; George Reddick, Co. L; — Thompson, Co. K, and a Lieutenant of the Twenty-seventh.

The enemy's loss was very heavy. Three hundred and eighty-five (385) dead were counted in front of Maney's Brigade on the 29th, when

the Federal burial parties were at work under flag of truce, which occupied eight hours. General Johnston says: "After the action of June 27th, we counted one thousand (1000) dead of the Army of the Cumberland lying before two of Hardee's divisions, very near, some against, our works. The calculated proportion of wounded to killed is five to one; this would indicate a loss of six thousand (6,000) there." General Sherman, in his Memoirs, pp. 60–61, vol. II, states his loss at twenty-five hundred (2,500); five hundred (500) by McPherson, and near two thousand (2,000) by Thomas' attack on Hardee. But this is not the only statement that he has given. Abbott, in his Civil War in America, vol. II, p. 455, quotes General Sherman as saying: "Both attacks failed, costing us many valuable lives, among them those of Generals McCook and Harker and Colonel Rice, and others badly wounded; our aggregate loss being near eight thousand (8,000)." The dead in front of General Vaughan are not counted in with those in front of Maney. My recollection is that it was five hundred and forty (540), which would make a total of nine hundred and twenty-five (925) in front of Cheatham's Division.

The enemy, after his repulse, began fortifying under the hill, about sixty yards in our right front, and being protected by the nature of the ground, trees and boxes filled with earth, soon had strong works, from which an incessant firing was kept up, without effect, until the night of the 2nd of July, when General Johnston fell back beyond Marietta. We should have stated, in its proper place, that the night after the battle head logs were placed on the works occupied by the Rock City Guards, and *cheveaux de frise* thrown over in front. At the point of the works nearest the enemy, the head-logs and *cheveaux de frise* had, before our withdrawal, been literally shot to pieces with bullets. The fire of the enemy hardly slackened day or night.

P. S.—Since writing the above, I have received from General George W. Gordon a statement of his recollections concerning the number of the enemy's dead, which also shows the terrible carnage, and what the enemy had to encounter in front of Vaughan's Brigade:

MEMPHIS, TENN., April 30, 1878.

My Dear Sir: Yours of the 16th current, inquiring about the number of Federal troops killed in front of General Cheatham's Division in the assault upon what was popularly known as the "Dead Angle," on the Kennesaw Mountain line, is to hand. Two days after the assault, I was out among the dead under a flag of truce, and saw a great many

of the killed, but did not count them. I remember distinctly, however, that while out on the field among the dead, the number of killed was discussed between myself and other Confederates or Federals with whom I had conversations during the truce, and when the matter was being discussed some one present (I cannot say whether Federal or Confederate) said that the dead had been counted, and that there were eight hundred killed outright, besides the wounded, and I was so distinctly impressed with this statement, that in alluding to this assault, and the horrible scenes there witnessed, I have always spoken of the number of dead on the field as eight hundred. As indicating the intensity of this slaughter, I remember to have seen eleven dead Federals around one large tree in front of the position occupied by the Eleventh and Twenty-ninth regiments of Vaughan's Brigade (my regiment being the Eleventh), behind which tree they had evidently taken refuge, but where they were subject to a destructive enfilading fire from the One Hundred and Fifty-fourth and Thirteenth, and Twelfth and Forty-seventh regiments of the same brigade. Another fact may be mentioned as illustrating why the carnage was so great. I observed that many of the guns of the dead were uncapped, but loaded and bayonets fixed. On asking why this was so, I was informed that the front line of the assaulting four brigades had been ordered to storm our position with fixed bayonets and guns uncapped to prevent it from halting to fire in the event it should encounter obstructions, being ordered not to halt at all, but to pass all obstructions and give us the bayonet. They did encounter obstructions in the form of thirty paces of strong *abatis;* earthworks with head-logs, and *chevaux de frise* above the head-logs. These obstructions were too formidable to be passed under fire, and the carnage was frightful. Only a few ever passed through the *abatis* and reached the earthworks and they were killed on the outside. But this is beyond the scope of your inquiry.

Very truly yours, G. W. Gordon.

Putting the loss in Maney's front at three hundred and eighty-five (385), this would make the loss in front of Vaughan four hundred and fifteen (415) killed, and counting three wounded to one killed, the total loss in front of Cheatham would be thirty-two hundred (3,200). To summarize:

Federal loss in front of			Cheatham	3200
"	"	"	Cleburne	1800
"	"	"	Loring	2500
"	"	"	Bate and Walker	——
Total				7500

The following is a summary of the casualties of Cheatham's Division during the time the army was on the Kennesaw line, from June 17th to July 2d, as shown by the official report of Dr. Rice, Chief Surgeon, August 6, 1864:

BRIGADES.	WOUNDED.	KILLED.
Maney's	75	22
Strahl's	43	4
Vaughan's	82	11
Carter's	29	5
Grand total	229	42

NOTE.—Those marked "killed" were killed on the field, and many of those under the head of "wounded" died at the Field Infirmary. A discrepancy always exists between the Adjutant General's report and the Surgeon's report, from the fact that many are slightly wounded, who are not disabled for duty, that never report to the Field Infirmary.

THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

AFTER the lapse of sixteen years, the smoke of this battle-field still obscures many of its features, judging from the ideas of it yet prevailing among most historical writers. All accounts seem to be simply a rehash of the first impressions which went forth to the country, except that of General Thomas J. Jordan, of General Beauregard's staff, which puts the whole movement in a clearer light than any we have seen. The writer cautiously refrains from any but the most obvious deductions and criticisms, and if he has told all that he knows, it is well and commendable. But this battle-field was in the purview of many witnesses, and until these speak its story is yet incomplete. Beyond what General Jordan has written (and his sketch of these operations will become classical as a piece of fine military description), there has been no studied account in print on the Confederate side, and many of those on the Northern side have been prepared, rather to bolster up the military reputations of men now famous, than to deal justly and fairly with the facts abundantly in reach.

The successful attack of the Confederates on the 6th of April, the fall of their noble commander, the utter rout of Grant's army, the presumed opportunity consequent on this for its capture or destruction, the

arrival of Buell and his attack on the 7th, while the Confederates were "rioting in the spoil of the captured camp," and their defeat: these assumed facts are considered all that is worth knowing upon which to predicate confident criticism. General Beauregard, in his letter to the "ANNALS," complains of the injustice done him by ignorant or inconsiderate writers, and with good reason, as he explains in his letter published in the April No. of the "ANNALS." Pending the great struggle for Southern independence, there occurred no proper time for a discussion of this battle, the good of the service requiring reticence on the part of the Commanding General and those at issue with him. Further, important official reports were suppressed from the public; consequently the materials of truthful history have not been available to writers, and no one, that we are aware, has taken the trouble to dig up the facts and put them in print.

These reflections have been called forth by reading in the March No. of the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, for 1878, the advance sheets of General Richard Taylor's "Reminiscences." He dismisses the points of this battle in a dozen lines, but amends with a page and a half of heartbreaking tribute to the life and services of the "foremost man of the Confederacy," Albert Sidney Johnston. Under the heading of "Gettysburg," on a previous page, he expresses a purpose to "dwell on Shiloh," but as his work seems to be of the nature of personal reminiscences, we are compelled to suppose that under the heading of "Shiloh" he embraces all he will have to say of this battle. His short summary of its events repeats the old story, and coming as it does from such a distinguished source, we are loth to dissent from some of his statements, but feel compelled to do so in justice to the men who fought one of the hardest battles of the war. As to his statement that General Beauregard took little part in the direction of affairs after General Johnston's fall, on account of want of time in which to "gather the reins," he being in a distant part of the field, we have nothing to say, further than to express the opinion that such was a difficult task indeed in the heat of a great battle then being fought in a thick forest by raw troops. But we beg leave to differ with him as to the course of events on the 7th of April. He says that "Buell attacked with fresh troops on this day, and finding the Confederates rioting in the spoil of the captured camps, drove them from the field with loss." This is a most discreditable accusation, if true, and being so curtly expressed his words convey that meaning without any qualification. While it is

true that the Confederates did finally abandon the field, the statement of General Taylor fails signally to convey a correct idea of the real facts in the case. For the present, we only wish to state that General Beauregard's lines were in as good order as was possible under the circumstances, many of his men having sought their Friday night's encampment some distance from the field, and consequently were not readily available at first. *There was no "rioting in the spoil of the captured camp" on this day, or the day previous.* This word expresses vastly more than was applicable on these occasions, and has too long done duty as scapegoat for the Confederate failure. There was no bodily breaking of ranks on either day for the purpose of plunder; no prowling in the spirit or to the extent afterwards practiced on less tempting fields. Curiosity was great, but often satisfied with the appropriation of articles of trifling value as mementoes. Our recollection is that some captured animals still remained unmolested in the camps in front of Shiloh Church at the opening of the second day's fight. The field was far from being gleaned of valuable trophies at the time the Confederates retreated. The work of spoliation, as far as it was practiced, was done the evening before, after the cessation of active forward movements, and little time was allowed for this business on Monday morning when the firing at the front warned all without further instructions to fall into their places or seek safety anywhere but in the captured camps, which were soon to become the theater of another hard conflict. The truth is, the disintegration in the Confederate ranks was not due to the temptations of camp spoil, but to many causes combined. With many of the troops engaged it was their first battle, and the shock was fearful. We know that some Tennessee regiments in Cleburne's Brigade lost fifty (50) per cent. in taking Sherman's camp alone. The average general loss in the infantry regiments was over thirty-three (33) per cent., nearly all of this belonging to the first day's operations. *These facts tell the tale of Confederate disintegration.* Thirty-three per cent. of killed and wounded means over fifty per cent. *hors du combat*, including under this head stragglers and attendants on the wounded.

The nature of the ground, with its obstacles of ravines, tangled brush and marshes, was another factor which operated largely in breaking the order of battle and making confusion. Thus, we knew of regiments which had to take a concentrated and converging fire while in column at the crossings of marshes. The truth is, there were few battles of the war fought under greater difficulties of advance than this; otherwise,

Grant's army would have been routed several hours earlier, and ruined without doubt. As it was, this army was repeatedly enabled to take up strong defensive positions and hold them with some success against isolated attacks which were often made by single regiments, and for which they "most grievously atoned." One of Sherman's brigades, posted to the right of Shiloh Church in his line, probably Buckland's, occupied a strong position, covered in front by a marshy stream difficult to cross, and inflicted a fearful loss on Cleburne's Brigade as it advanced by regiment into position. In fact, this was one of the most stubborn combats on the field, and was finally terminated in favor of Cleburne by successes elsewhere, as he was only able to hold his place under fire without power to advance.

The statement that the Confederates were "driven" from the field on Monday, needs a *great deal* of qualification, if it is meant by this that they were forced back at the muzzle of Grant's guns, *vi et armis*. As far as we have been able to ascertain, the only *successful* attack made by a single body of Federals on this day was by Hazen's Brigade, a mile or so from Shiloh Church on our right, and this advantage was relinquished in a short time on the first appearance of a hostile advance to recover the lost ground. When the last Confederate brigade withdrew from the vicinity of Shiloh Church, nearly a half hour had elapsed since all musket firing had ceased. Under the effect of their last repulse at this point, and the artillery fire with which General Beauregard covered his withdrawal, the backward movement of Grant's lines seemed to amount to a temporary abandonment of the field here. How far this movement extended right and left, we are unable to say, but in front of Stewart's Brigade no "blue line" was visible, and the openings in the forest gave vistas of fully half a mile. Further, several pieces of the enemy's artillery, posted a long way off, fully three-quarters of a mile, shelled the intervening woods, and this is evidence that Stewart's front was cleared for that distance and to that depth. There is another fact which can be mentioned in this connection as corroborative of the above statement. General Grant says he drove the Confederates from the field at 4 P.M. General Beauregard says he had completed the withdrawal of his forces at 2½ P.M., without molestation. The discrepancy of these two statements can be accounted for only on the supposition that the former was too far from the front to note the fact of the latter's withdrawal. From the character of the enemy's advance on this day, the feebleness of his attack and the situa-

tion of affairs at 2 o'clock P.M., we think that the opinion may be safely ventured that two fresh brigades at General Beauregard's disposal would have enabled him to hold the field and possibly to have forced Grant back to the shelter of his gunboats. The effect of General Beauregard's presence along the lines was magnetic. Wherever he appeared, loud cheers rang out and fell with ominous force on the ears of the advancing enemy; and when at one stage he ordered an advance, the troops went forward with shouts of confidence, although they knew they were fighting fresh troops, in spite of the General's protestation that "they were the same men they had beaten the day before." We will mention several circumstances which will illustrate the character and quality of the Federal fighting on this day. We saw a line yield a good position and retreat pell-mell before a shot had been fired at it, fleeing simply from a display of force. In no instance during the day, and we witnessed four or five different combats, did the enemy sustain an advance under musketry longer than fifteen minutes. These men went into battle with a bugaboo idea gotten from their friends who were beaten the day before, that the rebels were in overwhelming force; consequently each step of their pathway was strewn with imaginary pitfalls, and Beauregard's heroic defense gave the color of truth to such forebodings. The result was, the splendid Army of the Cumberland was awed into playing an almost passive part on a field where it alone outnumbered its antagonist nearly two to one.

These remarks on this great battle have been extended further than we intended, our object at the outset being only to call attention to what we considered some common misconceptions in regard to it. General Beauregard promises at no distant day to give a full history of this unequal contest, and from his thorough comprehension of the whole movement and acquaintance with its details, we hope he will be relieved by its publication of the injustice he has suffered at the hands of inconsiderate or ignorant writers. We, ourselves, had always been of the opinion that he might have held the field on Monday with his artillery, giving a tit-for-tat for what he had suffered the evening before, until we learned through his letter published in the April No. of the "ANNALS," that two of Buell's corps, which had not yet participated in the fight, were in a position to inflict a great disaster on the thinned and exhausted ranks of the Confederates. We suppose the term "*corps*" means a *corps d'armee*, and is not used in a more general sense. A commander has often to act in the face of great peril and decide

weighty matters from a momentary consideration. In such cases he might as well act upon the toss of a penny as to hope to reach the best conclusion by any species of ratiocination he could bring to bear on the question. Posterity will be apt to decide that General Beauregard acted wisely with the lights before him in withdrawing his exhausted army to a place of safety, while he had the power to do so.

VIEUX SECONDE.

DIARY OF PRIVATE W. J. DAVIDSON, COMPANY C, FORTY-FIRST TENNESSEE REGIMENT.

[Continued.]

PORT HUDSON, LA., Feb. 27, 1863.

WE arrived at this port yesterday at noon, having made a quick run from the scene of our late action, coming through without accident or incident worthy of note. The rest of the fleet went up Red river, I suppose, as we have not seen them since night before last. They have a part of our command and some are up the Mississippi. We are badly scattered, which speaks poorly for our discipline.

We are to start on another expedition this morning, but I do not know the nature of it yet.

WATERLOO, Feb. 28th.

We got under way yesterday evening and came up to Waterloo, the scene of our *first battle,* where we again tied up, to allow the men to cook rations and take on wood. We will impress some negroes here, and make some other preparations for the voyage, so that we might get started to-day, our gallant commander being too much of a sailor to begin any great undertaking on *Friday.*

We had quite a peaceful time last night, as the officers and men were not allowed to approach the vicinity of the Bad Spirit, as Surgeon Houston facetiously terms the Louisiana rum on which we all got so drunk on the first voyage. Speaking of the Doctor, I will say that he is a trump. He keeps a journal in which he jots down every good thing that is said and done, and has written an account of our late victory for the papers.

We have no better fellow on board; and during the fight with the Indianola, he was on deck all of the time, though his proper place was below. It is now ascertained that we are going to raise the wreck of the Indianola, if possible, and have twenty-five carpenters on board for this work. It is confidently believed by practical men, that she can be raised without much trouble.

We are now opposite Bayou Sara, once a pretty village of which nothing remains except the blackened walls and a few scattering houses which escaped the flames. It was destroyed by the Federals last summer, in retaliation for the loss of one of their gun-boats which got aground on the opposite shore and was burned, after it was abandoned, by some of our cavalry. This morning the weather is decidedly wet.

Sunday, March 1.—Went up to Atchafalaya last night where we threw off our cotton and took on wood. This is a bright, sunny morning, though rather cool. I have observed that nearly every Sunday since the first of the year has been beautiful and bright. No matter how gloomy the weather has been through the week, I have come to look for a pretty Sunday as regularly as the day comes.

Friday, March 6.—After a lapse of several days, I again resume my diary. I was taken sick on the 1st inst., and have been unable to note the incidents as they occurred, and will have to depend on my memory for the facts. On Sunday morning we met seven skiffs loaded with men from the wreck of the Indianola, who reported that there was another Federal gun-boat in the vicinity, and that our men had thrown part of her armament overboard, and had burnt her to the water's edge. They gave, however, a rather confused account of the appearance of the vessel, and all acknowledged that they had not been near enough to make her out, but believed her to be quite as formidable as the Indianola. Colonel Brand determined to go on up the river until he got some more reliable information, and at Natchez the report was confirmed that the Federal vessel was above and the Indianola was destroyed. It was then determined to go up Red river as far as Alexandria and prepare for the capture of another prize. Accordingly we returned to the mouth of Red river, and ascended that muddy, crooked stream to Alexandria, where we arrived on the morning of the 5th, and where we are now lying, waiting for General E. Kirby Smith to assume command of this department and give us orders, as General Dick Taylor refused to have anything to do with us.

We had a good time generally at Natchez, and left there with regret. As soon as the boat touched the shore, the boys struck a bee-line for town, and paid no attention whatever to the guards. In a few hours every man was in a glorious state, and it was with a great deal of difficulty that they could be gotten on board again. In fact, some were left.

The boys had another spree here yesterday, but the fun was cut short by some fool officer emptying the whisky into the street. I am sorry to see a strong feeling of jealousy existing between the officers and crews of the different boats engaged in the capture of the Indianola, and a strong prejudice in the minds of the people of this place against the crew of the Doctor Beatty. The feeling extends even to those highest in command, whose minds should be above such petty considerations. General Taylor makes an open display of his feelings against the men who are from another Military Department. This morning his Adjutant came down to Colonel Brand with the request that we take ourselves away from this vicinity, as we were a nuisance. Our Colonel did n't see fit to notice the request, however, and we still lie at the wharf. I fear that there will be a fight before we leave here. The officers of the Webb and Queen refuse to give us credit for doing anything in the late action.

March 9.—We left Alexandria yesterday, to the manifest joy of the inhabitants of that village, and I believe our own crew is as happy at the parting as the Alexandrians. I have no pleasing reminiscences of the place, being eased of a good deal of my confederate during our stay. General Kirby Smith arrived there Saturday, and will take command of that department immediately, as he ranks General Taylor. We were telegraphed to return to Port Hudson forthwith, as it was stated that the enemy were to make an attack on that place to-day. We are going down at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. Our expedition has fizzled out. The Grand Era went up to the wreck of the Indianola, and returned yesterday laden with guns, iron, etc., of that notorious craft. There was no other gun-boat below Vicksburg. So it is clearly proven that we fled when no man pursued us.

PORT HUDSON, March 11.

We arrived in port yesterday, having made the run without incident worthy of note. Colonel Brand has taken a list of our names, for the purpose of drawing prize money, and has discharged the crew of the Doctor Beatty, as there is no longer any necessity of using her as a

gun-boat, the river being clear of the enemy's vessels from here to Vicksburg. I now write from the camp of the Forty-first, where I intend to remain. We expected to find our army engaged with the enemy on our return, as we had heard some heavy ordnance reports at Atchafalaya; so we approached the bend very carefully lest we might, inadvertently, run into the Essex. The firing which we heard was below, and it is expected that we will have a general engagement this week.

March 14.—We have had no fight here yet, but from the indications it can't be deferred much longer. We have drawn one hundred rounds of ammunition, the batteries are training their horses, and many other unmistakable signs of an early engagement are to be seen at all hours of the day. A considerable force was sent out last night to watch the movements of the enemy, and reported this morning that they were landing troops, guns, etc., below. Their men are deserting and coming over at the rate of five a day. They assign as a cause that they are placed on a level with the negro regiments in Bank's Army. *Evening.*—Eight of the enemy's vessels appeared around the bend at noon to-day, and commenced throwing shells into our fortifications, but the range was too long to justify our guns replying. We were ordered to our position, which is on the right wing, and near the river batteries, decidedly the most dangerous one that could be assigned us. Here we spent the evening very pleasantly dodging shells, quite a number of which fell within our line.

March 15.—About sundown the shelling ceased, and nearly all of us returned to camp to endeavor to sleep, as we had been up all the night preceding unloading a corn boat. We had all got comfortably settled for the enjoyment of that sweet restorer of tired nature, when the whole fleet of mortar boats, ships-of-the-line, and I do not know how many gun-boats, turned loose their storm of iron hail into our midst without giving any warning. The effect on soldiers suddenly aroused from sleep can be imagined. We sprang to our feet, and hardly taking time to draw on our coats, took to our heels in search of shelter. Indeed it was enough to make the stoutest heart quake to hear the shells hurtling over our heads and the fragments crashing through the timber or ploughing up the earth at our feet. I started to the trenches to get with my company, which had been left on picket, but as I had to go through the thickest of the fire to get there, I backed out after going several hundred yards, and made for the shelter of a

large tree in a swamp near by; but found five men crouched down behind it; tried another with a like result, and another and another, and found all "full;" concluded that the front seats were all taken or reserved for the officers. Saw a wagoner driving his team through the thickest of the shells, and observed that the mules took it quite easy; concluded that a soldier was as good as a mule and emulating their unconcern, I made for the river bank, where I got a good position high and dry, and watched closely the progress of the fight. I enjoyed the grandeur of the scene to the fullest extent.

Simultaneously with the opening of the mortar boats, the men-of-war and gun-boats attempted to run past our batteries, which one of them, a large steamship, succeeded in doing notwithstanding the terrible fire which was poured into her. It is said that she would have surrendered if our men had ceased firing upon her. Two others attempted to follow in her wake, but one of them was forced to retire badly crippled, and the other was set on fire by a hot shot from one of our guns, when her crew abandoned her, and she burned to the water's edge. She drifted down with the current, and a tremendous explosion a few hours later told that she had blown up. Others of their craft are supposed to have suffered considerably. After a hot engagement of two hours and a half, the firing ceased and the enemy withdrew. Our loss in the whole bombardment, is, so far as I can learn, five killed and wounded, while the enemy's loss must have amounted to hundreds, as nearly every shot from our guns took effect. From some of the crew of the burnt vessel who were picked up this morning, we learn that nearly all of her men, over three hundred in number, were either killed, burnt or drowned; only a few swam to the shore. Our batteries sustained no damage whatever. Taken altogether we came off well, and if they are not satisfied that they can't take this place, let them come again. The vessel which passed last night was lying in plain view this morning, and firing signal-guns as though she would like to get back to her consorts below, which are also in view to-day.

The train from Clinton, La., came in this morning at an unusual hour, bringing the sick from the hospital, and reported that the Federal cavalry were near that place in strong force. If this is true, and we can't get the Yankee ship from above, our supplies are cut off, as we have but limited stores of subsistence here. So that if the siege is prolonged for some time, we may expect to undergo all the pangs of

hunger; we are now, and have been for weeks, living on half rations of meal and pork. We now calculate on living on half an ear of corn per man, before this place is given up. To-day we have been allowed to live in peace up to the present hour, 2 P.M. We are cooking rations, expecting to be sent to the ditches again to-night.

March 20.—The gun-boats and steamers are still below the bend, where they have been since Monday. They come up every day and throw shells at our batteries, but seldom elicit a response. Yesterday our guns were engaged about an hour in shelling the Yanks on the opposite side of the river, and their aim was so accurate that one shot cut one of the enemy in two. Several other shots were very accurate. The enemy's fleet is busy all the time, and it is thought that they are landing a force on the west bank, but for what purpose, I am unable to say, as the whole country is overflowed, and unless the water falls it will be impossible for them to plant batteries, or anything else, on that side. Yesterday four boats came down from Red river laden with corn, bacon, etc., which relieves us of the fears we were beginning to entertain on account of the scarcity of provisions. It is said we have enough to last through a long siege. No news of the two vessels which passed our batteries on Sunday night. They have passed above the mouth of Red river.

[To be continued.]

ATTACK ON FORT GILMER.

[THE paper of Adjutant Cross, though referring to events in another Department, deserves a place in the ANNALS, and we gladly yield space to the gallant men of Johnston's and Gracie's brigades, who for three years were an integral part of the Army of Tennessee. Their shining conduct on the fields of Virginia is simply what we would expect from men who had won honors at Shiloh, Corinth, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Hoover's Gap and Chicamauga. In the latter battle, Johnson's Brigade fought alongside of Longstreet's veterans, and was mainly instrumental in capturing and dispersing the battalion of artillery which at one time threatened to successfully dispute the advance of the left wing of Bragg's Army.]

TO give a few details not contained in Mr. Charles Johnston's letter in the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, June number, 1876, is the object of my writing. Mr. Johnston gives great credit to my old

Brigade, whose fortune it was to play a most important part in the saving of Richmond from probable capture on this occasion, having performed a similar service for Petersburg on June the 16th.

The night before the fall of Fort Harrison, great activity was noticeable on the part of the enemy; heavy cannonading was heard at distant points to attract attention away, and a number of rockets rose into the air. About 9 o'clock, Lieutenant-Colonel R. B. Snowden, commanding the Forty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Tennessee consolidated regiments, proposed that we retire to our bunks for a night's rest. My reply was that I would remain up and see what the signs in the air meant, fearing it might cover an attack upon us. Accepting the same conclusion, the Colonel joined me in an inspection of the picket lines. On reaching the outposts we found officers and men in great trouble; the enemy had just commenced landing troops in our immediate front; the officers' commands were plainly audible, for they were not more than two hundred yards in front of our advance post. Instructing the men to be ready to contest an advance at any moment, we returned to make a report of what had been seen and heard. A dispatch stating that the enemy were certainly landing in heavy force in our front, was sent to Colonel J. M. Hughes, commanding Johnson's Brigade, and by him hastily forwarded to Richmond. This dispatch proved to be the only information received at Department Headquarters, of the landing and advance of Ord's and Birney's corps.

We sent for our wagons to remove every thing to the rear, and got ready for the defense. We had a light earthwork to defend, insufficiently manned, and precautionary measures were adopted to meet every exigency. A hasty breakfast had been prepared at 3 A.M., and we had just set down to it, when the enemy's skirmishers commenced firing, their balls striking among us as we sat on the ground. I put seven hard baked biscuits in my coat pocket, and the mess dispersed to their several places of duty. But a few minutes elapsed before we had developed the enemy in force; firing continued heavy. Of course, we could only dispute his advance, to gain time, for our numbers were not adequate for a stubborn resistance. Fort Harrison was fully a mile from where we met the enemy, and this distance was fought over, and lost, inch by inch, in the face of tremendous odds. On reaching the open ground extending for seven hundred yards back to the Fort, we were placed at a still further disadvantage for want of cover, but the men turned and fought whenever commanded. At length a line

of battle appeared behind the fence at the edge of the woods, and opened fire upon us as we stood one hundred yards off in the open field. At the third volley the writer fell, but thanks to the seven hard biscuits in his coat pocket, he has a sound pair of legs to-day. The biscuits were mashed into pieces, and my left leg was paralyzed. After three efforts, I regained my feet by the aid of my sword, and managed to get to a fence, over which I scrambled, dragging my wounded limb after me. Here comrades came to my aid, and carried me into the Fort. The guns of this work were insufficiently manned, owing to the absence of the greater part of the gunners on working detail at the front, who, by the way, were cut off. Some men of the Richmond Reserves were in the place, but incapable of fighting, they said, because they had no suitable ammunition. I ordered Ordnance Sergeant John Baxter, of my regiment, to supply their wants at once, and charge it to me, which was done. The old "Long Tom" rifle piece captured at the first Manassas battle was being used against the enemy, with an occasional shot from other mounted guns, but they were so slowly served they effected little in the way of defense. The enemy still came on, and feeling sick from my heart, I decided to continue my retreat. Before I left the scene was getting animating, not to say exciting, and I remember seeing Colonel Hughes, commanding the Forty-fourth and Twenty-fifth, wheel and discharge every barrel of his pistol into the faces of the enemy, at the distance of a few paces.

On reaching the foot of the hill on which the Fort stood, I met General Ewell. He inquired where the enemy was, and said he expected reinforcements, which he had ordered from Howlitt's house, at 3 o'clock that morning; and further that he would form them on arrival, across the road to Richmond, and attack the enemy at once. The men were now beginning to retreat from the works, some of them wounded. The General ordered every officer to go to work and rally them, and placed a horse at my disposal for this business, on to which I was mounted with assistance. But all efforts to hold Harrison were vain, and after a desperate resistance it was yielded, a barren trophy, to the enemy; for it was quickly faced with a new line of works, and the situation remained thus until the end of the war. I was not a witness to the subsequent operations on that day of which Mr. Johnston speaks, and can add nothing further. The name of the officer whose bravery he so strongly commends was Colonel John M. Hughes, now living at

Lynchburg, Tenn. I think he is in error in regard to Texans being present. It is my opinion that it was Gracie's Alabama Brigade instead, and no compliment paid these brave men could be overdrawn. They went with us to Virginia, and constituted a part of Major-General Bushrod Johnson's Division. R. G. CROSS,

Adjutant Forty-fourth Tennessee Regiment.

(From the Southern Historical Society Papers for June, 1876.)

ATTACK ON FORT GILMER, SEPT. 29, 1864.

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON.

[THE following letter to the President of the Southern Historical Society was indorsed by him as follows: "The young gentleman who furnishes this narrative—a private soldier in Huff's, afterwards Griffin's Battery, I believe—is a gentleman by birth and education, being connected with highly respectable families, and there is no reason to doubt the accuracy of his statements.

J. A. EARLY."]

SALEM, ROANOKE CO., VA.

GENERAL J. A. EARLY: As the Southern Historical Society has lately called upon all soldiers and officers connected with the Confederate Army for any incidents of the late war which would be of general interest, I have presumed upon the fact of having been for four years a private soldier in that army, and upon the interest that I know you take in everything connected with the cause which you so earnestly, so honestly and bravely defended, to call your attention to some facts connected with the fight known by the troops engaged in it as the "Battle of Fort Gilmer," which was fought on the 29th of September, 1864.

My attention was called to this subject by a letter lately published in the Norfolk *Landmark*, in which the writer refers to a speech made by B. F. Butler on the Civil Rights Bill. The writer in the *Landmark* says that what Butler says about riding over a battle-field below Richmond, and looking into the brown faces of the dead negroes, and making a vow to avenge them, is a piece of imagination on his part. He then goes into an account of the fight; but, from his account, it would appear that the affair was a very slight one indeed, whereas the truth was that, on that same 29th of September, Richmond came nearer being captured, and that, too, by negro troops, than it ever did during the whole war; and but for the devotion and bravery of two decimated brigades—Bushrod Johnson's old Tennessee Brigade and the

Texas Brigade, consisting of about three hundred (300) men each—the Yankees must have carried everything before them and captured Richmond.

I shall try to give you as correct an account as I can of this fight, in which I was myself engaged, though in a very humble position—that of a private soldier. However, I saw the whole of it, and more than once during the engagement was a witness to acts of daring and heroism on the part of those Texans and Tennesseeans that surpassed anything I had ever heard of. And I write for no purpose of attracting your notice to myself or to my company, but to do what I can to perpetuate the memory of the bravest men I ever saw under fire.

With this much of an introduction, I leave my account to you to use as you think proper. I write from memory, and do not profess to be positively accurate; but my statement can be verified by Major W. J. Dance, Powhatan Courthouse, Va, ; Lieutenant Wm. M. Read, Augusta, Ga., and Lieutenant H. E. Blair, of Roanoke, Va.

On the 29th of September, 1864, there were on the north side of the James, in the neighborhood of "Chaffin's Bluff," about two thousand (2,000) men, consisting of what remained of Bushrod Johnson's Tennessee Brigade (300 strong), commanded by a Colonel whose name I *think* was Johnston;* the Texas Brigade, also commanded by a Colonel whose name I do not remember; the "City Battalion;" some battalions of "Department troops" (made up of clerks and other attaches of the different Departments of the Government); Gary's Brigade of Cavalry; the "Louisiana Guard Artillery;" "Hardaway's Battalion of Artillery," consisting of four batteries of four guns each; the "Rockbridge Artillery," Captain Graham; "Third Company Richmond Howitzers," Lieutenant Carter; the "Powhatan Artillery," Captain Dance, and the "Salem Artillery," Captain Griffin. These commands included *all* the troops engaged during the day. I *think* the whole force was commanded by Lieutenant-General Ewell, either as commander of the Richmond defences, or that part of General Lee's Army on the north side of James river, I do not now remember which, but at any rate he was in command in person, and by his cool courage and presence wherever the fight was hottest, contributed as much to the victory as any one man could have done.

The Yankees landed near "Deep Bottom," some ten or twelve

*Colonel Jno. M. Hughes.

miles below Richmond, and consisted of two entire army corps (supposed at that time to have ten thousand men each).

At "Deep Bottom" they came upon a picket, composed of one battery of Hardaway's Battalion and some infantry, and by the suddenness of their attack, which was between daylight and sunrise, drove back our pickets, and continued to drive them until they reached Fort Harrison—a fort containing several heavy cannon, but with not more than forty or fifty men to mann them. This fort the Yankees captured and kept possession of. Fort Harrison was one of a series of forts running through from Chaffin's Bluff almost entirely around Richmond, and connected by earthworks for infantry, with a redoubt for field artillery wherever the nature of the ground permitted. This line of works was laid out by regular engineers, and, as far as I was a judge, showed that the men who built them understood their business.

After the capture of Fort Harrison, our troops were formed on the same line of works, but, of course, a new line had to be formed in front of Fort Harrison.

Fort Gilmer was the next in the line, which had some five or six heavy cannon, and was manned by about forty men (of what command I never knew). Between Forts Harrison and Gilmer, a distance of nearly half a mile, were stationed Hardaway's Batteries, Dance's being nearest to Fort Harrison, Griffin's next, and Carter and Graham to their left, supported by Texans and Tennesseeans, with the City Battalion deployed as skirmishers. General Ewell was with the skirmish line, constantly encouraging them by his presence and coolness. I remember very distinctly how he looked, mounted on an old gray horse, as mad as could be, shouting to the men, and seeming to be everywhere at once. I do not remember at what time in the day the attack was made, but it commenced by the Yankees making a furious charge upon Dance's Battery; and they came in such numbers and so rapidly, that they got within forty yards of his guns before our fire told upon them. Here it was that the Tennesseeans did such glorious work. They had trotted, or rather run, from another part of the line where the attack first began, and by the time they reached Dance's guns, the Yankees were almost there; but the Colonel in command of the brigade leaped across the works, followed by his men, and after an almost hand-to-hand fight, drove the Yankees back. Too much praise cannot be given this Colonel (I wish I could remember his

name),* for I was told by one of Dance's men that he had never seen a man so entirely free from fear, and that in front of his men he discharged every barrel of his pistol right into the Yankees' faces. I do not remember the loss in this charge, but Captain Dance and a good many of his men were surrounded and several of them killed.

Almost immediately after the enemy retired from Dance's front, an attack was made upon another part of the line to the left, and the same Tennesseeans again double-quicked to the point of attack, and again the enemy were forced to retire before their fire and the cannister of the artillery.

I love to think of these men, how bravely and cheerfully they rushed from one point to another, and at every point doing such good work. They passed me several times during the day, and I did not see one man of them straggling or giving away, but all were firm and seemed to be on fire with fight, calling to us as they passed: "Stick to them, artillery; we'll come back and help you when we get through up here." I have never seen one of them since, but I shall always remember those two little handsful of men—the one Texans, and the other Tennesseeans—as the bravest, truest men I ever saw; and I only wish that our whole army had been made of the same stuff that was in them.

After this last repulse, the Yankees did not renew the attack for some time (if I remember rightly, not for several hours), and when they did come, it was away off to the left and in front of Fort Gilmer. They advanced in three lines, one behind the other, the first line composed of negroes; some said that the second line was also negroes, but I cannot speak positively of that, but the rear line was of white troops.

Fort Gilmer was on a hill, with quite an extensive flat in front, from which the trees had all been cut, and most of the trees were still lying on the ground with their branches attached. The Louisiana Guard Artillery on the left, and the Salem Artillery on the right of the fort, occupied redoubts, so constructed that each had an enfilade fire on the Yankees as they advanced.

The enemy came rather cautiously at first, but finally they came with a rush, our artillery firing shrapnel at the start, but soon began to load with cannister, and the way those negroes fell before it, was very gratifying to the people on our side of the works. But the Yankees came on until they got to the ditch in front of Fort Gilmer—a dry ditch about ten feet deep and twelve feet wide.

*Colonel Jno. M. Hughes.

Into this ditch a great many of the negroes jumped, and endeavored to climb up on each other's shoulders, but were beaten back and almost all of them killed. One negro, who was either drunk or crazy, crawled through a culvert which ran from the inside of the fort into the ditch, and was shot on the inside. No great number of the negroes got into the ditch, and the rest of the attacking column, having no shelter from the fire of both the artillery and infantry, was forced to give way and retire.

Thus ended the battle of Fort Gilmer, and there was no more fighting done on this part of the line where we were that day, though I think that part of the line occupied by Gary's Cavalry was attacked, but I never knew anything about that fight.

General Lee arrived from Petersburg during the night of September 29th, with Fields' Virginia and Hoke's North Carolina Divisions, and upon the 30th both of these divisions charged Fort Harrison, but after a desperate fight they were forced to retire, and the "stars and stripes" waved over Fort Harrison until Richmond fell. Another line of works was built around the old line, and several batteries of mortars were placed there, which kept up a pretty constant fire upon the Yankees during the rest of the war.

Fort Gilmer is about four miles below Richmond, very near the farm then owned by Mrs. Gunn, and from the nearest point of this fight to the Capital could not have been more than three miles. Had our troops given way on that day (and I think if the Yankees had known how near they were to Richmond we must have been beaten), there was nothing between us and the city; and instead of Richmond being burned by our men, as it afterwards was, Richmond must have fallen into the hands of "Beast Butler" and drunken negroes, though to give the devil his due, we were told by prisoners that Butler was not in the fight at all, but was on the top of his big observatory at City Point, looking at it through a long telescope.

You know better than I can tell you how few opportunities a private has of knowing what is going on around him, but I have written what I remember seeing at the time and hearing the officers talk about.

With great respect to yourself, not on account of your career in the army, but for the stand you have taken since, allow me to write myself your comrade,

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

EARLY WESTERN HISTORY.

DR. RAMSEY'S LETTER.

[THE following letter, from Dr. Ramsey to the Vice-President of the Tennessee Historical Society, Judge J. M. Lea, has been tendered us by Mr. Anson Nelson for publication in the ANNALS. We feel a deep interest in the work of this patriotic organization, and value its claims upon the people of Tennessee too highly not to render any aid through the ANNALS which will further its efficient working. At its last meeting a very important step was taken in the appointment of committees to consummate the proper celebration, in 1880, of the Centennial of Nashville's birth, which Dr. Lindsley fixes in April, 1780, as this was the time when Colonel Donelson arrived by water, from East Tennessee, with the women and children, thus furnishing all of the necessary elements of organized society. We have already published in the ANNALS, and will continue to do so, sketches intended to illustrate the Heroic Age in Tennessee History, and will labor hard to convince our people that they have materials at *home* full of romantic interest, and equal, in the language of advertisements, to the "best" of *any* era in the world's progress. We hope that Dr. Ramsey's letter will be carefully read and pondered by every citizen of Tennessee. A *large* majority of her people, we are ashamed to own, know little or nothing of the history of their State. There are families who have an ancestry the equal, in knightly deeds, of those who came over to England with William the Conqueror, and yet they value the commonest sordid considerations of daily life as worth more than this. The State Historical Society is doing a great deal to draw attention to and popularize the subject of Tennessee History, and the work will be greatly facilitated by a proper observance of the various centennial eras as they occur.]

Hon. J. M. Lea, Vice-President of the Tennessee Historical Society—

My Dear Sir:—

THERE are some topics connected with or belonging to the History of Tennessee, which deserve a more special mention and elucidation than they have heretofore received. Some of these topics have been, indeed, enumerated in the circulars of the Society, addressed, from time to time, to the people of the State. Of some of these little notice has been taken; others of them seem to have been entirely neglected. Allow me to refer briefly to such of them as demand a more specific enumeration.

First. The discovery of our great inland sea and the first crossing of the Mississippi river, in 1542, by Hernando De Soto and his Spanish adventurers. Our library should contain every thing that has been published in reference to this remarkable invasion, its sad termination, its important results to further discovery and commerce in North America. Irving has already made large contributions to historical literature on this subject from the archives of Portugal and Spain; but further research may add to the rich treasures his graceful pen has already given to us.

The same may be said of the subsequent discoveries and explorations of Father Marquette and of Jolliete. The maps and charts of these adventurous navigators should be in our collections in the Capitol of Tennessee. So, also, of La Salle, who, under his commission "to perfect the discovery of the Mississippi," actually built a fort and erected the arms of France upon the Chickasaw bluff near our present Memphis. Again: The founder of New Orleans and the Governor of Louisiana (Bienville) built Fort Assumption near the same place. Then General Gayoso, in 1782, by authority of the Spanish Government, occupied the same bluff and erected Fort Fernandina at the mouth of *Margot*, or *Wolf* river.

These names of forts, as well as of the foreign officers who erected them and made them thus historical, are here given for the purpose of suggesting to the Society that Tennessee should have, at the approaching Exposition at Paris, a delegate charged with the grave duty and responsible function of visiting, in person, the courts of Spain, Portugal and France—*i. e.*, Madrid, Lisbon and Paris—and procure from their respective public archives and the port folios of Ministers, every paper and document which can at all bear upon and illustrate the early history of Tennessee. This is a great and important duty, and it devolves itself, primarily and imperatively, upon our State Society at its next meeting. I leave the suggestion with you. Take it for what you and our colleagues may think it is worth, while I hasten to other topics, nearer home, and perhaps, more tangible and within our reach.

A committee of ——— of our most active members should take under its charge the duty of a more exact identification of all the forts, stations and battle-grounds within the State. While some of these are well known, there are others about which nothing has been well and accurately ascertained. These should be identified before even tradition itself ceases to make mention. All over Middle Tennessee and

the earlier settled counties of East Tennessee, the face of the country was, at their first settlement, dotted over with places of historic interest and martial achievement, whose exact location has been lost to the present generation. Do you know any one who can point out the spot on Red river where the cruel massacre of Colonel Valentine Sevier took place? Or the *exact* route or trace by which General Robertson and his co-colonists first reached the French Lick in 1780? The Natchez trace, or the Old Factors place on it—where were they?—etc., etc. Who can tell us by what *route* General Griffith Rutherford, of North Carolina, and his surveying party, reached Wolf river and its tributary *Lusatia*, alias *Loo-se-hatchie* (Anglice: Big creek), in Shelby county, in 1786? Was the route by land or water? Who has his plats, field-works, or his report of his immense survey? He belonged to our heroic period, was a leading spirit in the Revolutionary War, an active member of our Territorial Legislature, and, in honor of his patriotic services, Rutherford county, both in Tennessee and North Carolina, and Rutherford creek, in Williamson and Maury counties, Tenn., derive their names. Do you know where he died? These and one hundred other questions of like importance suggest themselves as worthy of further inquiry and investigation.

Again: The Centennial of the first settlement of Tennessee has already passed (1868 and 1869). The chaotic and troublesome condition of public affairs prevented any commemoration of it at the proper time. The Centennial of the first county organization in our State, especially the establishment of the first shire-town in Tennessee, is just at hand. Old *Washington* county—ancient *Jonesboro*, will have the great honor of leading off in the grand centennial ceremonials of our Volunteer State, our gallant and patriotic Tennessee. It will, I presume, require no suggestion from us to stimulate our proud and grateful countrymen everywhere in Tennessee to celebrate, in a becoming manner, the civil and martial achievements of their forefathers at the recurrence of the several anniversaries of the county and town organizations as each respectively comes around.

It may not be inappropriate or inopportune here to observe the singular coincidence and the natural sequence of the names of our Tennessee counties and infant villages as they successively occur in our history, and how truly they accord with the merits and the characters of our heroic period. First: Our Great Washington, then our Southern Washington, as General Greene has been not inaptly called,

our General Sullivan, our General Davidson, General Nash, General Sumner, our General Knox, our own General Sevier and General Robertson and General Rutherford, and so on to the end of the chapter.

I have lost none of my natural, innate youthful enthusiasm for Tennessee history, of her early times, as I would go into ecstacies at the bare enumeration of these immortal names and these illustrious characters. I am happy to believe that the spontaneous action of our masses, the filial piety and admiration of our entire people, will be sufficient to secure to these centennial occasions, as they shall occur from time to time, a due consideration and respect.

I may not omit one further suggestion. If there is one important defect in the past administration of the Historical Society of Tennessee, it is this: that, heretofore, it has had no *organ of its own*, through which to enlighten our people and urge upon them the importance of the laborious functions assigned to us in collecting and preserving our knowledge of the past in Tennessee. This defect is radical, as I consider it, and should be corrected. Similar associations elsewhere have been successful only when their transactions and their plans of operation have been published to the world through their own organs, and in full detail, and not by fragmentary notices of an occasional meeting, and not seen or appreciated by the general reader, and soon lost sight of and forgotten by those absorbed in secular and ordinary pursuits. Very truly yours, J. G. M. RAMSEY.

Knoxville, Tenn., April 22, 1878.

JENNINGS' KNOB.

THERE are probably many persons living in the shadow of Jennings' Knob, in Wilson co., Tenn., who are unacquainted with the origin of the name. The story, as told by Captain Jennings himself, for whom the Knob was named, is as follows:

A party of scouts from the stations on Bledsoe creek, in Sumner county, was over in Wilson on a tour of observation for Indian signs. It was a habit of the settlers to keep out men all the time, who went in succession the entire circuit of the settlement, in order to give timely warning of any hostile approach.

As the party referred to were preparing to camp late one winter

afternoon, Captain Jennings, who was of the number, started out to kill a buffalo from a herd which was near by. There was a heavy sheet on the ground, and he found it difficult to get in good range on account of the noise of his feet on the crackling ice; but after following the game for several miles, he at last killed a very large bull on the top of a high knob. Fearing that the meat would be injured if left until next morning, he skinned the animal and took out the viscera. By the time he had finished his task night had come, and he decided to remain with his meat, instead of seeking camp in the darkness. So, wrapping the huge hide around him, flesh side out, he lay down and slept very comfortably until morning. On awaking he found himself tightly imprisoned in the hide, which had frozen hard during the night, and now resisted all of his efforts to escape. Hour after hour rolled by in agony to the Captain. He yelled at the top of his voice for help, and strained and kicked with all of his great strength at his rawhide enclosure, but it proved stubborn to the last degree. He doubtless swore many a bitter oath, for he was of a too irascible and stubborn temperament to submit tamely to any contending circumstances. He expected his companions to search for him, and they did, but with a great deal of caution, fearing that he had been killed by Indians. His prolonged absence could be accounted for in no other way.

The Captain, in relating the circumstance to Captain Rogan years after, says that he gave up all hope of extricating himself as the hours wore away and his companions failed to come to his rescue; he supposed that they had become alarmed at his absence and had left the vicinity with the idea that he was dead, and that it was unsafe to search for his body. Truly it was a trying situation which his great strength and will had failed to overcome. To a man who had escaped Indian bullets and had swam icy rivers like a beaver, such a death was mortifying in the extreme; but such was the prospect he had to face alone and unaided by human power in the depths of the wilderness. We will let him relate the issue in his own words, in answer to a question as to how he finally escaped: "Wall, the sun come out in the arternoon, and this saftened the hide on top so I could git one arm out, and when I got one arm out, I worked like pisen until I got my body through."

THE SOLDIER'S WAR-BAG.

A Cavalryman Swindles a Georgia Doctor.—In the winter of 1863–4, Colonel Paul Anderson, in command of Colonel Baxter Smith's Fourth Tennessee Cavalry, was ordered to recruit his horses at some convenient point in rear of the army then encamped at Dalton. He selected for this purpose a fertile valley in the western part of Georgia, where he was hospitably received by the inhabitants, and by virtue of his rank was the recipient of many little courtesies very acceptable to soldiers. Among the visitors to headquarters was a neighboring doctor, who intimated that he had lately come in possession of quite a treasure in the shape of a demijohn of fine apple brandy, and if the Colonel ever used anything of the kind, and as Christmas was near at hand, he would be very happy to send him over a gallon of it. The Colonel had a poor mouth for refusing, and the favor was gratefully acknowledged. But alas for the Doctor's kind intentions and the Colonel's *ardent* expectations!

It has always been a matter of wonder how soldiers could always find out so quickly anything to their advantage, or disadvantage as for that. Some of them seemed to have a certain divination for the whereabouts of whisky, and it rarely failed to become the prize of their stratagems. So the doctor's brandy was doomed to the common fate.

A morning or two after the doctor's visit, a soldier rode hurriedly up to his house, with a request from Colonel Anderson for him to repair immediately to his camp, as his brother was badly hurt by a fall from his horse; and further, that he preferred his aid to that of the proper regimental surgeon. The doctor showed his consciousness of the honor conferred upon him by quickly mounting his horse and riding at a rapid gait in the direction of camp, as the messenger had urged him to make all speed. After riding a mile the messenger suddenly reined up his horse, saying, "Doc., I forgot to tell you that Colonel Anderson said for you to bring a bottle of *that brandy* for his brother." Here was a dilemma. But time was precious. So, cursing the stupidity of the soldier, he ordered him to return and tell his wife to let him have a bottle of that brandy for Colonel Anderson's brother, while he himself pushed ahead on his surgical mission and soon arrived at his destination, bespattered with mud and glowing with excitement. To his eager inquiry as to the condition of his brother, Colonel Anderson replied "that he had no brother, and that some fellow was certainly playing a joke on him." Mortified and chagrined, he returned home to find that the cavalryman had called for the *demijohn* instead of a bottle of the brandy, and his wife had unwittingly given it to him. Pursuit was useless, and "that brandy" found its way safely into camp. The Colonel felt himself badly sold when he heard of it, as well as the doctor. But remarking in the hearing of some of his men that a gallon of

the brandy belonged to him, that amount was found at the door of his tent the next morning.

Off for the Wars.—There are few events that befall a community which stir it more profoundly than the announcement of a state of war, and fewer still which touch more deeply the popular heart and dispose it to overflow in expressions of grief and sympathy, than the departure of friends and neighbors for the scene of conflict. Then, indeed, the commonest soldier becomes sanctified, as it were, into a hero, and clothed with the garb of respectability. Minor passions and interests are sunk beneath, or swept away by the common current which dominates over all, and old enemies forget their differences or become fast friends. Eyes unused to weep stream over, and wealth is prodigal of its treasure. Every form and mode of sympathy and respect are lavished on the country's defenders. Wives cling to husbands, mothers to sons, sisters to brothers, and sweethearts to lovers, in agony and foreboding of a last embrace.

And yet, these occasions have their ludicrous, as well as serious, aspects. As for instance: A long train of cars filled with some companies of the First Tennessee Regiment, on their way to Richmond, Va., in 1861, stood at the depot at Fayetteville, Tenn., with hissing valves, waiting the signal of departure. Thousands of friends crowded around to say good-bye, and hope against hope for a safe return. Among these were an old man and his son, about to separate; both of them, in common phrase, were over "half-slewed" from the number of "just one more parting drinks" they had taken every few minutes. At last a long savage shriek of the engine, like a wail of despair, announced the parting moment at hand. Fresh cries and wails, and "God bless yous," went up from a thousand throats. Wrought up to the highest pitch by the parting and the parting drinks, father and son stood with locked hands in almost speechless agony. "Farewell father!" sobbed the son. "Good-bye, my dear boy," returned the father in a husky voice; "may God bless (boo-hoo) and preserve you! Let's (boo-hoo) take a last (boo hoo) parting drink, we may never (boo-hoo) see each other (boo-hoo) this side of Heaven again." As the son turned to get on the train, the sire's excitement increased almost to frenzy. "God bless you my boy," he again broke forth; "I'll be God Almighty d—d if I ain't a great mind to go, too!" The consolations of the bottle alone sustained father and son in this trying hour.

Don't Repeat.—Adjutant G. and Lieutenant S., of the Fourth Tennessee Cavalry, while encamped at Tunnel Hill, Ga., wearying of the short commons of camp, left quarters one day in search of a square meal. After threading their way through the pine woods for some miles, they reached a house which gave promise of some satisfaction. They were not greeted very hospitably by the lady of the house, but she managed to provide something more than a "Lenten entertainment" for her unbidden guests, whose appetites, being whetted by expectation, were not over-fastidious. On arising from the table they had made a clean sweep of every thing eatable,

"Leaving the bones
For Davy Jones."

On leaving, Adjutant G. offered the hostess a twenty dollar bill in payment of the fare. Taking it in her hand and inspecting the empty dishes thoughtfully for a few seconds, she returned it to the Adjutant, saying: "Mister, I see Jeff. Davis' picture on this money, and I reckon it is all right, but I wont charge you any thing this time, if you will both promise *never* to come back here to eat again."

Seeking a Surgeon.—Joseph B., of the Thirty-second Mississippi, sends this to the War-Bag:

A soldier of the Sixty-third ———, which was put in active service for the first time in the Dalton campaign, presented himself at a hospital in rear of the army, where the following colloquy took place between him and the Surgeon:

Surgeon.—"What is the matter with you, my man?"

Patient.—"I've got the chronical diree and the roomaticks, and I'm dinged nigh wore out."

S.—"How far have you come to-day?"

P.—"Dinged nigh on to thirty miles.

S.—"Have you ever been in a battle?"

P.—"Lor' yes! You'd athought so if you'd bin thar. Why a bomb shell went right over our company."

An Improvised Surgeon.—Sergeant G. P. sends this to the War-Bag: Surgeon G., of the Forty-fourth Tennessee, was disposed to be stringent in the discharge of his duties, and a man at the morning sick-call had to show decided evidences of illness to get excused from drill, which was quite irksome, especially in the warm languid days of opening spring. In a case of slight indisposition, his dictum usually was: "Put him on light duty." This was repeated so often and so aggravatingly at times, that the doctor had some unpopularity in consequence; but the whirligig of time brings its revenges and sets all things even. There was always some wag at hand to take advantage of any opportunity and give a thrust, especially in retaliation for some fancied injury to himself or comrades. While Cleburne's Division was encamped at College Grove, Tenn., the Forty-fourth Tennessee re-enlisted for the war. The event was rendered more joyous by a liberal supply of the ardent, which, by some means, found its way into camp, and the men took advantage of the license of the occasion to give the officers a wake-up shake-up generally. On reaching Surgeon G.'s quarters, this officer begged to be excused from the rather hard usuage his brother officers were receiving, saying that he was quite unwell; and the crowd were disposed to let him go unmolested: but at this moment Bill Clenny, who had probably gotten a taste of the doctor's quality in previous encounters at the sick-call, elbowed his way through the mass to where his victim stood and gravely began an examination of his symptoms. This he conducted with due attention to the details usual in such cases, putting searching questions, inspecting the tongue and feeling the pulse. This being completed, he turned to the crowd and announced, in a loud voice, in the doctor's well-known formula: "*You can put him on light duty.* Trot him out." And *trot* him they did to their hearts' content.

EDITORIAL.

THE May No. of the ANNALS has been so highly complimented by subscribers and by the press, for the excellence of its matter and typographical finish, that we desire to return our grateful acknowledgements. An appreciation by the public of labors in its behalf is always gratifying, and such stimulus, we assure our friends, will not be lost in the future progress of this work. These evidences of awakening interest in the preservation of Confederate history are gratifying to note in contrast with the indifference to its fate which has been exhibited by our soldiers since the termination of the war. It is a record of heroic achievement of which any people under the sun might be proud, and the scars of the humblest Confederate soldier are the badge of *manhood* the world over.

Among the many notices of the press which have come to hand, there are none that we value more highly than that of the Nashville *American*. From the outset it has extended a helping hand and a strong arm to the ANNALS, and from its outspoken praise we feel justified in hoping that it is not disappointed in its expectations of its *protege;* for such is the relation a grateful heart would own to so serviceable a patron. We reprint below a portion of *The American's* notice:

"The May No. of THE ANNALS OF THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE AND EARLY WESTERN HISTORY has reached our table. The conductor of this invaluable literary enterprise is performing an important work in the preservation of historical data of the most valuable character, and deserves the support and gratitude of his country and of the descendants of those whose heroic achievements were the rich legacy they left to their survivors. If an augury of the permanent success of this praiseworthy enterprise were needed, this May No. of THE ANNALS assuredly furnishes it. Its material and make-up indicate the thoroughness of the work undertaken. * * * THE ANNALS appears on the finest quality of book paper, and the typography is a model of the art. The numbers should be carefully preserved. Bound in a volume, they will make a handsome library edition, and one the intrinsic value of which will increase with years, and serve a righteous purpose in preserving and maintaining the truth of history."

WE have received from W. W. Fergusson, of Carthage, Tenn., late Lieutenant in the Topographical Engineers C. S. A., two maps of the battlefield of Shiloh. One of these is entitled, "Field of Shiloh at 5 A.M., Sunday. Tracing from copy of office map. Scale, 7/8in. to 1 mile." This map places the Confederate lines, as they were directed by General Johnston, *parallel*, except as to the reserves, which were in column. Reckoning by the scale, the hostile lines were about two miles apart, which we think is a mistake as to Hardee's left wing.

The distance traversed by Cleburne's Brigade to reach Sherman's position we have always regarded as less than one mile, but observation under *such circumstances* is by no means reliable. Lieutenant Fergusson writes: "I preserved all of my maps and tracings but two—one of Chickamauga and the other of 'Dead Angle,' west of Marietta. (This map is in Southwestern Georgia, at Dr. Magruder's.) I have two of Shiloh; one a copy of office map (engineers), tracing, herewith enclosed, and a copy of which was sent to the War Department at Richmond soon after our return to Corinth. This was made up from information and observation. The other is one I made from what I saw. The best map I saw was captured from the Yankees in the winter of 1862–3, while I was with General Price in Mississippi. Saving a few details of a minor character, it was in distance and general topography the best I have tested. It was lithographed, but I cannot remember by whom. The engineer corps was the pulse of the army, and first felt the direction and movement, and a true map is always a test and often a solution of controversy."

ERRATA.—Mistakes will occur in spite of vigilance. For "G. W. Cooper," p. 70, read W. C. Cooper.

In *Davidson's Diary*, "Colonel Brend" should read Colonel Brand. Major Brent commanded the Red River Fleet in this expedition, and without this explanation the names of these two gallant officers might be confounded.

BACK numbers of the ANNALS can be obtained on application to the publisher, A. D. Haynes, 37½ Union street, Nashville, Tenn., or the editor at Fayetteville, Tenn. Copies will be for sale at the principal book-stores throughout the country.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dr. E. L. Drake—Dear Sir:—The Tennessee Historical Society, at its last meeting, passed a vote of thanks to you for your proposition to publish in your valuable magazine any papers of interest emanating from the Society. I take pleasure in communicating the fact to you.

Very respectfully,

ANSON NELSON,
Rec. Sect'y.

Nashville, Tenn., May 17, 1878.

THE

ANNALS OF ARMY OF TENNESSEE

AND EARLY WESTERN HISTORY.

VOL. I. } NASHVILLE, TENN., JULY, 1878. { No. 4.

VICKSBURG DURING THE SIEGE.

How the Iron Crown of the Mississippi Was Fruitlessly Defended—Thrilling Incidents of Life in the Beleagured City—A Campaign of Misconception—People Dwelling in Caves and Living on Air.

BY EDWARD S. GREGORY.

[Concluded.]

Notable Episodes.

THERE were, it is true, occasional breaks in the heavy monotone of time and things. One of these was the sinking of the gunboat "Cincinnati," on May 26th. With notable audacity, this vessel attempted to run suddenly upon and close with the batteries at the north end of the city, which were manned by a gallant command of Tennesseeans, and constituted the protection of the garrison's extreme left wing. As soon as she began steaming down the river, and even before she had passed the bend, the "Cincinnati" became the target of a concentrated and powerful cannonade, which was made none the less steady and effective by the Federals' own heavy fire. Before she reached the middle of the stream, it was evident that her vitals were wounded. Reversing her course, she steamed heavily up the current, but only succeeded in running ashore on the west bank a little above the extremity of the isthmus. Forty of her people had been killed or hurt. The glory of this victory was short-lived, seeing that the heavy rifled-guns of the steamer were promptly removed from her decks and re-mounted near the spot of the wreck. They were her avenging spirits; if not doing more damage, certainly causing more fear by the in-

tense and hideous hiss of their conical balls' passage and explosion, than even the heaviest of the smooth-bore mortars effected.

A great fire broke out on the night of June 6th—the Federal accounts say caused by the explosion of their shells. There was nothing to do except to remove articles of value from the houses within its range. A great crowd collected, notwithstanding the concentration of the mortar-fire, and yet there were no remembered casualties. The whole block was burned, of course, and the wonder is only one.

On the 21st of June, a mine, constructed in McPherson's front, was sprung under that part of the Confederate line occupied by Hebert's Brigade of Louisianians—immediately under the Thirty-first regiment, I believe. The mine was a failure, and the truthful chroniclers of the time report it did more harm to the diggers than the under-dug. Hebert's men had their revenge, too, on the troops that had been moved up close to take advantage of the panic that did not ensue; among other things, rolling down on their heads bombs with fuses cut short, which hardly had time to leave the Confederates' hands before they burst.

An Irishman's Courageous Feat.

A Lynchburg man performed, late in the siege, a feat never heretofore recorded, and of courage worthy of the honest Irish blood that flowed in his veins. Major Mike Connell, having resigned his commission in a Memphis regiment, as having passed the age of service, undertook to convey a large purchase of sugar from somewhere in Louisiana to its owner in Virginia. He had maneuvered it as far as Vicksburg, and there the siege settled on it. After awaiting its issue from week to week, being satisfied that he could accomplish no good by remaining, and was only one more mouth to be fed out of next to nothing, Major Connell decided to make his escape. He intimated his purpose to the numerous Virginians in the city and to other friends, and received from these a great budget of letters, which was all his load. Waiting for a stormy night, he laid himself flat in the bottom of a dug-out, just large enough to hold him, and was pushed out to take the chances of the Mississippi's arrowy current. He drifted, by good luck, between the gun-boats and guard-boats around them, and late next day was swept by a turn of the stream to the east bank near Rodney, and struggled through swamps and across bayous to *terra firma*. Borrowing somebody's mule (on what terms history is silent), he made his way painfully across the country to the nearest station on the Mo-

bile and Ohio Railroad, whence he took cars for Mobile. His letters were mailed, and a six weeks' brain fever was the penalty paid for his hardihood. Not many letters have seemed to come so nearly out of the grave as did these missives to their astonished recipients.

Other people went and came between the garrison and the world outside. Others started who never reached their destination; some were captured and some deserted. General Johnston had ten dispatches from Pemberton during the siege, but the number received from him was smaller. How these messengers made their way in and out I have no means of knowing; perhaps through the woods and between the intricate system of hills and vales that surround the city, and perhaps in disguise as citizens of the country. One of the deserters was a youth named Douglass, a native of Illinois, who had lived several years in Texas, and was supposed to be "loyal"—our way. It was he who refreshed the correspondents with the news that Mrs. Pemberton (in Alabama) had been killed by a mortar-shell. There were reports, from time to time, of the flitting of Lamar Fontaine—one of the numerous poets for whom the authorship of "All Quiet Along the Potomac To-night" is claimed—between the garrison and the outside world. I do not know if they were true or no.

A Grapevine Line.

Once in a while authentic information from official sources of the enemy's proceedings reached General Pemberton in a way they did not suspect. Just prior to the siege, the alphabet of the Federal signal corps was communicated to Captain Maxwell T. Davidson, the very valuable officer in command of the signal corps of M. L. Smith's Division, from the Bureau at Richmond, and was required to be committed to memory by his men. It may be said, *apropos*, that we always had the Federal alphabet during the war, and I suppose they had ours. The Confederate signal station on the Devil's Backbone, a high hill running along the river to the north of the city, commanded a Federal signal station on the isthmus, and every motion of its flags and lamps was readily seen by the officer in charge of the former—a very alert and intelligent Creole named Matthew H. Asbury. Asbury made the watching of the Federal flags the business of his life, and hardly ever missed a communication of those exchanged between General Grant and Admiral Porter. By this means, the first intelligence of Banks' attack upon and repulse from the works of Port Hudson was received and

communicated to headquarters. A more noticeable feat remained to be achieved by the alert Louisianian. After Pemberton's last proposition was submitted to Grant, there elapsed an interval during which its fate was uncertain. The bombardment was still suspended; this was the night of July 3rd, and an ominous and awful quiet reigned over all the scene—less welcome, no doubt, to the hearts of many than the utmost fury of the bombardment. Suddenly the lamps flashed, and then began swinging, and their message was traced, letter by letter and word by word, not only by the eyes for which it was designed, but by others, if possible, more keen and eager. It said, in effect, to Admiral Porter (being sent by the general in command), that a council of the generals was, in the main, opposed to the paroling of the surrendered garrison, and thought it would be better to send the whole party North, but that he (General Grant) had ruled otherwise, on the principle that the garrison was probably demoralized enough to spread the same feeling wherever they went in the South, and that he could not spare sufficient guards and transports to send them to Northern prisons, because their absence would interfere with his proposed advance into the country. (I do not pretend to give the words.) Asbury mounted a horse and dashed into town, and found a grave council of generals in silent session at Pemberton's headquarters, awaiting the verdict. With intense feeling he laid before them the intercepted dispatch which fulfilled their hopes or their fears. With never a word more the council of war broke up—the stroke had fallen. When the garrison marched out, Captain Davidson concealed the sheets containing all the dispatches intercepted during the siege between his cap and its lining, but lost them in after years, and was unable to respond to my desire to have their very language for this paper.

The signal corps headquarters in the city was a room in the court-house, and its station was the cupola of the same. The court-house was set on the highest point of the town, and the cupola formed the most prominent feature of its river *facade*, except, perhaps, the soaring light spire and gold cross of the Catholic Church, which was, I believe, never defaced by the fire of the enemy. Whether this were chance or intention, is another study. I suspect Porter's Pats and Mikes did n't want to hurt it. Far otherwise with the Temple of Justice. The Federal papers say it was the general center of their fire, and so say I, who was in it. The building and grounds were struck twenty-four times or more, and yet but one shell was fatal in its effects.

That came at midnight, crushing through the roof and passing below to the marble pavement of the ground floor, exploded and flung two poor fellows against the wall with such mutilation that their mothers would not have known their dead darlings. They were Mississippi militiamen; their comrades above suffered only less cruelly. The heavy shell passing through the court-room, which was packed with sleeping men, struck squarely a massive iron railing that inclosed the seats of the lawyers and witnesses, and scattered its fragments on every hand. Legs were broken, heads crushed—all manner of injury inflicted. This one shell killed and disabled fourteen men; and, by strange fatality, two more men of those who went out to bury the two first killed, lost their lives on their way to the grave-yard. This inclosure, also, the beautiful City Cemetery, was riddled by the plunging shot. That was, doubtless, an accident of war. It was charged that the Federals did fire on the Marine Hospital, which was full of wounded men, and over which the yellow flag was hoisted. It was struck frequently, and wounded men wounded anew; but whether by aim or accident, I do not know.

A Flock of Canards.

No history of the siege would be complete without some detailed allusion to the ceaseless generation of sensational reports within and without the city, both North and South. Considering the fertility of inventions then displayed, it is a wonder that the coming American novel has never come. There may have been something in the sulphurous atmosphere more favorable to the stimulation of genius than belongs to the ordinary environment. Munchausen was prosaic to the fellows who wrote and talked and were believed at that time. The Richmond papers pathetically complained of the "telegraphic genius at Jackson." The telegraphic geniuses at Young's Point and Milliken's Bend were far greater masters of the art of fiction. I will mention a case that preceded the investment. On the 3d of May, the tug "Sturgis," with two barges loaded with 400,000 rations and medical supplies, was ordered to pass the batteries, and tried to do so, carrying a picked guard. The late A. D. Richardson, representing the New York *Tribune*, Junius Henri Browne, of the *Times*, and somebody else of the *World*, volunteered for the passage. At 12:45 the tug was exploded by the batteries' fire, several men killed, others drowned, and the scribes and Pharisees, clinging to bales of hay, with which the

barges were fortified, drifted to land, were picked up and conveyed to a room in the court-house with other victims. They were treated as handsomely as circumstances allowed, and Richardson, in particular, a hearty fellow, made almost too good an impression; for he was so thoroughly full of faith in the resources of the Union and in the approaching downfall of Jeff Davis, that he cast a shadow of doubt over some young brethrens' breasts. They were all soon exchanged, going home by way of Richmond. They saw a few things from the windows of jails and cars; and if you want to read circus bills, consult the letters which they wrote from Fortress Monroe!

Another correspondent of the *Tribune* essayed to describe the passage of eight gunboats on the 16th. He was evidently not so venturesome as Richardson, and his picture reads as those pictures look of shipwrecks which no soul survives, in the illustrated papers, "by our special artist." His coquetry with truth consisted in describing, as a mysterious and dreadful beacon that rose out of the earth at Vicksburg, the homely fact that some of the shanties in De Soto were set on fire to assist the aim of the artillery. The scene was terrific, and, no wonder, took on it for this correspondent a supernatural expression. But the war-maps that were published were the greatest feats—quite distancing the creations of Ptolemy and Psalmanazar. The *Herald* had one representing "rebel batteries in the streets;" "rebel redoubts" on the same; "masked batteries" lying around loose; a tall signal station whose architect was the artist, and the Marine Hospital at the wrong end of the town. And every day some new version of victory thrilled across the wires. One hundred women were killed the first day, was one statement; a woman and two children fell at the first fire, said another. General C. C. Auger telegraphed, on the 23d of May, that "deserters report that General Pemberton has been hanged by his own men!" 3,600 shells lodged in the town in one hour, said somebody else. One paper gave a detailed statement of the amputation of General Sherman's leg. Another said, "the citizens demand the surrender of Vicksburg, and Pemberton refuses!" Another said Pemberton had answered, with profane violence, the charge of his men shooting poisoned balls. In the city the reports took shape mainly with reference to the supposed movements of Johnston and E. K. Smith. One day the forces had gone to Memphis to cut Grant off from his supplies, a report that provoked a poem from a gallant, gay boy named Cannon (afterward killed), which had this refrain:

"Damn Memphis and strategy—Vicksburg's the place,
And I am, dear Joseph, your Cannon, in haste."

Next time it was Milliken's Bend that had been captured (there was a fight there). And then Kirby Smith had crossed the river at Natchez, and had a division at Young's Point; and so on, over and over, like the dreams of fever. General Johnston appears, from his dispatches, to have really believed that assistance could be expected from the Trans-Mississippi Department; a strange delusion, which might even appear, in the minds of the prejudiced, an attempt to transfer the responsibility of events. One of the rumors that somehow reached us in Vicksburg was that Virginia had elected a Union State ticket and was making ready to desert the Confederate cause. The joke of this story consists in the circumstance that Governor William Smith, known as "Extra Billy," bravest of soldiers and staunchest of rebels, headed the ticket described as "Union!"

The End Approaching.

In order that the circumstances under which the surrender was finally made and the train of events which served to make it inevitable may be fairly judged, I condense the dispatches exchanged between Generals Johnston and Pemberton after the siege began. The first of the series has been given. On May 25th, General Johnston wrote that he was coming, and asked Pemberton what route he ought to take. On the 29th he wrote that he was too late to save Vicksburg, but would assist in saving the garrison. On June 3rd, Pemberton wrote that he had heard nothing from Johnston since May 29th, that the man bringing musket-caps had been captured, and that he hopes General Johnston will move on the north of the Jackson road. On the 7th, Johnston again wants to know how co-operation can be effected. On the same day, Pemberton writes of the enemy's intrenching, the good spirits of the men, and that he had twenty days' provisions. On the 10th, Pemberton says the enemy is bombarding night and day with seven mortars and artillery, and that he is losing many officers and men. He will hold out while he has any thing to eat. Activity is urged by General Pemberton in a dispatch of the 15th.

On June 14th and 15th, General Johnston writes Pemberton that he can only hope to help save the garrison, and asks for the details of a plan of co-operation. He also holds out the hope of General Dick Taylor's reinforcing the outside army with 8,000 men from Richmond, La. On the 21st, Pemberton suggested, as his plan, that Johnston should move at night to the north of the railroad, while he marched

by the Warrenton road, by Hankinson's ferry, to which Johnston was to send two brigades of cavalry and two batteries. Snyder's Bluff was also suggested as his objective point. By verbal message, General Pemberton said the army for his relief ought not to be less than 40,000 men. General Johnston asserts that his force never amounted to more than two-thirds of this minimum. On the 22d, however, he still engages to make a trial, but recommends that General Pemberton cross the river rather than surrender. On that date, General Pemberton asked General Johnston to treat with Grant for the surrender of the place without the troops. On the 27th, General Johnston declines to negotiate, and makes another flourish of Kirby Smith. No other dispatches were received. After dispatching Pemberton that he would advance to see what could be done on the 7th of July, he examines the country to the north of the railroad, and is satisfied that nothing can be effected. When he has just begun the like examination of the southern line, he hears, on the 4th, of the surrender of the town and its defenders. General Johnston was again too late.

On the 3d, the white flag went up for a parley. The first proposition of General Pemberton, which was delivered by Major-General Bowen and Colonel Montgomery, suggested that the terms of surrender should be left for decision to three commissioners on either side. General Grant, courteously receiving the flag of truce, made answer, rejecting the proposal of commissioners as unnecessary, and suggesting a personal conference with the general of the defense, whose gallantry and stubbornness he highly lauded. At 3 o'clock P.M. the two commanders met in what is described by some correspondent who, perhaps, never saw the place, as "a small vale, where the apricots and fig trees had bloomed in happier times." The same correspondent says the two men had been personal friends in the same "happier times." Certainly the bearing of General Grant was all that magnanimity and the sympathy of the brave could inspire. General Pemberton's proposition, however, that the men should march out, was met with the blunt qualification, "not except as prisoners of war." After the conference between the generals, Grant's ultimatum was sent by General Logan and Lieutenant-Colonel Wilson. Pemberton's proposed amendments were that the men should stack arms and march out, and that the rights of the citizens should be guaranteed. Grant rejected the amendments, contending that every officer and man should be paroled over his own signature, and he would not be re-

stricted with respect to the citizens. He allowed each soldier, however, to carry his private kit, the officers their side-arms, and the field-officers their horses. These terms were accepted, and the white flag remained on the works.

The Army of Occupation.

The suspension of the firing had prepared the minds of the men and citizens for the event which many had long perceived to be written in the book of Fate. Yet was there great reaction and great sorrow when the Iron Crown of the Mississippi, a fortress maiden as Namur and victorious as Shumla, became the enemy's prize. During the night many officers went wandering sadly around the town, taking a last look at its honorably scarred homes and ploughed streets, and making farewell to the heroic citizens whom they knew. A load was, no doubt, lifted from the hearts of the surrendered, but a new load, that seemed even heavier, was deposited in its place. What feeling the people had made no public demonstration; for they prudently returned to their homes, and made the best shift that the time allowed, reserving their sorrow for their own home-circles. When the poor, wasted garrison rose out of the long imprisonment of the trenches to stack the weapons they had used so well, many reeled and staggered like drunken men from emaciation and from emotion, and wept like children that all their long sacrifice was unavailing.

To Logan's Division was assigned the duty of taking possession of the captured town. The boys in blue entered by the north end of Cherry street, and made a grand procession as they stepped by in extended line, their flags waving, their officers glittering in full uniform, and the air torn with the glad shouts that went up from victorious throats. Logan himself stood on the east portico of the Court-house and looked, with swelling pride and profound gratification, on the scene so picturesque and historic. He dropped some emphatic exclamations as to the joy it gave him to hear the boys cheer. By-the-by, the fact has never been published, but is no less true, that a company of Illinois soldiers, *on the Southern side*, once constituted part of the Vicksburg garrison, though it went to pieces long before the siege. Some of their unassigned officers—I well recollect one named Parker—may still have been there.

In the main—nay, almost without exception—during the five days occupied by the paroling of the garrison, the Federal army of possession

conducted itself in an exemplary manner. The men who had leave to go over the city expressed the greatest curiosity as to the caves and other objects of interest, and were mad to lay hands on relics. The wall-paper copies of the *Citizen* were in great demand. A general officer, who I think was Grant, accompanied by a full suite, some of whom were full of other exhilarations than success, went up to the cupola of the court-house, and came back chanting the "Star-Spangled Banner," and brandishing as a trophy an old signal flag that had been carelessly left there. I well remember the silent general in the midst of them, who *must* have been Grant. During all this time I heard but two phrases of offense to the Confederates, and one of these offenders was a drunken newsboy selling copies of *Harper's Weekly*, whose front page was garnished with a picture of Beall's execution. The other, an officer, walking up the iron stairway of the Court-house and noticing the name of the Cincinnati maker moulded on it, damned the impudence of the people who thought they could whip the United States when they could n't even make their own staircases.

The Hegira.

The paroling of the men in duplicate was rapidly effected by means of printed forms and a full staff of clerks, who filled in the names and commands of the soldiers and officers. One of these was retained by the prisoner, the other for the government by the paroling officials. The examination of knapsacks made on the lines was carelessly done and with many apologies by officers, who seemed to be ashamed of the service. During the five days, full rations had been issued by the commissaries of General Grant to the whole garrison, sick and well, the whole amounting to 31,000 people, of which but 18,000 were effectives. They consisted mainly of hard-tack and rich Western bacon; and many a Confederate can say, on the conscience of his stomach, that he never ate any thing that tasted better.

The armies parted with mutual good-will, as is the case with foemen who are worthy of each others' steel. But the discontent of the disarmed captives began to gather volume and to speak in no bated breath very soon after the lines were passed. The march, owing to the feeble state of the men, was very painful and tedious. Jackson was left to the north, and the column's first sight of streets was when, after four days, the town of Brandon, ten miles east of Jackson, was reached. It had been generally supposed by the men that their pa-

roles gave them the right to go home as soon as they could get there and without restrictions. Many had already deserted to the Trans-Mississippi, despite the aid of Federal guard-boats to check the stream. But when, at Brandon, it was learned that the cars would not receive them to take them home, and that they were to march to Enterprise, and there go into paroled camp, their indignation burst all bounds. Efforts were made, by moving the switch, to throw the trains on which General Johnston was removing supplies from Jackson from the track; and the officers had to draw and threaten to use their side-arms before the mob could be subdued. One man got up in the plaza of Brandon, and offered to be one of fifty to go and hang Pemberton, the traitor. What further befell these mad patriots, I cannot, as a spectator, narrate, for a sick leave enabled me to depart on the last train from Jackson that went east; riding to Enterprise on the top of a freight car at the end of a long train, and exposed to worse risk, I believe, for those forty miles, than even in the Vicksburg court-house. I ought to remark that one pleasing feature of the march through Mississippi was the habit which women and children had of coming out to the fences and inquiring what made us surrender Vicksburg.

The demoralization of the garrison extended beyond the State. At Demopolis the guard of the provost marshal came down to the wharf to stop the prisoners who had gotten so far, and to put them in parole-camp at that point. The prisoners attacked them, broke through the line, and flung some of them into the gutter. They soon yielded to reason, however, and surrendered their paroles to the provost marshal. And this was the last that I saw of the ill-starred garrison until, at Enterprise, Mr. Davis told them that Bragg would pave Rosecrans' way in gold, if he (Bragg) could get the Federal general to attack him on Lookout mountain, with more of the same sort; and where Johnston, following, spoke more to the point in saying: "Soldiers, I hope to see you soon, with arms in your hands, in the presence of the enemy!"

Who Was to Blame?

The answer is, everybody—nobody. There were great adverse odds, to begin with. General Grant, according to Badeau, had 130,000 men at his disposal with which to effect the reduction of Vicksburg; while the effectives of Johnston and Pemberton combined—and they were never combined—never reached one-third that number. General Johnston was too sick, when he arrived at Jackson, to take command

in the field ("Narrative," page 187), an illness which "infected the very life-blood of our enterprise," like the Earl of Northumberland's. General Johnston covers the whole ground in saying of General Pemberton, "His design and objects and mine are founded on exactly opposite military principles." General Johnston was not in accord with the Richmond government, and General Pemberton was not in accord with General Johnston. Those whom God had put asunder, man had joined together. Mistaking and distrusting each other, neither one did as well as he might have done without the other. General Pemberton thought the objective of the campaign was to save Vicksburg or make a fight for it, and in this was supported by the administration. General Johnston thought the safety of the army was the first consideration, that the enemy might still be confronted, no matter what position he might have gotten. Each accuses the other of slowness, and each, probably, is right. General Pemberton, brave man, stout fighter, doubtless, and faithful to the South as any native son—a fidelity never doubted by the intelligent among his men—was deliberate, slow of assuming responsibilities, perhaps not equal to the movement and management of large bodies, and utterly devoid of personal magnetism. What character General Johnston has as a soldier history has already, in part, decided. In military resources, perhaps, no captain of the South excelled him; but at Jackson he was flustered by a responsibility, suddenly assumed, and for which his mind was not schooled; between which and the discharge of duties well grasped in advance, there is the same difference as between "2 o'clock in the morning courage" and the ordinary daring of the soldier who obeys orders and feels the contact of his comrade's elbow.

General Pemberton is said to have felt keenly the injustice done him with respect to the fall of Vicksburg. At one time during the siege, when some exaggerated victory was reported in Richmond, the press almost smothered him with laurels. The *Dispatch* said that Beauregard and Lee had both urged his promotion, and that Johnston had fairly begged for him to be his chief-of-staff! But public sentiment told a different tale when failure befel his arms. Assigned to command of the artillery around Richmond, he was greeted with jeers by the men as he rode down the lines. Ever since the war, General Pemberton is said to have felt most deeply the odium attaching to him as the man who surrendered Vicksburg and sundered the South. It is a curious fact that no portrait of him appears among Confederate collec-

tions. I never saw him in person, but I do him the bare justice of recording my own conviction that his fealty to the cause which he espoused was beyond all peradventure of suspicion; that he did the very best he could; that he acted in accordance with his orders from Richmond; and that he departed no further from his immediate orders than did General Loring from *his* at Edwards' Depot—an act of independence for which General Johnston warmly lauds the latter.

Finis.

The effect of the surrender, North and South, was immense. At Washington, Mr. Seward, in response to a serenade, was ready to swear that even old Virginia would soon be asking forgiveness on her knees. He never saw Virginia in that posture; but it may be doubted whether, after Vicksburg and the twin tragedy of Gettysburg, there was ever any vital hope in the Southern heart, except among the soldiers. The army kept its high crest and stern front to the last, and died only with annihilation; but many a Vicksburg prisoner, gone home, spread the tale of disaster and the influence of dismay among simple folk whose faith never rallied. There were desperate battles afterward, and occasional victories, but their light only rendered deeper the advancing and impending shadow of ultimate failure. The world is familiar with the story. Magnifying, as they deserve to be, the heroism of the garrison and the community of Vicksburg, and the "vindictive tenacity" with which Pemberton held it till the last spark of hope had faded, I believe that the surrender was the stab to the Confederacy from which it never recovered; and that no rational chance of its triumph remained after the white flag flew on the ramparts of the terraced city and the dumb guns around it no longer spoke defiance to its foes.

NINE MONTHS IN A NORTHERN PRISON.

BY SERGEANT G. W. D. PORTER, 44TH TENN. REG'T.

[THE following brief sketch of prison life at Elmira, New York, by Sergeant Porter, adds another bit of information to the already voluminous record of the treatment of Confederate prisoners. In contrast with the conduct of Colt, Beale and the hog-backed Scotchman, it affords us real pleasure to record in these pages the kindness and gentlemanly demeanor of Lieutenant Groves, the cashier of the

prison bank. We have been informed that on several occasions this officer sought out privately the prisoners about to leave on parole, and restored them the balance of their money, of which he was the custodian, but which he had been commanded to withhold, being unwilling to stain his conscience by *perpetrating* a wrong action, of which technically he himself was guiltless. We know Sergeant Porter, and give full credence to his statement in regard to the ration of food and fuel which was the daily allowance at Elmira. He was one of the bravest of the brave, and it was his aim that set on fire a Federal gunboat at Swift creek, in the attack on Fort Clifton, below Richmond, Va., for the heroic defense of which Lieutenant F. M. Kelso and his little band of Tennesseeans received the thanks of General Beauregard, in a general order. With justifiable pride we may add that these men were of General Bushrod Johnson's Division, which belonged to the Army of Tennessee, but, by good fortune, reached the front of Petersburg in time to join lines with their brethren of the East, and bottle Butler at Bermuda Hundreds.]

ELMIRA is one of the oldest cities in the State of New York. It is situated on the Chemung river, in a beautiful valley surrounded by an almost endless range of peaks and mountains, from which most of the timber has been cleared, leaving a landscape dotted with farm-houses, fields of buckwheat and other grain. It was here, in 1776, the Battle of Chemung was fought, between General Sullivan and the celebrated Iroquois Chief, Thayendanega. He was a half-breed, educated in Connecticut, and was commissioned a colonel in 1775, by the English Crown. He was infamously known to the whites as Joseph Brandt. His cruelties were enacted in the heat of battle, and instigated by the wrongs his people had suffered at the hands of the whites. Cruelty and cowardice often go hand in hand, but Brandt was brave, and his cruelty to his enemy was only a religious duty naturalized in the savage character through the custom of many ages. His motto was, doubtless, that "war is cruelty," and not open to the amenities which humanity would seek to interpose against its horrors.

When I think of Elmira in connection with its historical associations, I am tempted to institute a comparison between Joseph Brandt, the savage, and some of the commandants of her prison-house in 1864, with its thousands of ragged, sick and starved tenants. Brandt was an Indian, tutored from his cradle to deeds of cruelty—these, the representatives of a civilization which boasts of having reached its highest type in this, the nineteenth, century of the Christian Era. But this might be called the ravings of hate, and the Democratic Congress-

man from that District might rise and call me a liar, and affirm that there was no lack of food, fuel and clothing among the Confederate prisoners at Elmira. But to our narrative.

The writer, with about five hundred other *prisoners of war*, arrived at Elmira about the first of August, 1864, after a confinement of forty-five days at Point Lookout. I spent the first day in a thorough examination of my new abode, and its advantages as a home until fortune would release me from its durance. It contained several acres of ground, enclosed by a plank fence about fourteen feet high; some three feet from the top on the outside ran a narrow footway, or parapet, of plank, supported by braces. On this the sentinels walked day and night, being enabled from this height to command a view of the entire prison. On the inside, large globe lamps were ranged at regular intervals, which were lighted shortly after sunset and extinguished after fair day-light, thus rendering it impossible, even in the darkest night, for anyone to approach without being discovered. Near the center of the enclosure, and on the north side, was the main entrance, by large folding doors. East of this point, on the outside, about fifty yards from the enclosure, was a large observatory, upon which hundreds would crowd daily to get a view of the prisoners—many to gloat, perhaps, on their sufferings; some to gaze in wonder and awe upon the ragged, bob-tailed crew who had on many fields conquered their best armies; and some, no doubt, to sigh for an exchange of these men for fathers, sons and brothers who were suffering kindred miseries at Libby, Salisbury and Andersonville. A single tree—a walnut—stood opposite the observatory, and its shade was particularly grateful during the month of August.

The south, or rear, line of the enclosure stood on the bank of the Chemung. Through the center ran a deep channel, cut by the river at high tide, the upper and lower ends of which were dry part of the year; the middle always contained water to the depth of two feet or more. During the hot months, the prisoners suffered greatly from heat at night, owing to their crowding in tents. In October, materials and tools were furnished, and wooden barracks were built. During our tent life, two blankets were furnished to six men; one stick of green pine or hemlock, from four to six feet long and rarely over six inches in diameter, was the daily allowance of fuel for six men; no tools were allowed to cut and split it. J. W. Daniel was woodchopper for our mess, patiently hacking the wood in two with an old case knife,

and splitting it with the aid of a railroad spike and a rock. The routine of roll-call was most exactingly carried out in spite of bad weather, no one being allowed to break ranks under the most urgent circumstances until the signal was given. Owing to the diet, crowding and other unwholesome surroundings, bowel complaints were exceedingly common and severe, and the requirements of the disease often subjected the unfortunates to a brutish befouling of clothing and person while standing in ranks awaiting the leisurely completion of a simple routine task.

Majors Colt and Beale were at times not only unkind, but unjust and oppressive. Beale, on one occasion, aroused all of the inmates of the prison on a bitter cold night, and made them stand in line until he ascertained how many had United States overcoats, and where they got them. He then had the coats carried to his quarters, where the tails were cut off, and the mutilated garments restored to their owners. These officers had men tied up by the thumbs to make them reveal suppositious plots. An instrument of torture called the "sweat box" will bear describing to the uninitiated. They were made of stout planks, of different dimensions, so as to gauge the victim's size. They were secured upright to a post, with a hinged door, and when a culprit could be *squeezed* in, so much the better for the violated *law*. An aperture for the nose was the only evidence of charity in their construction. When a prisoner was to be committed, he was marched to successive boxes until one was found to suit; with his back to the entrance and his arms close to his side, he was thrust in and the door closed with a push and fastened.

Ward inspection was held every Sunday morning by a captain or lieutenant. On these occasions *none* were excused from attendance—the presence of every man had to be verified; and if any were found in the privies, or on the road therefrom, they were dragged to the guard-house, where a mysterious performance added terror to the situation. The guard-house had two rooms—the rear one for prisoners; as the victim entered the door a blanket was dropped over his head, and he was forced to the floor and robbed of every thing he had. He was then left half-suffocated, without an opportunity of knowing who did the deed. Many of the Federal officers were brutes in the human form. One, whose name I have forgotten, was a fiend. He was a tall, humped-back Scotchman, nicknamed by the boys "Old Hog-Back," but he was a hog all over. On several occasions I have seen

him kick sick men off of the walk with his heavy boots, simply because they were too feeble to get out of his way quickly enough, or did not care to get out in the mud and water to let him pass. I hope some reader of the ANNALS may, perchance, remember his name and report it, so as to impale his memory with the infamy of wanton cruelty to helpless and defenseless fellow-creatures.

Lieutenant Groves, the cashier of the prison bank, was, in every respect, a *gentleman*, and, for his kindness and humanity, his name is gratefully remembered by every inmate of the Elmira Prison who come in contact with him.

Threats of retaliation for the Fort Pillow affair were often circulated to induce men to take the oath. At one time, it was put out that lots were to be drawn for men to be placed on gunboats under fire of Sumter and other forts. To an officer who was threatening me with such *terrors*, I replied: "Put me down on that list as a *volunteer*. I would be delighted with the exchange, and think I can stand any thing your men can." I was determined to brag a little, just to cut his feathers, and I *succeeded*.

My gorge, bile, spleen and phlegm will rise somewhat yet at the recollection of the quantity and quality of the food doled out at the model *humanitarium* at Elmira in the years 1864–5. I have long since gotten over the sense of soreness begotten of the knocks and hurts incident to honorable warfare; but Elmira, somehow, when I happen to think of it, will play the deuce with my patriotism and loyalty to my country in thought, not act, but only at these times. Ah well! I'd live it down and die content if I was only sure that "Old Hog-Back" will not be able to cheat the devil out of his own. Prove me this, and I am "truly loyal." But here's the ration: The strong sustained life on four ounces of sour light bread and three ounces of salt beef or pork for breakfast; for dinner, the same amount of bread was allowed, and, in lieu of the meat, a compound called soup, but in reality nothing more than hot salty water, in which bags of peas or beans had been boiled, but which were carefully removed and kept for other uses than to make animal heat for cold, starving prisoners of war. This salt-water diet will account for the large number of cases of scurvy and dysentery which carried off so many. A great number of the men were in rags, and but a small quantity of clothing was issued by the United States Government. Of that received from home and friends, the amount was restricted, and only obtainable on

a permit approved at headquarters. When the mercury got down to 35 degrees below zero in the winter of 1864–5, I saw numbers of my comrades with frost-bitten hands, feet, ears and faces.

For the truth of these statements, I am willing to abide by the evidence of hundreds of living witnesses *North* and South. Moore, Colt and Beal, of the prison authorities, could tell a tale if they would. They surely can remember an *order* that was to deprive a prison full of half-starved wretches of *all food* until they produced a barrel of beans which had been stolen by their own underlings. They can recall the fact that only one stove was allowed to each hundred men, and only half enough fuel for use, while hundreds of wagon-loads were stacked on the premises. But the graves of dead Southern soldiers at Elmira tell a tale, before which every utterance of the lip or pen is dumb in comparison.

COLONEL COLYAR'S PAPER.

General R. E. Lee's Views of the Military Situation in the latter part of 1864—He foresees his inability to hold Richmond—Action thereon by the Confederate Congress in secret sessions—Sudden termination of proceedings by request of President Davis.

[THE paper of the Honorable A. S. Colyar, of Tennessee, is a most interesting expose of certain events attending the declining days of the Confederacy, and now discussed for the first time, we believe. It is a singular circumstance that Mr. Stephens, in his "War Between the States," makes no allusion to these proceedings, with which he must have been familiar, by virtue of his position and subsequent connection with the Hampton Roads Conference. The knowledge of this state of things, probably, had great weight with President Davis in influencing his action on the Blair proposition, which presented but a forlorn hope, at best. Our readers will remember that this aimed to arrange an Armistice, pending which both governments were to make common cause in vindicating the principle of the Monroe Doctrine, which was then being violated by the French occupation of Mexico. According to Mr. Stephens, President Davis was greatly disappointed by the failure of the Conference to accomplish this result, but was roused to a sterner resistance on learning the terms proposed by Mr. Lincoln and Secretary Seward. Propositions for the accommodation of existing difficulties may have been in order before the result of this Conference was announced, but not afterward. Unconditional submission and surrender of the doctrine of State Rights and the institution of slavery, with no guarantees except the limited use

of the pardoning power lodged in the Executive, left the South nothing in honor to do but fight it out to the bitter end. In the state of public sentiment, a conclusion reached at this stage through *diplomacy*, involving the loss of every thing fought for, would have left the feeling of an unsettled, undecided quarrel to rankle in the hearts of the Southern people, and would have been more dangerous to future pacification than all the acts of the conquering party have been since. In truth, such action could not have been acquiesced in voluntarily at that time, under the circumstances, and only actual overwhelming physical force, crushing out all hope, was competent to bring about such a result.]

Honorable R. M. T. Hunter—Dear Sir:—

I HAVE just read your letter in the December number of the *Southern Historical Society Papers*. (I did not see the other letter, nor Mr. Davis' reply.) But the subject is one about which I have often had occasion to speak, and, as a matter of history, I want to give you my distinct recollection about the Hampton Roads Commission.

I was, as you may remember, in the House of Representatives, and on intimate terms with Colonel John B. Baldwin. Some time in the latter part of the year 1864 (I cannot remember the exact date, but, probably, in November), at the close of a night session, Mr. Baldwin asked me to take a walk with him, saying, when we got out on the Capitol grounds, that a crisis had come, and something must be done; "but," said he, "for the first time in my life I feel that I lack moral courage to do my duty." He then went on to say that a determined stand ought to be made for peace, but, knowing Mr. Davis as he did, he feared nothing could be done with him. Said he, "I have seen General Lee, who gave me to understand, distinctly, that the cause had to fail." Colonel Baldwin, as you will remember, was, during the first year of the war, in the army and under General Lee, and was on most intimate terms with him.

Upon consultation, it was agreed that Mr. Baldwin should, the next day, introduce in the House, in secret session, a resolution for the appointment of a committee to inquire into our resources and ability for carrying on the war. This he did, and the committee was appointed. Mr. B. was chairman, and I was put on the committee. This committee took much proof—mainly officers of the army, and, among others, we examined General Lee. I suppose his deposition can be found at Washington. He proved that his army was daily being reduced, and that General Grant's army was daily being strengthened, and that it

was only a question of time as to giving up Richmond, and when he did retire, his army could not be sustained for lack of supplies. Colonel Baldwin put the question to him direct, if he could make no suggestions for strengthening the army, and his answer, without qualification, was, that he could not. The facts, fully confirming what General Lee had told Mr. Baldwin, were reported to the House. Thereupon I drew a set of resolutions looking to a peace conference. The resolutions, as I drew them, named Hunter, Stephens and Campbell as the Commissioners. In company with the Honorable J. D. C. Atkins, I took the resolutions to Mr. Stephens, who had just arrived in Richmond. Just what time this was, I do not remember; but it was in one or two days after Mr. Stephens arrived, after a long absence, and after the committee had taken much time in taking the proof. Atkins and myself had a free talk with Mr. Stephens, who fully realized the situation. We left the resolutions with Mr. Stephens with the distinct agreement that he should make such changes as he thought proper, but not to change the Commissioners. He re-wrote the resolutions, and it was agreed that the first effort should be to get them approved by the Committee on "Foreign Affairs," of which Mr. Rives was chairman. Atkins had the matter greatly at heart, and, Governor Foote having resigned his place on that committee, we managed to have Atkins appointed, and he got the resolutions approved by this committee. They were reported to the House, and, in secret session, were debated several days—Mr. Davis' particular friends opposing them; but, at length, it was said to those of us who were trying to get the resolutions through, that, if we would not press these resolutions any further, Mr. Davis would appoint the three men named in the resolutions. Of course we stopped at once, and Mr. Davis did appoint the Commissioners. To the great astonishment of all of us who had the matter at heart, we learned, for the first time after the Commissioners returned, that they had been clothed with no power, except to treat upon the basis of independence, which most of us regarded as entirely hopeless, predicating our belief on General Lee's testimony mainly.

This is substantially the truth of history.

Very truly,

A. S. COLYAR.

Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 3, 1877.

DIARY OF PRIVATE W. J. DAVIDSON, COMPANY C, FORTY-FIRST TENNESSEE REGIMENT.

MARCH ——. We have had a week of comparative quiet since my last entry. The enemy have ceased shelling, and it is believed that they have abandoned the idea of taking this place at present. We have now some hope of being sent to reinforce General J. E. Johnston, who is in command of the army in Tennessee. Spring has fully opened here, and the woods and flowers are in full bloom. The weather has been oppressively warm for the last two weeks, until within a couple of days, when it has been rather cool.

April 15th.—I have allowed a huge gap to occur in this Diary, for which I can offer a poor excuse. I have been sick with head-ache for about three weeks, until a few days ago, when it left me, and simultaneously with its departure disappeared also the feeling of lassitude with which I have been almost prostrated; but I again feel my usual flow of spirits and a desire to place on record the doings of the Forty-first. Since the bombardment of this place on the night of the 14th of March, our daily life has been somewhat interesting, compared with what it was before. The Yankee vessels remained below the point a week or ten days, occasionally throwing a shell into our midst, and finally disappeared entirely; but soon after our old acquaintance, the "Essex," hove in sight, evidently with the intention of paying us a protracted visit. During the last month, our regiment has been worked every day at the rate of two hundred and fifty men to the detail, and, when not on fatigue duty, we have drilled constantly. Our rations have improved greatly in quality, but not in quantity. We now draw bacon, meal, rice, sugar, molasses and peas, and fish are also very plentiful, but dear. For a while, after the poor Texas beef gave out, we drew spoilt pork, but it was preferable.

During the intervals between the appearance of the Yankee vessels, we have managed to pass off the time very well. The weather has been beautiful, and our minds have been kept about as busy as our hands, between hope and expectation—hope that we may get marching orders, while we have been anxiously expecting the re-appearance of the Yankee fleet. As yet no marching orders have come for us, but

the gunboats have made their appearance above and below. The first intimation we had of their coming was from an order for the regiment to take position on the river bank, to act as sharpshooters during the engagement. The fleet above, after a stay of a few days, during which they sent up rockets and fired signal guns to the lower fleet, steamed up the river. After being gone over a week, they re-appeared a few days since. The situation now is: we are menaced above by three formidable vessels, while the fleet below is in plain view and very busy. The probability is that an attack may be made at any hour. We are ready for them.

CAMP 15 MILES NORTH OF JACKSON, MISS., May 15th.—Another month has passed away since my last writing—a month big with events in the history of the Forty-first Tennessee Regiment, and I regret exceedingly that I have not been able to record the incidents as they occurred, while they were fresh in my mind, and before succeeding eventse ffaced them from memory. As it is, the reports will be meagre—more so than their importance deserves.

During the last week in April, I was in the country foraging (and to that trip I intended to devote at least a page), and, on returning to camp on the evening of the 1st of May, I found the Forty-first in fine spirits, caused by an order to cook up four days' rations and be ready to march by the morning of the 2nd of May. Those who have never been cooped up in a fortified camp for four months, out of the pale of civilization and out of reach of home and friends, living on half rations, with the prospect of having them reduced still lower by the cutting off of future supplies, and in such a climate in summer, can form but an imperfect idea of the joy with which we hailed the prospect of a change of scene. Our happiness was not of a kind to be confined to our bosoms, but found vent in long and oft-repeated cheers and other demonstrations of satisfaction, as we were making our preparations to leave.

It would be impossible now for me to write a correct history of the long and tiresome march from Port Hudson to Jackson, Miss. [Was a soldier ever happy longer than twenty-four hours at a time?] How many of us started with loads heavy enough to break down a mule; how Jack Smith went some distance before he found out he had left his cartridge box, and the laugh we had at his expense; how we trudged along through hot, dusty lanes, panting with heat and thirst, breaking down under the unaccustomed loads, our feet blistered and legs swollen; how on the first day we were refused water by a wealthy

Louisiana woman, whose servants kindly offered to sell it to us at twenty-five cents a canteen full; how loth we were, at that time, to drink of the dirty pools by the way-side, but had to. These form some of the incidents of the first day's march of eleven miles. Each succeeding day we suffered an increase of these hardships; our feet became so sore that we could hardly put them to the ground, and many of us threw away our shoes and surplus clothing. We had to make longer marches; our rations gave out, and the heat and dust became almost insufferable; at the same time, we had to keep a sharp lookout for Yankee cavalry; and, to crown our misery, on reaching Osyka, seventy-five miles from Port Hudson, where we expected to take the cars, we found that the railroad had recently been destroyed by a raid under Grierson as far as Brookhaven, except about ten miles, and that we would get no more rations until we got to the latter place. Parched corn and peas, with a little rice, constituted our ration at Osyka; but the next night we succeeded in reaching Magnolia, where we took the cars and rode to Summit, a distance of ten miles. At Summit we were most kindly treated by the ladies, who vied with each other as to who could do the most for us. They fed at least half of the brigade.

We took it afoot to Brookhaven, a distance of twenty miles. Here we boarded the cars for Jackson, where we arrived on Saturday night, after being one week on the route. At Jackson we were allowed to rest all of Sunday, but at five o'clock Monday morning we were ordered under arms without a moment's preparation, and had to start without cooked rations. Many of us left our clothing, thinking that we were only going to move to a more suitable camping-ground, and were not a little surprised when, after marching through Jackson in column of platoons, we turned our faces westward, and it leaked out that we were going to attack the enemy.

We had a hard march, and when the brigade filed into a field near Raymond to camp, the men were too tired to stand in line long enough to "right dress," and every one dropped to rest as soon as halted. I went out foraging here, and was so fortunate as to meet up with some kind ladies, who gave me something to eat and a magnificent bouquet of magnolias, and one also of onions, both of which were very acceptable. At an early hour the next day we were ordered under arms, and formed line of battle on the square at Raymond. About 9 o'clock our forces met the advance of the enemy, some two miles be-

yond, and the engagement began. At 12 o'clock the Forty-first, which had been held in reserve, was ordered to advance and support the left wing, which was said to be in danger of being flanked by the enemy. We advanced at a quick step, under a broiling sun, through a dusty lane, for nearly a mile, when a courier came up with orders for us to return to town and guard the ordnance. We had hardly reached our destination when a second order came to file off on a road leading to the center. After marching a mile in this direction, another order turned us back to town, which we had hardly reached before we were again ordered to return to the battle-field on the same road. On reaching this point we were formed in line in the center, and then obliqued across a field to the extreme left. Here we piled our knapsacks in a heap and double-quicked a mile and a half. Lieutenant-Colonel Tillman performed a splendid maneuvre under the fire of the enemy's artillery, forming line of battle on the tenth company with great precision of execution and without the least confusion. We then advanced under fire to our position across a field, and gained the edge of the woods in which the enemy was concealed. Captain Ab. Boone's company was thrown out as skirmishers, while we formed along the road in an excellent defensive position. While waiting here for the advance of the enemy, we learned that Captain Boone was killed while deploying his skirmishers. His death cast a momentary gloom over the regiment, but the circumstance was soon forgotten in the excitement of the hour. We remained in position something over an hour, waiting for the enemy's advance, when an order came for the Forty-first to bring up the rear and cover the retreat of the rest of the brigade. It was now ascertained that Gregg's Brigade had been engaged all day, with a force eight or ten times its superior in numbers, and had successfully held it in check until it had orders to quit the field. The task assigned the Forty-first was performed in perfect order, though a Federal battery, on observing the movement, had advanced to within five hundred yards and opened fire on it as it crossed an open field. We fell back to a point four miles from Raymond and eleven from Jackson, where we met General Walker's Georgia Brigade, which had come out to reinforce us. We bivouacked here until the next morning, and then marched and countermarched along the road, expecting the enemy to attack, until five o'clock P.M., when we learned that the Yankees were marching on Jackson in three columns, each of which greatly outnumbered our force. General Gregg now ordered

us to make time to this place, or the enemy would beat us there, which we did in four hours, without making a single halt.

Our sufferings during this engagement were such as perhaps few soldiers have endured in this war. The day was unusually hot, and the roads so dusty that we could n't see our file-leaders on the double-quick. And, to make our misery complete, we had no time to drink the cool water which the ladies of Raymond had brought to the doors and the side-walks, though we were parching with thirst. Our loss in killed and wounded was slight—not exceeding twenty-five—but was heavy for the time we were engaged. We lost them all, except Captain Boone, while crossing the open field in front of the enemy, and it is surprising we escaped so well from a point-blank fire in plain, open view. George Saunders and Billy Floyd were wounded at this point, also Captain John Fly, who was color-bearer. Taken altogether, the behavior of the Forty-first was all that could have been desired. The brunt of the battle was borne by the Third, Tenth, and Fiftieth Tennessee Regiments and the First Tennessee Battalion—all of which sustained a considerable loss. The loss in the whole brigade is estimated at five hundred.

The morning after our arrival at Jackson, rations were issued to us, but, before we had time to cook them, an order came to pack up cooking utensils and get ready to move. I had just gotten a fire started and one skillet of bread down, and I never did an act in my life which cost me a greater effort than it did to throw out that dough, not knowing when I would have a chance to cook again, as the enemy was in a mile and a half, and a bloody battle was expected that day. The rain was pouring down that morning in torrents, and the roads were ankle deep in sticky mud. Notwithstanding all this, we were soon under arms, and marched from the left to the center; then across fields, knee deep in mud, to the extreme right. We heard the artillery booming away on the left as we plodded across the fields, but saw no Yankees. About 12 o'clock we were ordered back to the city to guard the baggage train, but, before getting there, learned that the enemy had possession of the place, and that the army was then retreating. We then changed direction, and filed off on a road leading north, and halted on top of a hill for the rest of the brigade to get before us. On looking back, we saw a column of black smoke rising over the city, caused by the burning of the ordnance stores. I could n't help a feeling of pity for the helpless women and children, though the citizens had shown us very little sympathy on a previous visit.

The fight, I learn, was a very poor affair after all, as some of our troops broke and ran at the first charge of the enemy, giving them possession of the city almost without a struggle. It would have been folly to have attempted a defense against such superior numbers. We retreated slowly and in good order to a camping-ground seven miles north, where we rested and cooked rations—both of which were sadly needed.

I never saw so many broken-down men as on that evening. The mud and our wet clothing and blankets, together with a day's fasting and a very hard march on the previous night, were too much for us. I had to eat raw, fat bacon, without bread, on that day for the first time in my life.

The next day we made an easy march of eleven miles to a depot ten miles south of Canton; rested here a day, and then took the road again in a south-westerly course for two days, when our progress was checked in that direction by a heavy force of the enemy; were drawn up in line of battle once, but no engagement ensued. We then changed direction, going north one day, then due east to within ten miles of Canton, where we are remaining at present, being allowed a day to rest and clean up.

General J. E. Johnston assumed command of the forces on last Sunday morning, and I think it is his intention to collect an army here from Tennessee and the interior, and fall upon the rear of the enemy engaged in the siege of Vicksburg. The forces are coming in at the rate of three brigades to-day, the 21st.

While marching and counter-marching here in sixty miles of Vicksburg, it is said that our forces have been badly whipped near that place, but this wants confirmation.

NEAR CANTON, May 23.—We have marched five miles this morning, and are now in two miles of Canton. Our force is now ten or twelve thousand strong, and looking for other reinforcements. The news from Vicksburg is that our men have repulsed the enemy, with a loss of 16,000 killed and wounded. I hope it may be true.

There is a report in camp that the enemy are approaching Canton from North Mississippi, and are now in fifteen miles of us. We are living very hard at present, drawing nothing but corn-meal and fresh beef without salt. We have been able to buy bacon from the citizens until an order from General Johnston put a stop to our going out of camps. I think we will get bacon this evening.

[To be continued.]

CAPTAIN MURPHY'S ESCAPE.

CAPTAIN JAMES B. MURPHY, a native of Maury co., Tenn., had just finished a collegiate course, and graduated with distinguished honor, when the war between the States began. He was among the first of Maury's noble sons to offer his services in the cause of Southern Independence, and became a member of the Third Tennessee Infantry Regiment (John C. Brown's), the name of which is a synonym for chivalry. He served with his regiment till it was surrendered by General Buckner at Fort Donelson, in February, 1862, when he was sent, with the other officers of his regiment, to Johnson's Island, in Lake Erie, where he remained until September, 1862, when he was exchanged at Vicksburg, Miss.; served with his regiment until the memorable 12th day of May, 1873, when he was captured, with a part of his company, on the bloody field of Raymond, in Hinds co., Miss. He was again sent to Johnson's Island, where he remained a prisoner until August, 1864. He had a severe attack of sickness in the summer of 1864, and when yet convalescent, having despaired of ever being exchanged, the Federal Government having persistently refused for some time to exchange any more prisoners, he set his fertile brain to work to devise some plan of escape. After discussing with himself many plans, he at length settled upon that of disguising himself in Federal uniform and passing out with a wagon as a soldier on "fatigue." Casting about him for an outfit, he succeeded in getting a blue blouse and a cap of the same color; but, now, how was he to procure a pair of pants of the requisite color? for though the prisoners were allowed to wear the blue blouse, they were *not* allowed to wear the uniform pants. He applied to a Federal soldier to purchase a pair of pants ostensibly to make a vest, but really to complete his suit. He succeeded in making this purchase, for the Yankee soldier was always ready to drive a sharp trade with "Johnnie Reb." Being now clothed cap-a-pie in Federal uniform, with a pair of army shoes on and a spade on his shoulder, he "fell in" behind a wagon loaded with the sweepings of the prison-streets and then approaching the eastern gate; he passed out unnoticed and unsuspected by the guards that stood on each side of the gate. This was about 3 o'clock P.M., August 4, 1864. Following the wagon a short distance, he left it and pursued a narrow, tortuous path along the lake-

shore until, thinking that no one noticed him, he deposited his spade in a clump of weeds. There were two Federal regiments on the Island, and, knowing that it would be impossible to conceal himself, he passed boldly among them. Captain Murphy had provided himself with a small rope for the purpose of making a small raft by binding two or three logs together. Having made the entire circuit of the Island, he arrived at night at an old fort, erected by Commodore Perry in the war of 1812, immediately in rear of the prison. He entered this old ruin, intending to remain until every thing was quiet, and then construct his raft and endeavor to reach the main-land. Just about dark, a strong south wind arose, which rendered it impracticable for him to cross on the frail raft that he could construct with his scanty means, and he was thus forced to remain in the old fort all night. At the first sound of the reveille, he arose from his hard bed and mingled with the soldiers; even washing his face side by side with them in the lake. In the meantime, his mind was busy in devising some new plan of escape from the Island, for it would be hazardous for him to stay there another day. When the regular packet, the "Little Eastern," arrived at the wharf at 10 o'clock A.M., he proceeded to the landing, not knowing what effort he would make. Just before reaching the wharf he fell in with a sergeant who was going over to the city (Sandusky) to spend the day, it being Sunday. Murphy told this sergeant that he wished to go over to the city, but had failed to get a pass. He proposed to the sergeant that if he would come around to the fence which inclosed the landing, after he had exhibited the pass at the little gate through which he had to go, and let him have it to pass through on, he would pay for refreshments when they arrived in the city. The sergeant agreed to do this; but when the pass was presented, it was found to contain some defect, and, consequently, was closely scrutinized. Captain Murphy, who saw and heard all that was said at the gate, knew that it would be useless to offer this pass again; so he had to devise some other plan. The boat will leave in a few minutes, and what he does he must do quickly.

A schooner had arrived the night before loaded with lumber. They were engaged, with several wagons, hauling the lumber away. The large gate was standing *wide* open, but closely guarded by two soldiers who stood one on each side. Captain Murphy, hoping that the same amount of moral courage that had carried him through the gate the previous evening might do so again, determined to make the venture.

He took off his blouse and threw it across his left arm; then, taking hold of the rear of a wagon that was just entering the gate, with head inclined he passed safely through, and in a few minutes was aboard the boat steaming for Sandusky. The boat being in the service of the government, there was no fare demanded, and in twenty minutes our hero was walking the streets of Sandusky without molestation.

And now Captain Murphy is out of prison, but in the enemy's country, hundreds of miles from the Confederate lines, without a cent of money, attired in the garb of a Federal soldier, and liable any moment to be arrested as a deserter. In addition to this, he was in very feeble health; but, with incomparable courage, he determined to try to make his escape out of the country. Consequently, on the afternoon of the same day, he set out on foot for Detroit, Michigan. Traveling mostly by night, and subsisting chiefly upon the charity of the Irish laborers along the Lake Shore Railroad, to whom he represented himself sometimes as a discharged soldier, sometimes as a soldier on furlough, and, finally, after having found means to exchange his soldier's clothes for a citizen's suit, as a wrecked sailor, after many days he arrived, weary and foot-sore, at Detroit. He now had great fear that he would be captured; for though he had made arrangements to have his name answered to at roll-call, yet the lapse of time had been so great that he feared he had been missed on the Island and a search instituted for him. He feared, also, that a *strict embargo was laid on all the shipping* by Uncle Sam, so that he could not pass. He must cross the river, too, and he had nothing to pay the fare on the ferry-boat. In devising a plan to cross, the small rope which he had procured for the purpose of making a raft brought some aid. Ascertaining the given name of the captain of the ferry-boat, he called to him familiarly as the boat was starting, and, when the captain had begun to take up the tickets, said, "I am going over to Windsor for my dog, and I will pay when I return." The captain, seeing his rope in hand, thought all was right and let him pass, and in a few minutes he was landed on the Canada side and was safe from arrest.

Arriving at Windsor, he found quite a number of Confederate soldiers, and many citizens of the United States who had left home for "principle." He also found an agent of the Confederate States, who at once supplied him with money and clothing. Captain Murphy was now in a condition to recuperate his health, which he needed very much. From Windsor he went to Toronto, where he met Lieutenant

Thompson, of the Confederate States, to whom he reported for duty; but this officer could do no more than supply him with additional means and instruct him to return to the Confederate States if he found opportunity.

He went thence to Niagara, thence to Montreal, thence down the St. Lawrence river and gulf, and around to Halifax, where, after some weeks' delay, he embarked, with several other Confederates, upon a blockade-runner bound for the port of Wilmington, N. C. The weather was fine at first, but soon changed, and they had five days of very heavy weather; so much so, that it sorely tried the courage of the passengers and crew. Arriving thirty miles off Wilmington, they waited till night before essaying to run through the blockading squadron. Starting as soon as it was dark, they safely passed the Yankee fleet; but, when within the bay and near the Confederate forts, they ran upon a sunken wreck and had to make a sudden turn, when the batteries on shore, thinking that it was an armed vessel taking position to deliver a broadside, opened all their guns upon her. At the same time, the blockading squadron, thinking they were the object of the attack, returned the fire vigorously. The seemingly devoted little vessel, seeing no chance to reach the landing under a fire both in front and rear, took advantage of the excitement, and, wheeling around, again ran the gauntlet of the Yankee fleet, and sought safety upon the deep sea. On the following night they endeavored to enter the port again, but, while running near the coast to evade the fleet, they stuck fast upon a sand-bar, where they labored till 3 o'clock in the morning before they got afloat. By this time the moon was up, and they could not think of making an effort to run in when there was so much light. So they put to sea again. By this time their coal was exhausted, and it became necessary to run down to Nassau for a supply. Remaining here several days, while their coal-bunkers were being filled, they again cleared for Wilmington. When they were near the port they were chased by a man-of-war, and would have been captured had not the friendly night put an end to the chase. During this chase, they lost their position, and the weather not being favorable for observing, they knew not which way to go. They found, upon sounding, that they could not be far from land, and during the forenoon they sighted the spires of a city which proved to be Georgetown, S. C. Approaching nearer to the shore, they descried a signal flag. Not being able to make out the signals, our hero, with some other Confederates,

took a life-boat, and, approaching, discovered nine men in *blue*, making the signals. Not wishing to take the risk of going on shore, they proposed to them that one of their number should swim to the boat, which he did. These nine men proved to be Yankee prisoners, escaped from Andersonville. Learning from these that if they went ashore they would be safely within the Confederate lines, Captain Murphy and his Confederate companions, being tired of the sea and of blockade-running, determined to go. Returning to the vessel for their baggage and to take leave of their friends on board, they landed, and, after a good, long walk to the railroad, they flagged the first train that passed and got aboard.

The rest of the story is soon told. The true-hearted soldier hastened to the front, only to meet his regiment returning from the disastrous campaign in Tennessee. He followed its standard until it was lowered in surrender at Greensboro, N. C., but gilded with the brightest effulgence that ever shone upon the Confederate arms—that which was reflected from its last battle-ground—the glorious, the *immortal* field of Bentonville, N. C.

E. W. HOLT,
Capt. of Co. A, Fifth Reg. Tenn. Infantry, C. S. A.

[From Judge Guild's Forthcoming Book, "Old Times in Tennessee."]

AN INCIDENT OF FORT MACKINAW.

How a "Rebel" Prisoner Saved an Indian's Life.

AN incident occurred at Mackinaw, while that post was used as a "Rebel" prison, which caused as much excitement as did the appearance in the town of Strasburg of the man with the big nose, so graphically described in "Gil Blas." I had the honor of being a guest of that place for several months during the "unpleasantness" of a few years ago, together with a number of gentlemen from Tennessee and other Southern States who had fallen under the ban of some military satrap. The crime of which we were guilty was that we sympathised with the people among whom we lived. In those days, if a southern man had political opinions of his own—in other words, if he dared to be a MAN—he not unfrequently found himself an inmate of some grim old fortress.

Mackinaw is an Indian name, and means the big turtle. The island was evidently thrown up by a volcanic eruption, with its mountain-crest high above the waters of the strait, while there is a beautiful beach along the southern base of the mountain, where the town is built. This section of country was discovered and settled by the French, the Jesuits being the pioneers. More than two centuries ago they built a strong fort upon the mountain's rocky side, which looks down some two hundred feet upon the beach washed by the limpid waters of the strait connecting Lake Michigan with Huron. Here we sojourned for some six months. The post was under the command of Captain Wormer, who was a gentleman and did honor to the uniform he wore. From him, as well as from his command, we received many acts of kindness, which I recall with pleasure and gratitude. The fort had not been garrisoned since the war of 1812, and needed repairs, and, until this could be done, we were placed at a tavern called the Missionary House, kept by a clever gentleman named Frank, who had two pretty, accomplished daughters, who contributed no little to relieve the tedium of prison life. Captain Wormer permitted his prisoners to take a walk of two hours each day on the beach, attended by a guard of two armed soldiers, for exercise and to enjoy the sights to be met with in such a stroll. One day I sauntered up the beach to the court-house, about four hundred yards distant from the tavern, where the Circuit Court was in session. I discovered that the court-yard and the court-room was crowded with a mixture of Indians, half-breeds and whites, all manifesting great interest in a trial then proceeding in court. A young Indian about twenty-one years of age was being tried for the murder of another Indian. Most of the witnesses were Indians, who were present and saw the rencounter between the prisoner and the deceased. Interpreters were sworn, who translated the questions into the Indian dialect and the answers into English. The jury was composed of whites, Indians, and half-breeds. I became interested in the case as it progressed, and learned that the prisoner and the deceased had been rival suitors for the hand and heart of one of the Pocahontases of the tribe, and that the prize had been won by the prisoner, upon whom the Indian maiden smiled graciously. The defeat of the other swain greatly chagrined him, and he became surly and morose, a fact which was well known to the tribe. These Indians lived upon a distant island, and from that point they brought various commodities to Mackinaw to sell. They came in their birch canoes, a fleet of

twenty to thirty at a time, following a leader in single file, as is the habit of the Indians on the trail. They bring with them their birch house, and as soon as they arrive on the beach the house is put up, which requires but a few minutes. Here all connected with the fleet sleep and abide until they depart on their return voyage, which generally occurs within two or three days. One keeps house and cooks, two go about the town to dispose of what they have to sell, while the remainder get drunk, quarrel, fight, and "turn up Jack generally." Two fleets of canoes arrived about the same time, and each brought one of the young Indians who had been suitors of the dusky maiden. Once on the beach, the deceased discovered his rival; his jealousy was aroused to a pitch of frenzy, and he flourished his tomahawk over his head in a menacing manner, accompanied by the war-whoop, which the other understood, as it was intended, as a challenge to mortal combat, and he, too, flourished his tomahawk and sounded the war-whoop, in token of his readiness to give battle. The deceased glared furiously upon his rival, and then, with a wild whoop, made a rush at him. They grappled with savage ferocity and fought with the desperation of tigers, inflicting terrible wounds upon each other. It was a death-struggle, and so impressed the bystanders. Finally, the accepted lover sent his tomahawk crashing through the skull of his antagonist, deep into the brain. That was "the last of earth" with him. He reeled for a moment, then, raising himself to his full height, fell backwards, and his spirit took its departure for "the happy hunting grounds." For this the prisoner was arrested, and was now upon his trial for murder. I soon discovered that the attorney for the defendant did not see the nice distinction necessary to make this a case of self-defense; at least he was not endeavoring to establish that point by the testimony. I told him that I was an old criminal lawyer, and suggested that he direct his examination of the witnesses so as to avoid the effect of a mutual combat, and place the act of his client upon the ground of self-defense, a law or principle which may always be acted upon when one's life is imperiled. He did not seem to fully comprehend the point I desired him to establish by the proof, and asked me to examine the witnesses, and get the case fully before the jury in my own way. By permission of the court I examined the witnesses, and made out a pretty clear case of self-defense. After the proof had all been heard, the Attorney-General presented the case to the jury, bringing out as strongly as possible his point that it was a mutual combat, with some show of prob-

ability, and that, in taking the life of the deceased, the prisoner was guilty of murder. I apprised the court that I was a stranger here, that I had been requested to close the argument for the prisoner, and that, with the permission of the court, I would do so. This permission was courteously granted. I will not attempt to give a synopsis of my speech, but will simply state a point or two I made. I laid down the proposition of the common law, which is observed and acted upon in every civilized government in the world, that God, who gave life, accompanied the gift with the right, under all circumstances, of defending and preserving it, even to the taking of the life of another. This was a great natural law, stamped upon the heart of every man, that no court, no jury, no law could take away. This natural right is recognised by the law of the land. If a man's life be put in peril by another, or if he shall believe, upon reasonable grounds, that it is so endangered, he has a right to slay the person whom he thus suspects of seeking his own life, notwithstanding it might afterwards turn out that his life was not so imperiled. This great doctrine was laid down by Judge Catron, of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, fifty years ago, and it has been recognised and charged by every Judge in that State ever since, and by the Judges in all the States of the Union. I said, I do not controvert the doctrine laid down by the Attorney-General, that in voluntary, mutual combats, if one party slay the other, the slayer is guilty of murder. When the Attorney-General brings such a case before the jury upon reliable proof, his doctrine will hold good, but it certainly will not apply to the present case. I asked, What is the case made out by the proof against the prisoner? He won the prize and possessed it, and, of course, had no cause for malice or revenge against the deceased. On the contrary, it was shown that the deceased felt sorely aggrieved toward the prisoner. The one he loved dearly had been won and carried off by his rival; his hopes were blasted, and he gave himself up to despair, scowling upon the prisoner wherever he met him; he "nursed his wrath to keep it warm," until the rivals met on the beach on that fatal day, when every passion of his nature was kindled to a frenzy, and in the desperation that controlled him, sought the life of the prisoner, by making a deadly assault upon him. The prisoner reasonably concluded that his life was not only imperiled, but was about to be taken, and he was justified in defending that life by every means within his power, even to the taking of the life of his antagonist. It had been urged that the prisoner should have run

to the wall before he could have been justified in taking life in defense of his own. This, I maintained, was not the law, and no court, properly appreciating the law and the rights of man under it, would so hold. I also maintained that if a man is assailed in such manner as to endanger his life, he may stand and slay in its defense; and, in fact, the assault may be so fierce—as it was in the case before the court—as to justify him in pursuing and slaying his assailant. These were some of the points I made, and enforced them by the law and the testimony, occupying about one hour and a half in my argument. I have a pair of good lungs, and I spoke so as to be heard at a considerable distance along the beach. I attracted the whole town; merchants, clerks, and citizens of every calling and of no calling, came in haste to the court-house to see what all this noise was about; they had never heard the like before. When I concluded and sat down, I was greeted with vociferous applause. The Judge charged the law as I had laid it down in my argument. The jury were out about ten minutes, when they returned with a verdict of not guilty, and the prisoner was discharged.

I then hurried out of the court-house with my guard, to return to my quarters, for I had then been out the full extent of the time allowed me. When I stepped into the court-yard, the Indians and half-breeds, friends of the Indian I had defended, seized me, raised me to their shoulders, and carried me up and down the beach in a hilarious manner, and with every demonstration of gratitude. I tried to disengage myself, in order to hurry to my quarters, fearing the consequences of such an unseemly exhibition. It was reported to Captain Wormer that there was a row down town, in which some Indians and half-breeds were engaged with one of his prisoners, and he sent a dozen soldiers down with fixed bayonets, who dispersed the crowd and took me to my quarters. Captain Wormer reprimanded me severely for practicing law, as he termed it, and raising a mob in the streets; thus abusing the privileges he had granted me. I told him I had not intentionally violated any privilege, and reminded him that I had given my parole of honor that I would not make my escape, nor do anything detrimental to the United States, and that I had faithfully kept that pledge. I explained to him that I had found a human being on trial for his life; that, according to the law and the testimony, he should be acquitted, and that I had simply contributed my mite to save his life, as I regarded it my duty to do under the circumstances.

I expressed the hope that he would take the proper view of the matter, and not withdraw the privileges he had granted me. He dismissed me, saying that he would consider the matter. That was the last of it. I was always treated by the Captain and his family in the kindest manner, for which I felt as grateful to them as did the Indian to me for saving his life.

ON THE PICKET-LINE.

MOST trying contests often took place on the picket-lines, and this kind of service was, at times, not only disagreeable, but very dangerous. One of these affairs in front of Polk's Brigade, on the Kennesaw line in Georgia, will, I dare say, never be forgotten by those participating in it. On taking up a new line, it was generally the first care to establish strong picket works, but on this occasion it was neglected in favor of strengthening the main line. The right wing of Johnston's Army lay on the Kennesaw, and the left extended southward through a broken upland mostly covered with timber, with an occasional small farm. The first picket works of the Second Tennessee Regiment were only one hundred yards in front of the main line, and lay along the edge of a woods fronting an open field of several hundred yards in width. These works consisted merely of a double layer of fence rails, locked at front like a V, against trees at regular intervals. Two hundred yards in front of this was a low ridge, with a deep, bushy ravine at its farther side, which sloped rapidly to its base. For several days this had been occupied by the enemy's videttes, who occasionally got in a good shot on some unlucky Reb at the breastworks, and it was determined to dislodge them and fortify the place. Accordingly, at midnight, a detachment from the several regiments fronting here carried it at a dash, and by morning had made a good line of picket-holes. At the earliest dawn, a detail from the Second Tennessee Regiment was thrown forward under the writer to relieve its working party and occupy the place, canteens being filled with water before starting for the day's supply. The enemy were on the alert, even at this early hour, and seriously wounded Wm. Strother, of Company I, before he reached the line. A similar movement had been made by Cheatham's skirmishers on the left, and successfully carried out.

The immediate front of the Second Tennessee skirmishers was an

open field three hundred yards in depth, flanked on either side by a thick growth of timber. A house stood on the farther side, and from this and other points a lively fire was kept up for several hours. About 10 A.M., a glistening of guns in the woods beyond showed that some movement was afoot, and in a brief time a line of skirmishers, followed, at short interval, by another, advanced into the field and attempted to cross, at a double-quick, to the ravine at the foot of the hill. Only a few of these succeeded directly, the rest being driven back by our fire or forced to seek shelter in the woods on either side. The line coming through the woods reached the ravine with little opposition, and distributed itself so quietly along our front that its presence was not suspected for some time. Sharp-shooting was now the order of the day, as both sides fought from cover, and an animated practice of "cross-lifting" treed Yankees was indulged by the Second Tennesseeans to their evident advantage and delight. Such contests have a good deal of personality about them, and men often sacrificed themselves in their eagerness to get a good shot. However, there were, fortunately, no casualties on our side at this stage. Cheatham's men on the left did little firing, having orders from the officer in command to save their ammunition—a piece of worldly wisdom that was not appreciated at that extremity, when the enemy was under our noses in heavy force. The firing had been so constant for hours, that this part of the line at length found itself nearly out of cartridges. A man was dispatched to the rear for a supply, which came promptly to hand, but not a whit too soon. The force ensconced in the ravine dared not make a farther advance, but, in the meantime, several individuals had crawled up to within a few feet of the left pit. Sergeant Clay Haynes, of Company K, happening to discover one of these, leaned over the works and shot him as he lay; at the same time another was crouched behind a tree at the corner of the bracket, but, seeing the fate of his adventurous comrade, he leaped to his feet and made lightning speed down the steep hill-side. As it happened, all of the guns were empty at this time, and he escaped amid the cries of "shoot that d—n Yankee," which quickened his gait to a fearful speed. He straddled young saplings as if they were no hindrances.

About noon a gleam of guns across the field, and a movement of horsemen to and fro, showed that a line of infantry was in motion.

The skirmishers were now warned to turn all their attention to the line of battle as soon as it appeared in full view, which it did in a few

minutes later, and caught such a sharp volley that it quickly receded from sight into the woods beyond. At the first appearance of this force, the right wing of the skirmishers, supposing that it was not intended to make a stand against a line of battle, proceeded to quit their posts, but was quickly rallied and returned to their places. A man was now dispatched to the rear with a statement of the situation and a request for reinforcements, which was responded to at once by Colonel Robison, of the Second, and Colonel ———, of the One Hundred and Fifty-fourth Tennessee Regiments. But the lines of battle, advancing through the woods on the left, met with little opposition, and closed in rapidly on our slender force, with loud cheers. The Second Tennessee skirmishers were now ordered to quit their works and fall back on the reserve line, which they did without the loss of a man.

Cheatham's skirmishers were less fortunate; being held to their places they were quickly overpowered, and nearly the entire line was killed or captured. The reinforcements were met at the reserve works, and all were quickly formed by Colonel Robison to recover the lost position, as he supposed that it had been abandoned too hastily, but the display of a number of Federal flags along the front, convinced him that he had done the defenders injustice, and both detachments were ordered behind the rail piles. The enemy began to fortify at once, under fire, and in an astonishing short time were under cover of earth works. In this interval they hadn't fired a shot, while on the Confederate side no attempt had been made to strengthen their position—a piece of negligence which cost them dearly before night came on and put an end to the unequal contest. In less than an hour our antagonists had finished their works, and then they opened fire from a full line on our frail defense, which was kept up without intermission for at least four long hours. They must have been greatly damaged by our rifles during the day, or they would have hardly expended so much ammunition against a skirmish line which soon ceased to respond in a great measure, and lay flat on the ground for safety; at least such was the conclusion reached by the councils of war held *couchant* behind the rail piles, and their only consolation, during the long siege of waiting for night to come. It seemed that the sun would never set, but hung like a huge orb of blood in the heavens, magnified by the smoke of battle, waiting the bidding of some modern Joshua, who had commanded it to stand still on Kennesaw. Still the pelting of bullets went on, and splinters flew from the rails every vol-

ley; spent balls dropped continually among the men, and occasionally one would crash through a weak point, followed by a cry of pain, announcing that some poor fellow had been hurt. Private ——, of the One Hundred and Fifty-fourth, was the liveliest and most careless of the party, but a bullet zig-zagged between the rails and sank with an audible thud into his brain; after a brief spasm of contracting muscles, he was still forever, and a mute look of inquiry into each other's eyes, seems to ask the survivors, "Who will be next?" Gun barrels exposed above the rails were struck and stocks splintered. A spring detached by a passing bullet was driven through the writer's hat and into the scalp, where it stuck like a nail. After this, his head felt as large as a flour barrel, and too bulky to keep out of the way of hostile bullets. The weather was distressingly hot, and the men had been without fresh water since daylight. At last friendly, benignant night threw her mantle over the scene, and bade peace between the combatants. Relief guards came from the breastworks, and the battle-whanged skirmishers slipped away to the rear as men from a long imprisonment. Eight (8) out of eleven (11) in the left post, which was more exposed than the rest, had been killed and wounded.

EARLY WESTERN HISTORY.

GRAVES OF REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS.

IT is quite probable that the soil of Tennessee contains the bones of as many Revolutionary soldiers as any of the mother States in the South. After the war was over, thousands of them flocked to this State, to locate lands on warrants issued for military services. Most of these remained, some to die from Indian bullets and tomahawks, and the rest as peaceful tillers of the soil, which in course of time received into its bosom a new accession of sacred dust. Some of these bones, mayhap, the plowshare has already upturned, while of many neither stone nor inscription marks the site of their last resting-place.

General Rutherford, for whom one of our fine counties was named, is buried in Sumner co., Tenn., but the particular place is unknown to the writer. He was a man of splendid traits of character, but very plain and unassuming in dress and manner. On public occasions he appeared in the simplest homespun, and the young wondered what old fellow that was to whom the elders paid such marked respect and greeted with such warmth and cordiality. At the battle of Camden he was taken prisoner, while desperately fighting to retrieve the fortunes of the day. On this occasion his life was saved by a thick, tight-fitting wool hat, which broke the force of Tarleton's sabres. His head bled freely from a number of wounds, while his weather-beaten tile was ruined forever by the showers of savage cuts it had received.

The writer can trace up the names of over twenty of these old soldiers who are buried in Lincoln co., Tenn. One of these, Captain John Morgan, commanded a company from North Carolina, and is buried at Mulberry. His widow survived him until 1851, and persistently refused a pension from the Government, saying "that it was nothing but a patriotic duty for men to fight the British and the Indians, and they should n't be paid a cent for it." She was an ardent Whig in politics, and to the day of her death persisted in calling Democrats "Tories." She was a sister of Governor Hall, of Tennessee,

and five of her family—a father, two brothers, a sister and niece—went down in the storm of savage fury which swept over the infant settlements on the Cumberland. Her hate of Indians was so strong that when the Cherokees passed her home, on their way west of the Mississippi, she shut herself in the room and refused to appear as long as there was one in the vicinity.

Captain Andrew Caruthers, the maternal, and Captain William Robinson, the paternal grandfather of Colonel William B. Robinson, of this county, are buried on the farm of the latter, at Coldwater. Captain Caruthers commanded a company in Sevier's Regiment at King's Mountain, and during the fight lost one of his low-quarted shoes, which gents of that day wore, even in the backwoods settlements on the Wautauga. The writer has been honored, by his grandson, with the gift of the sword he wielded on this eventful day, which, according to Jefferson, was the turning point in the Revolution. It is needless to say that he values, as a priceless treasure, this old blade, which idealizes to him the grandest and most important epoch in the world's political history. A great empire, already playing a prominent part in the affairs of this globe, and destined to continue to do so for ages to come, was firmly established by the events of this day; and King's Mountain will be an eternal monument to the men who conquered on its summit—victors over kings' crowns and prerogatives, and stern vindicators of the God-given right of self-government.

In the troubles between Sevier and Tipton, Captain Caruthers sided with the latter against his old commander, and was in the battle which took place between the two factions at Tipton's house. He died at his grandson's in 1828.

Captain William Robinson began his rebellious career as a Regulator, and was in the defeat at Alamance, which necessitated his exile from the backwoods of Carolina, and his final settlement, with many other compatriots, at the infant colony on the Wautauga. He commanded a company in Sevier's Regiment at King's Mountain, and, on this occasion, probably tasted the sweetest revenge of his life. The bitter memories of Alamance were effaced in the presence of the most important victory ever won by the American armies. The Regulator of Alamance had "*exchanged the odium of the outlaw for the glory of the patriot.*"

The ancestors of Captain Robinson were Scotish Covenanters, and his grandson still has a Bible printed in 1632, which has been in the

family for more than two hundred and forty years. It is still in a good state of preservation, in spite of the wars through which it has passed. In Scotland its hiding-place was under the bottom of a chair or stool, which was turned upside down when the family were engaged in reading, and quickly reversed on the slightest alarm. It crossed the Atlantic with the family, and passed through the trying scenes of the Regulation, the Revolution, the Indian wars in Tennessee, and finally through the late great struggle between the States. Its existence as a book bridges over and connects some of the grandest events in modern times, and its historic associations furnish abundant scope for the musings of the moralist and the philosopher. It recalls the Charleses, Cromwell, and the Stuarts. In the most particular manner it brings to mind its *persecutor*, *Claverhouse*—a name despised by Scotchmen all over the globe, even to this generation—and its *defender*, Argyle. One hundred years older than George Washington, it came to America, and has now survived wars and changes, and many generations of its keepers.

This family has "The Articles of Confession of the Church of Scotland," published by Benjamin Franklin, at Philadelphia, in 1745: also a chest of obsolete manufacture, which has been in its possession for many generations. It, too, has a story. During the Revolution, a British officer entered the house of Mrs. Robinson, and, observing a number of fresh corn-cobs in the fire-place, demanded some corn. On being refused, he started towards the chest, where she had hid the corn a few minutes before his arrival, and threatened to break it open. Quick as thought she seized a heavy iron fire-shovel, and brandishing it over his head, dared him to make the attempt. He saw fight in her eye if he persisted, and ruffian as he was, he concluded it was safest to let her alone, which he did, and left the house.

In the May number of the ANNALS we urged that the State of Tennessee should have the names of her pioneers, who were killed in battle with the Indians, inscribed upon the interior walls of the Capitol, for preservation and as a matter of useful record. We would extend the plea, and make the list include the names of all who were associated in any honorable capacity with the events of our State history. By this means this building would become monumental in character, and link the past with the present in a way easily understood by all, and full of meaning to future generations.

SKETCHES OF EDMOND JENNINGS.

CAPTAIN EDMOND JENNINGS was born in Bedford co., Va., in the year 1756. His father, Jonathan Jennings, was a fellow-traveler with Colonel Donelson in his wonderful voyage down the Tennessee river in 1780. The adventures of the Jennings family in passing the site of Chattanooga, are thus narrated in Colonel Donelson's "journal," in Dr. Ramsey's "Annals":

"March 8th. * * * We have now passed through the 'whirl.' The river widens with a placid and gentle current; and all the company appear to be in safety, except the family of Jonathan Jennings, whose boat ran on a large rock projecting from the northern shore, and immediately at the 'whirl,' where we were compelled to leave them, perhaps to be slaughtered by their merciless enemies. * * * *

"March 9th.—This morning, about 4 o'clock, we were surprised by the cries of 'help poor Jennings,' at some distance in the rear. He had discovered us by our fires, and came up in the most wretched condition. He states that as soon as the Indians discovered his situation, they turned their whole attention to him, and kept up a most galling fire at his boat. He ordered his wife, a son nearly grown, a young man who accompanied them, and his negro man and woman, to throw all his goods into the river, to lighten their boat for the purpose of getting her off, himself returning their fire as well as he could, being a good soldier and an expert marksman. But before they accomplished their object, his son, the young man and the negro, jumped out of the boat and left them. He thinks the young man and the negro were wounded before they left the boat. Mrs. Jennings and the negro woman succeeded in unloading the boat, but chiefly by the exertions of Mrs. Jennings, who got out of the boat and shoved her off, but was near falling a victim to her own intrepidity, on account of the boat starting so suddenly as soon as loosened from the rock. Upon examination, he appears to have made a wonderful escape, for his boat is pierced in numberless places with bullets. It is to be remarked that Mrs. Peyton (his daughter), who was the night before delivered of an infant, which was unfortunately killed in the hurry and confusion consequent on such a disaster, assisted them, being frequently exposed then and afterwards to wet and cold, and her health appears to be good at this time, and I think and hope she will do well. Their clothes were much cut with bullets, especially Mrs. Jennings'."

Coming of such parentage, it will not be surprising to learn that Edmond, at the age of eighteen, made his way through the wilderness on the track of General Lewis' forces, and reached the bloody battle-field of Kanawha, or Point Pleasant, just as it was won by the whites.

He afterward sought the adventurous field of Kentucky, and participated fully in the dangers which shadowed the pathway of her early settlers. He was in the Blue Licks Defeat, and was chased for a long distance by a party of Indians, which he kept at bay by holding his fire. He and a companion, at their last loading, were so closely pressed that they threw away their ramrods, having given up all hope of escape, but were resolved to make their last shots count. They were so exhausted, by their long run, that their gait was reduced to a walk; but, by halting frequently and turning defiantly on their pursuers when they came too close, they finally baffled them and reached a place of safety.

He was in General Roger Clark's expeditions against the Indians in 1782, which, on its return, disbanded on the site of the present city of Cincinnati. At the breaking up, Captain McCracken, then lying mortally wounded, proposed that the survivors should meet on that spot fifty years from that date. When the appointed time approached, the agreement was remembered, and Cincinnati, now become a flourishing city, caused it to be published, far and wide, that she would give the survivors who would appear on that occasion the generous welcome of a grateful heart.

Captain Jennings, after the wars were over, had drifted westward with the game, and was at that time keeping a ferry on a small river in Arkansas. A traveler, who was crossing on his boat, on learning something of his history, told of the coming festival at Cincinnati in honor of the survivors of General Clark's expedition, and suggested that he might be one of them. The aged warrior instantly exclaimed that he was, and announced his intention to attend the meeting. He soon after sold out his ferry, and, mounting an Indian pony, in due time reached his destination. But fifty years had made sad ravages in the ranks of these soldiers, and, owing to the fact that the cholera was in the city at the time, only three of the survivors, according to the Captain's statement, met to greet each other again and receive the plaudits and welcome of their grateful countrymen. Sad to relate, one of these had served a term in the penitentiary.

After this event, the old man spent some time among his old friends

in Kentucky; but, taking umbrage at some imagined insult, he left and came to Sumner co., Tenn., where he received a hearty welcome from Major Blackmore, General Hall, Captain Rogan, and others. Here he spent the remnant of his days, dying in Smith county in 1848, at the age of ninety-two years. Captain Rogan, who honored him for his genuine worth, and humored, in every way, his prejudices and peculiarities, describes him as a character. He was powerfully built, and, at this time, rather stoop-shouldered, with very long arms; his chin and nose nearly met, and his small gray eyes could look as vicious as ever when his feelings were aroused.

The old man's visit to civilization served to excite only sad memories and wake reproachful comparisons with the men who laid the foundations of all this fair prospect of wealth, peace and ease. He stigmatized present manners as proud and stuck-up, and would often quit the house at which he might be staying in strongly expressed disgust at the least exhibition of formality, or even the appearance of finely dressed company. His temper had always been morose and erascible, and sometimes vindictive.

On the disbandment in Kentucky of an expedition against the Indians, the men separated in squads to their own settlements. Jennings was in one of these, and, on the night before separation, a young man practiced a joke on him which excited the mirth of the company. He became very wroth in consequence, and made battle at once, but this was stopped by the interference of friends. The next day the young man dropped out at his road to go home. Soon after Jennings was missing, and it was conjectured at once that he was bent on mischief. A party went rapidly in pursuit, and reached the scene just in time to prevent a bloody affray.

I remember hearing my grandfather tell a characteristic anecdote of Jennings. Major Haywood, on a trip up Duck river in canoes, stood in the bow of a boat and endeavored, by taking bearings, to get a map of the stream. Jennings had the paddle at theo ther end, and occasionally his head interfered with the Major's observations. At length Haywood grew petulant, and made some uncomplimentary allusion to his personal appearance, which was by no means prepossessing. Jennings instantly caught up his rifle, and his antagonist did the same. Neither could shoot, on account of their intervening comrades, but they raved, cursed and bullied each other like two savage bull-dogs held at bay, nose to nose. Their anger spent itself in words, and at the proper time mutual explanations set the matter at rest.

THE SOLDIERS' WAR-BAG.

A Short Furlough.—While the Twenty-fifth Tennessee Infantry was encamped near Wartrace, in the spring of 1863, a farmer from a neighboring county came in with a large goods box filled with "pies an' things." During his stay, he was approached by a soldier whom he had known in civil life, who wanted to make use of his empty box as a means of escape from camp, and pay a short visit home. The old man, not being sure of his duties in the premises, made no promise, but privately referred the matter to Colonel Hughes, who told him he had no power to grant a furlough to the applicant, but if he could get out of camp in the empty box, it would be all right. He charged the old man, however, not to let his friend know that he was cognizant of his attempt to escape. This was done accordingly, and as the wagon, with its unsuspicious looking load, reached Duck river the next morning, it was met amid stream by several mounted guards, who accused the owner of trafficking in whisky to the soldiers. This he stoutly denied; but they told him they must make search, which they proceeded at once to do. Mounting the wagon at a given signal, they hoisted the box overboard into the river. As it began to sink, a struggle was heard going on within, and an upheaval of the top disclosed the frightened face of the would-be truant. General Bushrod Johnson and more than half of his brigade lined the bank to witness the *denoument*, and the shouts of laughter and derision were, for a while, perfectly bewildering to the poor fellow, who stood up to his waist in water, not knowing which way to go or what to do. His punishment, though mortifying in the extreme, proved salutary in the end, for he made a good soldier, and served out his time without once asking for a furlough or privilege of any kind.

"Loved to Hear 'em Pop."—As Sherman's advance entered Kingston, Ga., a number of the inhabitants hastily abandoned their homes and made their way toward the Confederate rear guard, which was posted a half mile off on a hill. The scene, at this time, was well calculated to excite terror among the defenseless inhabitants and indignation among the Southern soldiers who were spectators. The screams of the women and children, the bursting in of doors and pillage of houses, and the savage shouts of the invaders, could have been heard for a mile. The skirmishing had become warm, and an artillery duel was in active progress, as some of the fugitives hastened up the hill through the line. Among these, were an old man, his old wife, and a grown-up daughter, on foot. The old gentleman seemed to be in an agony of distress and fear, as shells screamed and minnie bullets whistled back and forth over and around him, as well he might be; while the young lady shrank to the ground with a cry of terror at the successive discharges of the artillery. But not so with the old lady: with a bundle on her

back and a defiant step she marched up the hill as bravely as Julius Cesar, without flinching or shrinking once. As she passed through the lines, one of the boys asked her if she was not afraid of the shells. "No," she exclaimed, indignantly, and with a contemptuous toss of the head, "I love to hear them things pop!"

Rough Surgery.—At the first Battle of Manassas, Bate's Second Tennessee regiment held the extreme right of Beauregard's line until one o'clock P.M., when it was ordered, at a double quick, to the scene of conflict on the left. The rear of the column, in order to keep up, had to take advantage of all short cuts. In one of these movements, Billy Martin, of Company K, fell from the top of a fence into a ditch and dislocated his knee. At his urgent request, he was placed in an ambulance and carried on. The column, in passing a certain point, was exposed to the fire of a Federal battery, which exploded a shell in front of the ambulance, the horses of which took fright, and, by a sudden sheer, turned it over. Martin was pitched violently to the ground, but, to his surprise and joy, the dislocation was reduced by the fall, and gave him no further trouble of consequence.

Sabre Against Pistol.—On the Sherman march to the sea, there were almost daily conflicts between Wheeler's and Kilpatrick's scouting parties. In one of these, Tom Brown, a mere youth, belonging to Hays' Tennessee Battalion, Dibbrell's Brigade, came face to face with a big fellow who was riding a small mule. "Surrender, you d—n rebel!" exclaimed the confident Yank, with his sabre raised over the little fellow's head. "Go to h—l!" returned the youthful rebel, with his pistol presented. Sabre descended and the trigger pulled at the same instant. The Federal sank to the ground, shot through the chest, and the rebel received a cut on the head which made him see stars and bleed freely, but proved trifling in the end.

Gunboat on the Mountain.—Dr. Cowan puts this in the War-Bag: As Forrest's wagon-train was crossing Cumberland mountain on one occasion, a number of the natives collected at a house on the road-side, brought together by some species of telegraphy known only to themselves. They gazed in silence until the blacksmith's forge appeared in the rear, when an old lady's curiosity got the better of her, and she inquired of Major Rombaut, who happened to be passing at that instant, "What sort of a thing is that, mister?" "That is a gunboat, madam," gravely replied the Major. "Lor, me," she says, "I never thought I'd a lived to see a gunboat on this mountain!" Several of the bystanders indorsed her opinion by a similar admission.

A Youthful Bummer.—A party of General Dibbrell's scouts came upon some of Sherman's "bummers" at a mill in Georgia, who, fearing the consequences of their guilt, endeavored to escape across a rapid, swollen stream, when eight or ten of their number were drowned and the rest were captured. Among the latter was a youth of fifteen, whose haversack was filled with silver-ware he had taken from the neighboring houses. He cried piteously at his anticipated fate, saying that he had enlisted as a substitute for forty acres of land, in order to get a home for his parents, who were very poor. Whether his tale was true or not, it excited the sympathy of his captors, and he received no injury from them.

EDITORIAL.

WE again urge upon the friends of our history the importance of sustaining the ANNALS in such a substantial way that its success will be established beyond peradventure. This publication has already taken high rank with readers North and South, and its value recognised as a historical medium through which to collect and promulgate the record of Confederate achievement. Four numbers have now been submitted to the ordeal of public criticism, and the verdict has been uniformly one of approval and praise. We hope every reader will take it upon himself to secure new subscribers, and thus help along the important work. We have furnished a number of specimen copies to persons promising to subscribe, and from such we ask a prompt remittance of the price of subscription. We are not able to do a credit business, having to pay cash for printing, &c. If this request is not attended to in a reasonable time, we will be compelled to drop such names from our list.

AT the suggestion of Colonel John P. Nicholson, of Philadelphia, Penn., we have decided to make Volume I. of the ANNALS end with the December number of this year. Volume II. will begin with January, 1879, and by this arrangement the series will become uniform with the years. No. I. Vol. I. will be reprinted, on account of its mutilation by excessive trimming, and will be supplied to all who will make application. We hope that both of these arrangements will be satisfactory to subscribers.

TERMS.—In localities where we have no special contract with Agents, we will furnish an extra copy of the ANNALS one year, gratis, to any one who will get up a club of ten. Where persons will form a club of more than ten, we will allow them a copy at $1.50 per annum. The name, post-office, county and State must be written plainly. Payment must accompany each list. *Single copies, Two Dollars per annum.* Address Dr. E. L. Drake, Editor, Fayetteville, Tenn., or A. D. Haynes, Publisher, Nashville, Tenn.

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THE

ANNALS OF ARMY OF TENNESSEE

EARLY WESTERN HISTORY.

VOL. I. } NASHVILLE, TENN., AUGUST, 1878. { No. 5.

NOTES OF GENERAL E. KIRBY SMITH'S KENTUCKY CAMPAIGN.

The Turning of Cumberland Gap.

BY the middle of August, 1862, the Federal forces in East Tennessee, under Brigadier-General G. W. Morgan, had been pushed back into their fortifications at Cumberland Gap, by the divisions of Generals Stephenson and Heth, after a sharp fight at Tazewell. The place was impregnable to an assault, and it became necessary to turn it. Five brigades of infantry were selected for this work, and assembled in the neighborhood of Wilson's Gap, a mere depression in the chain to the west, through which ran a narrow, difficult road, hardly practicable for any but the lightest vehicle, owing to its acclivity. The troops composing this column of invasion consisted of the brigades of Cleburne, Preston Smith, Ector, Churchill and Reynolds; several batteries (Douglass', from Texas, being the only one remembered by name); and Starnes' and Scott's battalions of cavalry, with two mountain howitzers. The vicinity of this gap was reached by noon on August ——, and a brigade thrown out on the road toward Cumberland Gap to cover the design, while the rest halted and cooked rations, waiting for night to hide the contemplated movement. The way was ascertained to be clear, the Federal commander having made no disposition to defend or obstruct it. In fact, the Federal authorities seemed to have made no provision whatever against a possible invasion from this quarter, all eyes being centered on the armies of Buell and Bragg. As the shades of evening began to darken the

eastern slope of the mountain, the brigades of Cleburne, Preston Smith, Ector and Churchill filed to the left on a dim road leading into the dark forest which stretched unbroken from base to summit, while Reynolds marched as convoy to the artillery and the wagon-train, seeking a more practicable route through Big Creek Gap some distance to the westward. An ambulance to each regiment and two pieces of horse artillery went with the main column. The road was winding, narrow and steep; not particularly rugged, though a quantity of loose stones abounded in the way, and rolled annoyingly under the feet of horsemen and footmen. These stones were partly provocative of a wild, but ludicrous, stampede, so liable to overtake troops marching at night, and especially in the enemy's country. The head of the column had reached high up on the mountain-side, when, at a steep and difficult part of the road, an ambulance stalled and backed into the head of a regiment which happened to be well closed up. These men gave back rather hastily upon those below, with a loud shuffling of feet among the loose stones, and, like a flash, the movement propagated itself throughout the entire length of the column. An avalanche, thundering down the Alps, could not have produced a greater tumult than that caused by this backward movement, which first gave out a rumbling in the distance, and the next instant a torrent of mingled sounds, bearing fast and furious down the dark mountain-side. Men fell over each other, and were trampled under foot, but it was the horsemen who raised a din like bedlam turned loose. The brutes partook of the fright like the men, and one of them carried his rider a headlong race as far as the foot of the mountain. The roar was appalling, and, coming without prelude or announcement, men's reasons took flight and their legs followed suit, as the readiest way out of the difficulty. That some dreadful disaster had overtaken the head of the column, was accepted and acted upon as soon as the sound of the tumult above could convey itself to those in the rear, and the acoustic properties of the place and season fearfully intensified the effect. Order was at length restored, and the march resumed, to be interrupted a few minutes later by a similar panic on a reduced scale, but bayonets were fixed in parts of the line, and these held the rout at bay. Quiet was quickly restored this time, and in a few minutes not a man could be found who had been in the least alarmed. The affair was full of ridiculous incidents, which were the subject of jocular allusion for the rest of the night and for many a day after. In truth,

a field officer, whose horse ran away with him, was accused of throwing very little weight on the bit.

The rear of the column mounted the summit at sunrise, and, casting a backward glance at the splendid panorama of the valley and Waldron's ridge in the distance, glided on without halting, the tail of the huge serpent, whose head was far down the mountain-side, stealing its way into Kentucky. The objective point was Barboursville, Ky., and this was reached in several days, the small Federal force in possession giving it up almost without a struggle to the cavalry, leaving behind a small quantity of much-needed stores. This body retreated back toward Cumberland Gap, and was thus fortunately inclosed; otherwise, it might have spread the alarm to Louisville and Cincinnati, and opened the eyes of the other side to the threatened danger, that a week or so later became a reality of disaster and hasty retreat to the Ohio river. The column of infantry, dropping from the clouds, passed through the place without halting, and, filing to the right in pursuit, sealed, in an hour's march, this outlet of the Federal commander's escape from the Gap, leaving him a way only along the mountain range where wagons and artillery could pass only with the greatest difficulty and delay. An inspection of a map without an appended statement would convey to the reader very little idea of the difficulties of this march or the importance of its results. It was an exceedingly bold movement, dependent for its success upon rapidity of execution and effect upon the mind of General Morgan, the commander of the Federal forces in this region. He might decide to leave a small garrison at the Gap, which he could safely do, and march with the rest of his force against the isolated flanking column, and, if fortune should favor him, the Confederate plan of invasion from this quarter was practically at end; or he might elect to stand a siege, and this would have given him the winning card in this game of hazards, provided he had two months' supply of food, for the place could have defied the whole of Bragg's army. In one event, General Smith would have been compelled to retreat across the mountain. In the other, he would have been at liberty to push forward into Kentucky, which was, in fact, the part he had to play in the co-operative plan of invasion. In this case, "*descensus Averni facilis*," etc.: the getting in would have been easy enough, but the getting back would have been a different matter, with the outlet blocked by a hostile force impregnably intrenched across the way. However, the latter issue was left to

chance, as, according to our recollection of the succession of events, General Smith had begun his forward movement on Richmond, Ky., before he ascertained that General Morgan had settled all such possibilities by abandoning his stronghold, and was endeavoring to save his army by a long and difficult retreat through the wilds of Eastern Kentucky.

But this dissertation on strategy has led us to leave out a part of the story of our flanking movement, which is worth narrating as part of its *res gestae* and the cause of much discussion at the time. For instance, we parted with our "spider train" at Wilson's Gap, and it was nearly a week before we saw it again. Four days' rations in the haversacks will last most soldiers scant two, though we knew men who could carry butter until it got rancid and biscuits until they were mouldy; but C. B. R., of the Second Tennessee, was not one of them. So the cry for bread, faintly heard on the morning of the third day, began to be loudly expressed toward evening. A great many had eaten their last biscuit, and were now faring on a canteen of water and a pipe of tobacco. It was on this expedition that Colonel B. J. Hill, of the Thirty-fifth Tennessee, famous as "Old Ben," afterward Brigadier-General Hill, won a brow full of laurels in the fields of imagination and invention. The march was hot and tiresome, over rugged roads and beyond the pale of civilization, with nothing on the way-side to interest, and rarely the presence of a native of whom to ask questions as to distances, water supply ahead, and whether he "lived fur about here." As a consequence, the column became sullen and growled at every thing. At this stage some one asked Colonel Hill when the wagons would be up with the rations. "Old Ben" interpreted the situation at once, and guaged the column's credulity to a fraction, as he earnestly and gravely replied: "We will camp about *three* miles ahead at a *big* spring, and the wagons will meet us there to-night with *plenty* of rations." The statement was swallowed with almost as much relish as the rations could have been (we are always on the negative of Anticipation *vs.* Possession), and the good news ran down the line with loud expressions of gratification. Under the animating prospect ahead, the march was quickened and the men made about *eight* miles, to encamp upon a dry creek, with no wagons in sight and no spring of any kind visible; a few puddles of brackish water, that had come off of coal strata, substituting the Colonel's "big spring." The next day, at the first opportunity, our purveyor of good news was taxed as to the big ellipsis

between his promise and the fruition, but he instantly replied, in a tone of indignation, that "the wagons would have come up, but the cussed fools took the wrong road, and will not be up now until along *toward* night." That sounded reasonable enough, and "Old Ben" lost nothing in reputation this time, but the absent commissaries certainly felt their ears burn with the compliments lavished upon their performances. Night came again, and again brought no wagons. Water, a few roasting ears and tobacco made invigorating diet for the next day's work. "Old Ben's" reputation for veracity that night was n't worth a continental copper; and when, the next day, the usual question was put to him, touching the want of sequence between promise and performance, he frankly admitted that the wagons *did not* come up as they *ought* to have done, but added "that he intended to cut off a commissary's head as soon as he could get hold of him." Fifty of his hearers volunteered to help him, and this proposed tender of a commissary's head in a charger appeased the multitude for a while and diverted the wrath from himself. In the meantime, Barboursville had been reached, where some salt had been captured, and the apple-orchards in the vicinity made some addition to the ration. C. S. A. now had a new interpretation, which a wag insisted meant "corn, salt and apples." At last, on the sixth or seventh day, the wagons did actually arrive, but not in time to save "Old Ben's" reputation. However, he was at home in any field of invention, and proved himself equal to all of those emergencies which impose the telling of one fib to get out of another, and the last was generally the biggest. One day he would report that Bragg had whipped Buell and captured fifty pieces of artillery; another, it was one of Stonewall Jackson's "God-given victories." It is just to say that these stories were always told off-hand, in response to annoying inquiries, and with good effect, whether accepted or not, for the men came, in time, to asking him the news just to hear him tell a "big one." Bravest of the brave was he, and true as the truest of the sons of the South; he will yet appear on these pages in a role that none can gainsay or cavil at.

Well, we have gotten the wagons up again and "Old Ben" introduced to the reader, if he needed an introduction.

We left the column pushing the Barboursville forces back toward the Gap. A few smart Alecks—among them, a surgeon or two—had dropped out at Barboursville to pick the bones about the captured camp, and, as these came on an hour or too later, a lot of gentlemen in blue

jeans appeared on the bluff overlooking the road and opened fire on them with their squirrel rifles; but, fortunately for the bone-pickers, no damage was done. On this news being reported in camp, a line of sharpshooters, under Lieutenant O'Neal, was thrown out, and one of these "minute men of '61" was killed and several captured. The man killed was brought down at long-taw, just as he was in the act of escaping over the brow of a ridge. On the next day, a long line of skirmishers swept the hills in different directions, and Home Guard patriotism played out as an unprofitable enterprise. Churchill's Division of Texans and Arkansians was pushed forward into the gorge leading up to the Gap, where it was feebly attacked, and the place was thus invested on two sides. The display of so much force, blocking up his line of communications, decided General Morgan to destroy his material and attempt the arduous task of forcing his way through the mountains to the Ohio river, which, by the way, he succeeded in accomplishing, and, with much gratulation, compared the performance to the "Retreat of the Ten Thousand."

Over Big Hill to Richmond.

In past due time, as we have related, the wagons and artillery came up and rations were cooked for the march upon Richmond. (In extenuation of any errors of statement the writer may commit, and the absence from this record of dates and specific details of movements, he will say that he has no official data whatever at command, and is trusting solely to his memory of events occurring nearly sixteen years ago.) Reynolds' Brigade was left to cover the movement from the rear, while the other four brigades, under General Kirby Smith, pushed rapidly forward through the village of London, on the main route to Central Kentucky. His movement, though bold and apparently hazardous, was carried out with consummate nerve and skill: there was no miscarriage of plan at any point, from lingering on the way or hesitation of purpose when the hour of action arrived. He took the offensive at the start, and never lost the advantage it gave him of dictating the course of events, with full confidence in its final working out. In this campaign he exhibited all the qualities of a successful commander, particularly in respect to nerve and judgment. A few days' dallying here or a few hours' indecision there might have turned the tide against him. As it was, he made opportunities, instead of waiting for them, and cut gordian knots as he came to them.

To this end, when he reached Big Hill, he determined to cross it at night without a halt, rather than be caught on its waterless stretch by hostile opposition. Besides, time was an important element in preventing a concentration of the enemy's forces. It should have been said that a reconnoisance had been made some days before by Starnes and Scott, and a sharp battle had been fought on the farther slope of this mountain, in which the enemy's cavalry had been badly worsted. On their report, it was found necessary to fill the canteens with water before starting, as none could be obtained on the route until the descent was reached on the other side. The ascent began in the afternoon, and the march was kept up until far in the night. The road was filled with a light ash-colored dust to the depth of several inches, which was very trying on the throat and lungs; but the cheery songs of the men told that they were in the best of spirits, and ready for any adventure that might betide them in the "Blue Grass." The descent of the mountain was made the next day, through the late battle-ground of the cavalry, which had now become quite offensive from the number of dead horses which strewed the field. Line of battle was formed at one time among the foot-hills, in anticipation of an engagement, but was soon broken into column again and the march resumed. We had now reached the borders of a land full of fat things, into which all seemed eager to rush as to a revel, and exchange the barrenness of foodless mountains for the abundance of fertile plains.

The Night Before the Battle.

The night before the battle was spent on arms a few miles from the field. It was intended to give the troops the benefit of a rest in camp after their arduous march, but the precaution was first taken of marching each regiment to a chosen line, so that positions could be taken, if necessary, during the night, without delay or confusion. Late in the afternoon, our cavalry advance was driven back by a body of the enemy, with the loss of a mountain howitzer. These were so much elated by their success, that a regiment of cavalry (Metcalfe's) started out in pursuit, and came thundering down the pike with loud yells, just as the regiments of infantry alluded to above were returning to camp for the night. Fortunately, darkness had come on, and their presence on the ground was not discovered by the enemy. General Cleburne was still on his horse, superintending the disposition of his brigade, when the tumult at the front reached his ear, and he at once

ordered Colonel Butler, of the Second Tennessee, who was nearest him, to take his regiment back to its position. The words had hardly fallen from the General's lips before this ready commander had righted about his men and was on the double-quick. The thunder of the horses' feet on the hard road and the prolonged cheering of their riders sounded bravely enough, and the situation grew exceedingly interesting in view of a probable night attack by a force whose numbers were unknown. Colonel Butler, in a tone not to be mistaken, ordered his men to use their bayonets, if necessary, but under no circumstances to fire without orders, as it was extremely important not to betray the presence of infantry on the field. The Confederate line was as silent as the grave, due to the admirable precaution related above, which enabled each regiment to take up position without noise or confusion; and the column galloping along the pike was evidently more exhilarated by the din of rattling sabres and clattering hoofs than the serious business of having a battle on their hands; and so it proved, when the critical moment came. At length, a turn in the road brought them in short range of the skirmish line, and a volley flashing in their faces instantly cut short all noisy exultation and changed the outcry to one of alarm and distress. It was a clap of thunder in a clear sky to these brave riders, of whom it was told that more than half were drunk. At any rate, the whole scene changed in the twinkling of an eye, and, from our stand-point, became farcical and ludicrous in the extreme, as the air resounded with evidences of confusion and haste to get away. One, probably an officer, called loudly for "Company I," but Company I made no response, save from the dumb stones that flashed fire under the iron rimming of their horses' feet, beating madly to the rear. How the boys itched to pour just one volley into the mass piling up and surging back upon itself like a torrent hemmed in a gorge. The conflict inaugurated so threateningly, and with such a parade of dramatic elements, was over with in less than two minutes, and the discomfited cavalrymen were in rapid retreat, which continued so as long as listening ears could catch the footfall of their horses on the stony road. It was said of this regiment that it was so demoralized and scattered by this night's work that it never came together again as an organization. A more damaging report of its commander was current in Kentucky during our brief stay, but as he was said to be really a brave man in battle, we will not repeat it in this connection. In this little affair, several of the enemy were wounded and captured. Private J. W.

Terry, of the Second Tennessee skirmishers, was wounded with a pistol ball in the abdomen, and thought to be fatally injured, but he astonished his comrades by falling into ranks in a short time, as devilish and saucy as ever. Do any of our readers know Terry? General Reynolds was reported by one of his men as saying, on this campaign, that his Georgians would storm Gibraltar with barlow-knives. Those who know Terry are firmly of the opinion that, with Thomps. Glenn for support, he could "cuss" the place into submission in less than ten minutes. The regiments slept on arms in line of battle the rest of the night, as a precaution against another attack, but nothing disturbed the weary slumberers until the bugle sang out the reveille at an early hour the next morning; and for too, too many friends, it sounded the last time on earth. Would to God it had been otherwise with them! But what avails groanings over the work of this woful Sabbath and the rulings of an unpitying Fate? Let us rather say of the noble dead, whose bodies thronged the pathway of victory on this field, "God grant their spirits a peaceful rest!" There are names among them that the living cannot yet pronounce in a careless tone or remember without anguish. They are always wreathed with the cypress, and, to think of them, carries a comrade in thought to the little meadow with its shaven sward, where they died as proudly as martyrs, and to the adjacent cemetery where they sleep their last sleep in humble, but honorable, graves. God forbid that such a record as theirs should perish or be converted into one of reproach. They were not traitors. *Traitors are cowards!* Ah, well, I see I am throwing too much personality into this narrative by gushing over dead rebels, and the next thing my pen will be scribbling epitaphs. But ——

The Battle of Richmond.

In true soldierly spirit, on Sunday morning, August 30, 1862, Cleburne's Brigade led the advance on the village of Kingston, through which ran the turnpike to Richmond. As said before, they were now in the famous "Blue Grass," and the contrast of fertile fields and cultivated scenery with the desolate roads over which they had lately passed, seemed to give a buoyancy of spirits which was itself the presage of victory. The land, though parched with drought, was yet bountiful, and the taste of Kentucky welcome from friends along the way diffused a general glow of good feeling throughout the little army.

A mile beyond Kingston, the Federal forces, in battle array, were awaiting the turn of events. Evidently they were not expecting such

a display as now greeted their vision, when the Confederate advance came tramping down the road and filed right and left into line of battle in the open field in less than five hundred yards of their position. At any rate, they allowed this brigade to occupy the ground with no more opposing than came from a few skirmishers; but as column after column appeared in sight, they awoke from their inaction with a blast of artillery, and the battle was opened in earnest. Without a halt, or seeming concern for flying shells, Preston Smith's Tennessee Brigade bore to the right on a dirt road and disappeared from view in the woods. Ector's Texans and Churchill's Arkansians filed to the left in the open field and took post accordingly. In the meantime, Douglass' Texas Battery had come up under heavy fire and unlimbered on a knoll near the center of Cleburne's Brigade. By these men, the compliments of the enemy's artillery were received with a *sang froid* that was long the subject of admiring remark among Cleburne's men. Another battery—the name of which is forgotten—took post on a hill to the left, supported by Company C (Captain Newsom) of the Second Tennessee. The skirmishers were at work from the outset, and the air was musical with singing minnies. There was a deliberation of movement and preparation which would have given the whole affair a holiday air but for the iron and lead which were being bandied about with unmistakable wicked intent, and, per force, drawing some blood. This was particularly the case in the neighborhood of the two batteries. Douglass' and a hostile battery had been actively engaged with each other from the first, and the duel was not a bloodless affair. We remember seeing a shell burst in front of one of our guns and a fragment strike down a gunner just as he was in the act of driving home a ball, and admiring the coolness of an officer who stepped into his place and finished the task with one hand, while with the other he dragged the dead man aside. These men fired with provoking deliberation, and we, the infantry, felt sure they would be worsted; but we noticed that their antagonists' aim was irregular—now too high, and then too low, and rarely at the proper level. The cause was revealed when we marched past the site of their battery a little later on, and saw the number of dead artillerists clustered about it. However, there were other objects to divert the enemy's fire. General Cleburne and Colonels Hill and Butler sat on their horses in point blank range. The former was out among the skirmishers several times; in fact, once too often, for, as he rode forward to order them to advance, he was struck in the

mouth by a minnie bullet, leaving the command half uttered, but understood.

Affairs on the hill to the left of the pike were not progressing so favorably. The battery ordered to this spot had the misfortune to unlimber in short range of a concealed force of the enemy, and in a few minutes was badly cut up and forced to withdraw with the loss of its commander, and also of that splendid officer, Captain Newsom, of the supporting company. Whereupon Company K, of the Second Tennessee, nearest the place, was hastily ordered up the hill in support, where it found a scene of no little confusion, consequent on the inability of the artillerists to hold their ground. But, at this juncture, a rattling volley over in the woods to the right, and an unmistakable "rebel yell," told that Preston Smith's gallant Brigade was performing its allotted task. A general advance of the whole line was now made and swept the field with little resistance. The charge of Smith's Brigade on the right had left nothing for the rest to do, and the first combat had been won with a trifling loss among the rank and file, but severe among the officers. As related before, General Cleburne had been disabled by a painful wound in the mouth at the moment of advance. Colonel Fitzgerald, of the One Hundred and Fifty-fourth Tennessee went into action with a presentiment of death, and fell at the first volley, though few of his men were hurt. His tragical fate caused a deep grief in his regiment and brigade. How Colonel Hill escaped, is a wonder. He sat on his horse in rear of Douglass' Battery, and in a loud voice (which, by the way, was not a treble) commented on passing events, to the amusement of all in hearing. He omitted no opportunity to give the most favorable aspect to every turn of the wheel of fortune. This trait of the brave old soldier will be the last to fade from the memories of his comrades. Colonel Butler, of the Second Tennessee, was also conspicuous for his disregard of danger, and, while the battle has paused, a pen and ink sketch of him may not be out of place here. He was a genuine soldier, and his calamitous death a few hours later alone prevented him from taking high rank as a commander. Quick almost to intuition in perception of those matters which affected the safety and efficiency of his regiment; young, ardent and brave; of a stalwart form, which could endure any amount of fatigue; of swarthy skin, gray eyes, and jet black hair, with the Indian type of face in its angularity and want of effeminacy; thin lipped, and with a mouth wide enough to give utterance to a clarion

voice; with a determined, impetuous stride in his gait; such was John Butler, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second Tennessee Regiment. He could have held his men bayonet to bayonet with his enemy, and at sea could have fought his ship yard-arm to yard-arm and muzzle to muzzle. Men yielded to him by a natural deference which was not constrained or resentful of the influence. Though he seemed harsh at times, it was only in the line of his duty, and the victim of his displeasure owned to its necessity. With his dearest friends he was as exacting as with others. Shot through the brain at the Richmond Cemetery in his last charge, strong men wept over his fate while the storm of battle still raged over and around them. In his death,

A ruined arch,
A shivered bow,
A broken sword,
An oak laid low.

The Second Act in the Drama.

On the line lately held by the enemy, the Confederate array was established in the same order as in the first engagement; that is, Preston Smith's Brigade on the right, and Cleburne's, now commanded by Colonel Ben. Hill, Churchill's and Ector's in succession to the left. *The battle was not yet over.* "Old Ben's" "Forward in line" could have been heard a mile, and, as the brigade cleared the fence into a large blue grass field, the enemy's guns, this time on the alert, opened fire at the distance of nearly a mile. "Steady, men, and keep in line," was Colonel Butler's order to the Second Tennessee, and once he required time-movement in order to keep the men from crowding together while the artillery was playing on them. The day was hot, and the grass so dry that the men's feet slipped on an incline as if on ice. The enemy's guns were rapidly served, and fired, at first, with a good deal of accuracy. Balls struck in front of the line and bounded over or skimmed just above, unpleasantly near; but, as the line strode forward without halt or waver, the gunners became disconcerted and their aim grew wild; and when at last the "rebel yell" was raised, and the men broke impetuously forward at a double quick, the battery hastily limbered up and disappeared from view. Not a shot had been fired, and the brigade rose the slant with loud cheers, to find no enemy in sight in front. The movement had been embarrassed so little by hostile opposition or the nature of the ground, that Hill's line had per-

formed the office of an entering wedge at the center, and now found a force of the enemy about five hundred yards to its left and rearward, ensconced behind a corn-field fence, and evidently watching the movements of Churchill's Brigade, at that instant bearing down upon its front. A rifle battery at its rear immediately turned its guns on Hill's line, and at the second fire lodged a solid shot about the head of the left company of the Second Tennessee, knocking down one man by concussion and filling another's face with dirt and gravel. The atmosphere was so clear that the balls could be seen very readily in their flight, and this fact furnished a vindication to the writer, in which he felt no small exultation. At the first Battle of Manassas, he happened to catch sight of one of these missiles as it came over the regiment from a battery beyond Bull Run, and when he mentioned the fact, his comrades received the statement with such emphatic averments of disbelief that he was really sorry he said any thing about it. Now he could see their blind and raise them several better.

The line of the enemy at the corn-field fence and the battery now began to have something to do at their front, and at this juncture Colonel Hill detached Company K, of the Second Tennessee, to operate as skirmishers on their flank. The order was obeyed on the run, amid a wild excitement, as our adversaries now began to file off by regiments to the rear in pretty good order, under the direction of an officer who seemed to understand his business. The fire of the skirmishers was quite effective, but the appearance of Churchill, many of whose regiments were armed with double-barrelled shot-guns, on the other flank, threw them into confusion, which soon became a rout, as the several columns converged toward the pike for escape. Great havoc was made on the throng at this point, and a number of prisoners taken by an opportune charge of General Kirby Smith's escort. The fight now became a chase, and Company K pushed, with indiscreet ardor, far in advance of the main line, capturing prisoners and picking off individuals at every turn. At length it met, face to face, with a regiment of the enemy's cavalry, and as this body showed no disposition to fly at a flash, it wisely concluded to keep on its own side of the high fence which separated the combatants. Company K now had another revelation, which shook its faith in its loudly expressed ability to "run rough-shod over the whole Yankee army." It was nothing more nor less than that of a large brigade of the enemy which was seen filing off to the rear no great ways from its right flank. A fine view of the field was ob-

tained from this advanced position, showing that the enemy had heavy forces still intact. The line in front of Hill had withdrawn with the artillery from a good position behind a fence, whence it might have inflicted great damage on him as he advanced through the open field. This force still kept its organization, but was, doubtless, shaken somewhat in morale. The failure of the enemy, thus far, to make a firm stand, was due to the rapid, bewildering movements of the Confederate commander, whose *coup sur coup* left the enemy no time for a deliberate arrangement of his line. His plan was quickly taken on a rapid survey of the field, and the details were carried out without balk or hesitation in any of its parts. He was, without question, possessed of the qualities which make the successful general, and we challenge the records of this war to produce finer strategy or better tactical execution than his Kentucky campaign affords.

The Third Act in the Drama.

Prata arida sunt. While exultation filled every breast, and the results, thus far, were glorious, the battle was yet to be won at the cost of many noble lives. Colonel Butler remarked to the writer, as we marched along together, that the hardest fighting was yet to come. The tone of seriousness with which he uttered these words arrested my attention at the time, and seemed prophetic of his own sad fate a half hour later.

A quantity of quartermaster stores had fallen into our hands in these engagements, but there was little plundering by the men, many of whom were barefoot and ragged; however, they deserved no credit for this, as the captured material was quickly taken possession of by staff-officers, who sternly ordered off any applicant who was not *en regle.* A tow-headed captain ordered "*Vieux Seconde*" away from a pile of shoes and commanded him to report to General Kirby Smith under arrest the next day, because he protested against the act and exhibited his shoeless foot in substantiation of his crying need. But, while this parley was going on, it was fun to see Prince Polignac tugging at different pairs of boots for a fit. The prince had a *princely* foot in length and of a peculiar shape, and we doubt whether he got fitted, as we saw him riding into the thickest of the fight at the meadow with the same old pair on.

So, then, there was no regimental disorganization for the purpose of plunder, and, consequently, no time was lost in arranging the advance

upon the enemy, who had now taken up a good position in the suburbs of Richmond, selected by General Nelson, who had arrived with reinforcements. The Confederate order of battle was the same as in the preceding engagements. Hill advanced in column along the turnpike until he reached an elevation to the right of the road and five or six hundred yards from the enemy, who was posted in the cemetery and along a plank fence overlooking a shallow valley, through which the road bore to the right to enter the town. Two or three trees, some stacks of hay next the cemetery, two fences and a slight embankment of the road, afforded the only shelter to the attacking force. At the elevation above-mentioned, Colonel Hill filed to the right, and, as the last man cleared the road, he gave command, in a loud voice, "By the left flank," which threw the brigade in line of battle fronting the enemy. No halt was made to rectify allignment, and the unfortunate movement began at once under the fire of artillery and musketry. General Kirby Smith, who had preceded this brigade and personally inspected the enemy's position, sat on his horse, amid the flying missiles, and watched the action. The advance was splendid and inspiring in the extreme; and the bearing of the men, striding, without halt or waver, adown the grassy slope, the list of victims swelling at every step, was truly sublime; for such is the nature of an action which casts life itself into the scale against death and leaves the issue to fate.

Cleburne's Brigade, at this time, consisted of the following regiments, in order from right to left, viz.: Fifteenth Arkansas, Forty-eighth, Thirty-fifth and Second Tennessee regiments, numbering, probably, twelve hundred (1,200) muskets. The left company (K) of the Second Tennessee was doing duty and hotly engaged as skirmishers at the toll-gate. Colonel Butler, in his shirt-sleeves, and with a silk handkerchief suspended from his neck, rode at the heels of his regiment, mounted on a beautiful sorrel mare. Near him was his fiery adjutant, Wm. Hale, a man after his own heart and fit coadjutor for the bloody work at hand. On the left rode Major Wm. Driver, animated with the spirit of the occasion. At every step the fire increased, and by the time the fence was reached, a converging flame of wrath was being poured into the devoted little brigade from every available quarter of the enemy's lines. This fence was crossed, then the embankment of the road, and then the opposite fence, and not a man, save the wounded, had sought their shelter. Over into the meadow the line leaped with a common impulse, and here Death set

deepest his sickle into the ranks of lusty life and reaped his richest harvest. Up the slope the battle was pushed against the fearful odds until the place was *thick* with the dead and wounded. At last the decimated line could go no farther, and threw itself on the ground to escape utter destruction, but still plying its rifles. By this time the lion-hearted Butler had fallen with a shot through the brain, and his clarion voice was stilled forever; Captain Dennison, of Company D, Captain Wynne, of Company E, Lieutenant Watt Wendell, of Company A, Lieutenants Barksdale and Sutherland, of Company H, of his officers, lay dead and dying on the field with him, and Lieutenant Sindel, of Company I, and others, whose names are not remembered, had received disabling wounds. In the line, a large number of the best and bravest of the men had fallen.

In the course of a few minutes, more than half of the line was *hors du combat.* Some haystacks on the right and a few trees on the left afforded a little uncertain shelter, while the dead and the wounded were repeatedly struck by the pitiless hail which still swept over the field.

The enemy had been driven, without halting, from the cemetery, a very strong position to the rightward, but still lay in heavy force along the plank fence at the front. At this supreme moment, when endurance seemed to have reached its hardest test, Colonel Hill dashed across the field to the left, running the gauntlet of fire from the cemetery and the main line, and bore the news of the distressed condition of his brigade to General Churchill, with a request for him to move forward at once. General Churchill instantly ordered the movement, and soon a rattle of musketry and the dear, old rebel yell were heard on the left, and at the next instant the gallant Texans and Arkansians emerged from the woods and closed in on the enemy at a double-quick. To the remnant of Cleburne's Brigade, we dare say, these were the sweetest sounds to which it had ever listened, for they told of a rescue from almost certain death. Up, with a new defiance and yell of vengeance, it arose and charged the fence. The enemy gave way, pell-mell, along the entire front, and the agony was over. General Nelson sabred his men, in a vain attempt to make them stand, until he was finally wounded by Jimmy Blackmore, of Company I, Second Tennessee, when he quit the field, and, with difficulty, made his escape.

It is singular fortune that nearly the entire loss of General Smith's

army should fall upon Cleburne's Brigade, which had already been greatly reduced by heavy losses at Shiloh. All of the movements of General Smith were admirably timed, except the attack by this brigade in the last engagement. Ten minutes farther delay on its part would have enabled Preston Smith, on the right, and Churchill, on the left, to have taken the enemy in flank, and thus it would have escaped the terrible and undiverted fire which it caught on front and flank. On equal terms, no force of the enemy could have withstood its ardor on that day, flushed, as it was, with two easily won victories. From General Cleburne down, its officers could not be surpassed in the Confederate Army for bravery. Colonel Butler could have held his regiment under fire as long as there was a man left, and he had the support of some excellent line officers, while the men, in pluck and spirit, were equal to any. In recalling the events of this battle, and comparing it with other engagements of the war, I feel willing to assert that the bearing of Cleburne's Brigade in the three engagements on this day was not surpassed on any of the great historic fields of the Confederacy; nay, more, I express my candid belief that there were few brigades which could have been scorched in the fiery furnace of battle and held there as this one was, without flinching or yielding the field.

Soldiers were rarely cheered by such examples as these men had in the conduct of most of their officers. Colonel Hill, for instance, rode along with the line, and his words of cheer could have been heard far into the enemy's line. Even in the fatal meadow his voice boomed like a big gun with such expressions as these: "Talk about conquering such men as these! We can whip the whole world full of Yankees." These he would deliver point blank at the enemy, as if they were so many missiles of offense, like hot shot or quarter second bombs. Fortune favored the brave in his case. Although his horse was wounded and his clothing was cut by balls, he was not sufficiently disabled to make him relinquish command.

It was the writer's fortune to occupy a position to the left of the brigade, and he saw, as soon as it was faced to the enemy and started forward, that it was *devoted* to a terrible sacrifice; but its steady, unbroken stride into the vortex of battle was the grandest, the most imposing spectacle that humanity, with its sentient flesh and blood environments, could furnish. I dare say all battles have this aspect to the spectator, but to the writer, who saw his comrades and friends giving their bodies to the battle and melting away beneath its merciless

strokes, it was eminently a scene calculated to awaken the strongest emotions of the human breast, and thrill the heart even now with its moving recollections.

This is becoming a most personal narrative; but "my heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar," and I crave the indulgence of the reader for lingering so long at the graves of these men and mingling praises and laments over their immortal shrines. But who has told of them or asked from the living the tribute of a tear to their memories?

After the Battle.

"*Prata satis bibunt.*" The little meadow adjoining the cemetery, which had drunk so much precious blood, was now the very picture of desolating war. Of the bodies lying thick where the line had halted longest, some still survived. Captain Pat. Wynne, of Company E, a splendid specimen of physical manhood, lay on his face, while his chest heaved violently for air. Blood was trickling from his mouth and a wound in the side, and by the great pool in which he lay, we knew that the vital current had been tapped at the fountain, and that "Big Pat." would soon be no more. He had enlisted with Company K, and after the return from Virginia, was made Captain of Company E. The disasters at Fishing Creek and Donelson so preyed upon his mind that he became despondent and his conversation was filled with the gloomiest forebodings. Up to that time, he was the soul of the regiment, and his ready wit and geniality always drew around him a circle of attentive listeners. He claimed to have belonged to the British Cavalry, and to have served in the Sepoy Rebellion in India, where he received a sabre-cut on the cheek; at any rate, he handled the broad-sword with skill and grace. Where Company H fought, lay two of its Lieutenants—Barksdale and Sutherland. Of these two young men, words of praise are insufficient to convey a proper estimate of their worth; in the hearts of their comrades there is a sorrow for their untimely fall which time can never heal. And so of all the noble spirits whose bodies strewed this bloody field! Their memories will be held in sacred trust as long as a member of Cleburne's old Brigade survives to tell the story of Richmond, and then Tradition will carry along their story of valor, and History, Poetry and Romance will give eloquent tongue to the blood that watered this thirsty plain

To me the agony of the day was yet to come. Some one said, in a subdued voice, that Colonel Butler was among the killed. The reve-

lation came like a thunder clap. I glanced to where his stalwart form lay still in death. Tears of bitterest anguish gushed from my eyes, and I turned from the gory field to see it no more. "*Prata satis biberat.*" The meadows had drunk of the blood of nearly two-thirds of the men of the Second Tennessee, while the rest of the brigade had suffered heavily enough. The splendid victory had a dear atonement.

The results of the battle are told in a few words. Nearly five thousand (5,000) prisoners, some artillery, and a quantity of army stores, were among the fruits of the victory, and Central Kentucky, as far as Louisville and Covington, was freed by this single stroke of war from the presence of Federal troops. It was the completest victory of the war in every respect. General Smith, at the beginning of the battle, had sent Colonels Scott and Starnes with the cavalry to gain the enemy's rear beyond Richmond, and this mission they performed with brilliant success, capturing nearly all of the enemy who had made their escape from the battle-field.

VIEUX SECONDE.

EX-PRESIDENT DAVIS.

His Reply to Colonel Colyar's Article—He learns for the first time of the Secret Action of the House of Representatives—Expressions of his Sentiments upon the Propriety and Legality thereof.

Dr. E. L. Drake—My Dear Sir:—

I HAVE received your courteous letter of the 9th ult., and also the July number of THE ANNALS OF THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE. In regard to the article by Colonel A. S. Colyar, and the introduction connected with it, I can only say that the representations made of the opinions of General Lee do not accord with the full, and, I must believe, frank conversations he held with me about the period referred to by Colonel Colyar.

Of the proceedings in secret session, I have no knowledge; but must express my surprise that the Congress, should have held such deliberations, and concealed their action from the Executive, who had a right to expect their co-operation in his efforts to save the people, whom they and he alike represented; or that the House of Representatives should assume to itself the appointing power, which the Constitution vested in the Executive and Senate. As to the rest,

which puts me in the attitude of staying proceedings directory of my conduct as Executive, by assurance of compliance with the will of the House, even as to the persons to be appointed, I will say that it is utterly unwarranted by anything I ever said or thought.

The incentive to the appointment of a peace commission at that time was the assurance by Mr. F. P. Blair, Sr., a confidential friend of President Lincoln, that if I would send such a commission it would be received by the Government at Washington. It is not to me surprising that Mr. Stephens did not, in his work, refer to the proceedings described by Colonel Colyar, in connection with the account of the appointment of that commission, because I early conferred with Mr. Stephens on the subject of sending a commission, as well as in regard to the persons who should constitute it. Subsequently, after conferring with my Cabinet, I changed the personel of the commission, and Mr. Stephens, not originally intended, was made one of them, not because he desired it, for the reverse was known to me to be the fact. It will be remembered that I had, on a previous occasion, sent Mr. Stephens on a mission to President Lincoln, especially in regard to prisoners of war, and that he had been refused permission to go to the Federal Capital. Like considerations to those which had caused me to select him on the first occasion prevailed on the second.

Colonel Colyar states that "great astonishment" was felt when, "for the first time, after the commissioners returned," the character of their instructions was learned by himself and others. One cognizant of the relations of the House of Representatives to the treaty-making power, would justly be astonished if the Executive were to communicate to the House of Representatives the instructions given to commissioners sent out for purposes of negotiation, before their mission was closed. But after the return of the commissioners, when for the first time it was consistent and proper, the instructions were communicated by the Executive to the two houses of Congress, and as they were very brief, covering little more space than Colonel Colyar has employed in giving his interpretation of them, I will here insert them:

"In conformity with the letters of Mr. Lincoln, of which the foregoing is a copy, you are requested to proceed to Washington City for informal conference with him upon the issues involved in the existing war, and for the purpose of securing peace to the two countries.

Your obedient servant,

JEFFERSON DAVIS."

I do not know how anyone could have expected me, under the trust which I held from the people of the Confederate States, to propose to surrender, at discretion, the rights and liberties for which the best and bravest of the land were still gallantly struggling, and for which so many had nobly died. The "matter they had at heart" was to maintain the rights their fathers had left them. My heart sympathized with theirs, feeling that duty and honor alike forbade that I should seek peace on conditions which our army, depleted as it was, would have rejected with disdain.

If, while the army defiantly held its position in the field, the sovereign people and their representatives in the Congress of the Confederate States, under the pressure of war, and dread of *possible* consequences, had wished to abandon the claims in defense of which the war was waged, and that the battle-torn flags should be furled and cased in humiliation, and the arms so long and valiantly borne, should be stacked for surrender, I should have bowed to their will, but would never have executed it. In shame and mortification I would have resigned and left the office to be filled by some one fit for such service as has been indicated. Through all I have suffered and lost, it has been to me an unfailing consolation, that I served a people and a cause worthy of any sacrifice which man could make, and I truly regret the recent revelations which have developed obstructions concealed from me and from the people, when I was zealously laboring to fulfil the duties of the office with which they had honored me.

Freely admitting my liability to err, and lack of strength adequate to the heavy burthens imposed upon me, if honesty of purpose and zeal for the public welfare be admitted, as I believe they always have been, from them there surely arose a fair claim, all the stronger for any deficiencies ascribed to me, for the full co-operation, frank dealing, and steady support of all who wished the success of our cause. If so, what shall be said of secret caucuses, concealed plans, to embarrass the Executive, and to undermine the confidence and good will of the people in the administration they had chosen, and thus to destroy the corner-stone, and work the inevitable ruin of the Confederacy?

With very sincere regard and esteem, yours,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

DIARY OF PRIVATE W. J. DAVIDSON.

[Continued.]

TUESDAY, May 26.—Still at our camps near Jackson doing absolutely nothing, living on the shortest possible commons. Had dress-parade yesterday for the first time in four weeks, and on Sunday a sermon from the lips of the Reverend Colonel Fountain E. Pitts. The news from all quarters is cheering; the victory of our Vicksburg friends is complete, and the loss of the enemy is estimated at fifteen thousand (15,000); we hear of John Morgan's work on the Cumberland, Lee's victory over Hooker in Virginia, while "Old Pap" Price is said to be stirring the enemy up lively on the other side of the Mississippi. Kirby Smith, we also hear, has bagged a whole army of "blue coats" in Western Louisiana Altogether, we feel quite confident, and while the feeling lasts we will be able to endure all sorts of privations, short rations not excepted.

May 28.—This morning at four o'clock we left our camp of the last four days, and came to our present abiding place, in a thick grove, about two miles east of Canton. We are well situated as far as shade and wood are concerned, but the water is very bad; in fact, all that we have had for the last four weeks was hardly fit for swine to wallow in. Yesterday our hearts were gladdened by the arrival in camp of some of our Tennessee friends who, hearing that we had been engaged at the battle of Raymond, and being ignorant of the casualties, had come on to render any needed assistance to their sons and friends. The party was composed of Messrs. Goodloe Woods, the father of "Our Jeems"; R. S. Woodard, the father of Galen and James (or "Daddy," as we call him); W. H. Webb, James' father; D. P. Holman, "Bud's dad"; and R. P. Ferney, the father of our gallant Captain. Their presence seemed to have brought a new ray of sunshine into camp, and cheered the boys greatly.

May 31, *noon.*—Yesterday morning the brigade left Canton, heading northwest. We made twenty miles and encamped for the night in a grove convenient to water, badly broken down by the march. Our division is now composed of five or six brigades of infantry and cavalry, under acting Major General Walker, and it is in fine fighting

spirits. Nothing of interest on the route yesterday, except the crossing of the Big Black on a pontoon at 3 o'clock, P. M. To-day we have made about eight miles, and are now halted in a hot lane awaiting orders. The Forty-first Tennessee is the advance guard for the division. We have passed the little town of Benton, and are in eight miles of Yazoo City; by day after to-morrow we expect to meet the enemy. Besides our own, there are two other columns marching on the enemy, each said to be fourteen thousand strong, the whole under command of General Joseph E. Johnston. It is thought to be his intention to fall upon the enemy's rear at three points, while the Vicksburg garrison assails from the front. I expect some bloody work, but we are confident of the result.

Camp near Yazoo City, June 1.—The division arrived here after dark last night. The troops suffered greatly from heat, thirst, and fatigue. Two of our brigade dropped dead, and some fainted, while more than half are straggling into camp this morning. We traveled all yesterday without water except what we could get through charity of the citizens on the route.

June 6.—Left our camp yesterday, and moved to our present stoping place, four miles southwest of Yazoo City. We are on half rations of corn bread and poor beef.

June 9.—Still at our camp of the 6th inst., with plenty of wood and abundance of good spring and lake water; no improvement in the rations. Yesterday I went to Yazoo and bought rice, sugar and molasses, upon which the mess is living high. No news of the enemy, but cannonading is heard every day in the direction of Vicksburg. Heavy bodies of troops are arriving every day at Jackson, and it is thought that we will make an advance before long. The health of our brigade is pretty good.

June 14.—Left camp in the vicinity of Yazoo yesterday morning at daylight, and after a hard day's march nearly due south, arrived at the Big Black, which we crossed on a pontoon bridge last night at eight o'clock. This march of twenty-eight miles was the hardest yet made. We bivouaced on the south bank, and spent the rest of the night cooking rations, against leaving at daylight.

June 16.—On Sunday evening left Big Black and moved to ——— Church, occupying our old camping ground of May 20th, where we are resting and waiting orders. Occasional cheering reports come in from our beseiged friends, one of which is to the effect that the enemy

attacked Vicksburg again on Friday, and was repulsed and driven five miles from the field; our loss said to be seven hundred. From some causes we are placed under greater restrictions now than ever, and are not allowed to go outside of the guard line without a pass. Yesterday two men of Comb's Tennessee Battalion, who had fallen out of ranks at Yazoo, came up and were immediately arrested, tried, and had one side of their heads shaved, all in the space of a few hours. Rations still short, consisting of beef and meal.

July 5. — Last Wednesday we moved from our encampment at Mound Bluff Church, and after two days' marching, came to this place, and we are now encamped on ——— Creek, between Canton and Edwards' Depot, and twelve miles from the latter place. The enemy's out-posts are only three miles off, beyond the Big Black, and a collision is expected at any hour. The situation at Vicksburg is unchanged, as far as we know, but General Price is in possession of Helena, Arkansas, which will create a diversion in favor of the besieged, as he is in a position to cut off Grant's supplies. The "Fourth" passed off very quietly with us, there being an order against making any loud noise. A speech was made by some one in a brigade just across the creek from us. *Night.*—We have just received orders to march at 3 o'clock to-morrow morning with this additional injunction: "On this march there is to be no loud hallooing, firing of guns, or cutting down of large trees. The men are to march in their files, and company officers are to see that this order is enforced or they will be cashiered. Penalty for the disobedience of this order is death." This order, signed by the Commanding General, together with the various reports of the enemy's movements, put us on the tip-toe of expectation as to what was up. The very latest is to the effect that General Pemberton has surrendered to General Grant. The news comes so direct, and bears such a good face, that we all believe it. We are now satisfied we are to begin a retreat in the morning; whither, we know not.

July 7.—While waiting for the brigade to move, I will endeavor to write up what transpired yesterday. At about 1 A. M. we were aroused from sleep with orders to fall into line, but no movement was made for nearly two hours. We saw that the wagon-train was in front, and this indicated a fight or a retreat; at 3 o'clock we began the march at a quick gait, which was kept up until evening, when we bivouaced on the Jackson road, fifteen miles from that place, and three from Clinton.

We had passed in a few miles of the enemy early in the morning, but so silently that he was probably unaware of the movement. The wagon train was sent by another route for safety. We now have confirmation of the news from Vicksburg. There is no longer any doubt about its truth. The place surrendered after the garrison had subsisted ten weeks upon mule meat and pea meal. The officers and men are to be brought within our lines and parolled, the officers to retain their side arms. It is said that there is a heavy column of the enemy, under General Osterhaus, following in our wake. General Johnston is having the pond, which afforded water to the army last week, ditched off, and to make it palatable for our pursuers, is having dead mules thrown into it. It is the only chance for them to get water this side of Big Black. Bragg's army is reported falling back to Chattanooga, leaving our homes to the mercy of the foe. It is now ten o'clock, and Ector's Brigade, which is in line of battle in our rear, and ours are all the troops left here, the rest having gone ahead.

July 8. *Evening.*—Yesterday we made short marches, halting at every good shade to rest. The heat was very oppressive. At Clinton a brigade was sent to meet the enemy, reported to be advancing on the Raymond road. The force in pursuit is said to be close up. Cheering news from General Lee's army to-day. At nine o'clock arrived at Jackson in a heavy storm, which raised the dust in great quantities as we marched through the streets, and the rain followed about the time we reached our camping place, a mile east of the city. It is probable that the place will be evacuated as soon as the stores can be sent off—probably to-morrow; but no one knows where this army is going. Old Joe is too old to tell anybody that.

Jackson, July 14.—We took position in the ditches early in the morning of the 9th, and have been here ever since, under fire of the enemy's sharpshooters, and occasionally of their batteries. The opening shots of the second siege of Jackson were heard on the Clinton road on the morning of the 9th, where Jackson's Cavalry were disputing the advance of Grant's army, and in the course of the day the firing grew nearer. A number of citizens abandoned their homes for a place of safety, and we had free access to their houses. The regiment was posted in a yard under fine shade trees, and nearly every man had a book, while some were seated in rosewood chairs. At ten o'clock General Johnston and staff rode along the trenches, and seemed in fine spirits. We drew crackers and bacon, and had our water

hauled to us. Early on the morning of the 10th, it was reported that the enemy was advancing to storm our works, and at eight o'clock skirmishing and canonading were lively at the center. At 4 P. M. firing began on our wing, (the right). Several prisoners were brought in during the afternoon, and it was reported that a Louisiana regiment had charged a battery, and captured two of its pieces. After nightfall several fine residences, outside of the lines, were set on fire to prevent the enemy's sharpshooters from taking shelter behind them, and the vicinity was soon brilliantly lit up. Sharpshooting was kept up until late at night. At daylight on the morning of the 11th, the Yanks opened fire on our front from a clump of trees on a slight eminence, and their long-range guns enabled them to keep us in hot water, while very few of our guns could reach them. The firing was pretty constant all along the lines during the morning. Private Estes, of Captain Cunningham's Company, was wounded in the temple, while looking over our breastworks, and another (name unknown) wounded in the hand. A call for fifty volunteers from the regiment, to act as sharpshooters, was promptly responded to. While on this service, in a cornfield, Private Renegar, of Captain Little's Company, was killed, and Corporal W. C. Gracy, of Captain Feeney's Company, severely wounded. This evening the Yanks made two vigorous charges on our right wing, and were badly repulsed. At 6 P. M. the artillery firing on the extreme left was very heavy. The Forty-first was ordered on picket, to remain twenty-four hours.

At 5 A. M., on the morning of the 12th, heavy skirmishing began along the entire line, and continued until nine o'clock, when the artillery opened, and rained on our works a terrible shower of shot and shell for the space of an hour. Our skirmishers were driven in by this fire, and we fully expected a charge to follow, but were doomed to disappointment. Throughout the day shells came at regular intervals, our guns replying slowly. About 9:30 A. M. fifty skirmishers from each regiment went out to recover the lost ground, which they succeeded in doing after a sharp battle. At 11 o'clock heavy firing was heard on the left, and news soon came that Breckenridge's Division had signally repulsed the enemy with heavy loss to them in killed, wounded and prisoners, besides two stands of colors. This was soon confirmed by the appearance of the captured flags, which were borne along the entire line of our works. The casualties in the Forty-first, in this day's operations, were three men wounded. On July 13th

skirmishing began in front of Gregg's Brigade before daylight, and continued briskly all day. Barrett and Robinson, of Captain Cunningham's Company, came in off picket and said they had killed a Yank. Some of the boys afterwards went to the spot they pointed out, and brought off the body, when it proved to be a member of the Third Tennessee. He was in advance of the line, and hence this mistake.

On the 14th there was very little change in the state of affairs. At one o'clock a truce of three hours was held, to enable the enemy to bury his dead. There was quite a mingling of the Gray and the Blue during the cessation of hostilities on this part of the line. Two or three casualties occurred in the regiment during the day, among them Private Goodrum, wounded in the head, while seated at the bottom of the ditch. [To be continued.]

THE EVACUATION OF NASHVILLE.

The Panic that Succeeded the Fall of Fort Donelson—Incidents Connected with the Surrender of the City.

BY JNO. MILLER M'KEE.

"It would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest forever."—SHAKSPEARE.

THE panic which the announcement of the fall of Fort Donelson created is without a parallel in the history of Nashville, and a narration of the events of the three or four days that preceded it is necessary to a proper understanding of the subject.

Immediately after the fall of Fort Henry, it became evident that the next point to be attacked by the Federal Army would be Fort Donelson, and vigorous efforts were made by the Confederates to prepare that post for the expected onslaught. The extent to which these preparations were carried was such as to inspire confidence in the strength of the Fort and the ability of the garrison to withstand a combined land and water attack. The commencement of the fight was announced in the following dispatch to the *Nashville Union and American*, received here the night of its date:

CUMBERLAND CITY, Feb. 12.—One Federal gun-boat appeared in sight of Fort Donelson this morning about 10 o'clock, and opened fire upon the Fort. The fire was returned by the Fort, when the boat retired.

The Federals have landed in force, and a battle, with light artillery, commenced this evening. They are reported to have ten or twelve thousand. The steamer bringing the news says the battle was raging when it left, but knew nothing further.

This intelligence, which was made public on the morning of the 13th, created no alarm for the safety of the Fort, as it was understood that large reinforcements had been sent forward, and were still being sent, to the relief of those who garrisoned that post.

The attack was renewed on the 13th, and the following account of it by telegraph to the *Nashville Union and American* was from a source in whom the fullest confidence was placed:

First Dispatch.

FORT DONELSON, Feb. 13, 11:30 A.M.—The enemy commenced the attack on our lines with his artillery this morning before sunrise, to which our batteries promptly replied, and the firing has continued up to the present time, increasing, as the fight progressed, in the number of pieces, and occasionally in the rapidity of the firing. The enemy has kept at a respectful distance. The field artillery was engaged all along the line.

We feel confident that we shall be able to maintain our river defenses.

Second Dispatch.

2:45 P.M.—The enemy has ceased firing, possibly that he may change his position. We have so far repulsed him at every point of our lines.

Captain Dixon, of the Engineers, was killed in the battery by an injury to his gun-carriage. Lieutenant Burns, of the Artillery, was killed.

The enemy's gun-boat has retired, and we think it was seriously injured. Our men are in fine spirits.

Third Dispatch.

The day has almost past, and we still hold our own. We have repulsed the enemy everywhere, and driven back his gun-boat. We have whipped him by both land and water. He still lies around, and will most probably attack us again in the morning.

Our loss is not very great; that of the enemy must be very heavy.

We have had lively fighting and heavy cannonading all around our lines throughout the day.

The fire from our guns told effectively upon the enemy's gun-boat, and we feel satisfied the boat was materially injured, as it retired twice.

Our lines are entrenched all around.

This intelligence excited high anticipations for the success of the Confederates, and those anticipations were heightened by the result of the contest on the 14th, which was announced by telegraph to the *Nashville Union and American*, as follows:

First Dispatch.

FORT DONELSON, Feb. 14.—The enemy's gun-boats opened fire upon the Fort this afternoon at half past three o'clock.

Second Dispatch.

Six of the enemy's gun-boats attacked the Fort this afternoon. A terrific fight of near two hours ensued. Not a man or gun on our side was hurt. Two of the gun-boats were badly injured and a third was crippled. All retired. General Pillow was in command. No demonstration was made by the infantry to-day. The enemy is believed to have received reinforcements. We expect to have it all around to-morrow.

Third Dispatch.

We have just had the fiercest fight on record between our guns and the enemy's gun-boats, which lasted two hours.

The gun-boats came within two hundred yards of our battery. We drove them back, damaging two of them badly and crippling a third. No damage was done to our battery, and not a man was killed.

This intelligence was published here the morning of the 15th. About this time it became noised about the city that Bowling Green, which everybody regarded as impregnable, was being evacuated, coupled with which was a statement, as coming from General Johnston, that no additional reinforcements could be sent to Fort Donelson. It was further stated the evening of the 14th that the evacuation of Bowling Green had so far progressed as to leave but a small portion of the Confederate troops and a limited amount of stores there. A rumor was circulated about the city that evening (the 14th) that the Federals had appeared in considerable force on the opposite side of Barren River from Bowling Green, that they had shelled and burned the town, captured several cars and engines and a large amount of provisions, and had cut off the retreat of a portion of the rear guard of the Confederate troops. This rumor, like all ill-omened rumors, spread with great rapidity and exerted a depressing influence upon the people. The extraordinary movements about the Commissary and Ordnance Departments, which had been going on for two or three days, excited much apprehension concerning the safety of Nashville, it being argued that if the authorities thought it prudent to remove the public stores, they could not regard Nashville as entirely safe. These fears were, however, entirely removed by the first intelligence of the fight that day (the 15th), which was received and published in an extra by noon, and which was succeeded by other extras, all inspiring the highest anticipations of victory. These dispatches,

from the *Nashville Union and American*, Feb. 16th, are given here as they were published the morning of the 16th:

FORT DONELSON, Feb. 15, 10:30 A.M.—One of the fiercest fights on record commenced here this morning about 7 o'clock on our left wing. We have driven the enemy past their camps with great slaughter. The fight is still raging on both sides. Just saw a Lincoln prisoner, who belongs to the Thirtieth Illinois Regiment, who says their forces number 50,000, and are commanded by General McClernand.

Our boys are fighting with great gallantry, driving the enemy as they go. Will give you the news as it comes from the field. Almost incessant discharges of musketry and artillery going on; but sound getting further off.

11 A.M.—We have captured two of their batteries and repulsed them everywhere. The fight is still going on.

11:5 A.M.—They say the loss on both sides is very heavy—the Yankees the most. The Tennessee, Mississippi, Texas and Alabama boys, and all the rest, are doing the thing finely.

Second Dispatch.

12:50 P.M.—I think I can safely say the day is ours. The enemy's loss is tremendous. About 200 Yankees are now here, who report their regiments nearly annihilated.

Third Dispatch.

1 P.M.—We have whipped them by land and water. Not one of my men lost.

Fourth Dispatch.

We fought the enemy outside of our entrenchments from half past 5 A.M. to 1 P.M., driving them inch by inch from every point in the field, capturing four pieces of artillery and a large number of prisoners. Our loss is heavy, and we have inflicted a heavy loss upon the enemy. They are largely reinforced, and may attack us again.

Fifth Dispatch.

7 P.M.—To relieve this post of an investment, which would have soon reduced it, we attacked the enemy at daylight this morning outside our entrenchments. After seven hours hard fighting, we drove them completely from the field, killing not less than a thousand, and taking 250 prisoners and six pieces of artillery.

Late in the afternoon they received large reinforcements and attacked our right wing with fresh troops before our men returned to position. They at first gained a temporary advantage, but were driven back finally.

They are again receiving reinforcements this evening, and will probably renew the fight to-morrow. Our loss is heavy, but not near so severe as the enemy's. This is the bloodiest fight of the war.

The following dispatch, received at 12 o'clock the night of the 15th, was published in the *Nashville Patriot*, Feb. 16th:

FORT DONELSON, Feb. 15.—The enemy having invested our lines, it was determined to attack them, which we did this morning at five and a half o'clock.

General Pillow led the attack upon the enemy's right flank, and after a most obstinate and sanguinary conflict, succeeded in driving the enemy from his position, and forcing him back toward his left flank.

General Buckner led the attack on the right, in which many of his troops displayed great determination. General Johnson (B. R.) led his command with firmness and spirit in the conflict. Nothing could exceed the steady and determined courage of many of our troops, with numbers much less than half of the enemy.

We maintained a successful struggle, which continued for nine hours, and resulted in driving the enemy from the field with a loss on his part of 1,250 killed and wounded, of whom 1,000 were killed. About 300 prisoners were taken. We captured six pieces of artillery and over 1,000 stand of arms. Our loss amounted to about 500 killed and wounded.

The reproduction of these dispatches has been regarded as necessary to a correct understanding of the panic which prevailed in Nashville on the announcement of the fall of Fort Donelson. They inspired almost unbounded confidence, and nearly every one seemed to feel that the contest of Sunday (the 16th) would result in a victory for the brave men who had held out so gallantly and successfully for four days against a vastly superior force. A large concourse of people from the surrounding country, eager to hear the news from Fort Donelson, had assembled in the city on Saturday, and the successive extras that were issued, announcing the result of the fight as it progressed, were bought up and their contents devoured with the greatest avidity. On every corner the exploits of the Confederates formed the staple of conversation, and the highest tributes were paid to Southern valor. The excitement ran higher Saturday night, if possible, than during the day, and the dispatches, as they came in, were listened to with an eagerness which plainly told the interest that was felt in the contest which then hung, as it were, upon the evenly poised balance of fate. Still, there were those who feared for the result of Sunday's work, since the Federals were being so largely reinforced by fresh troops. They felt that the fate of Fort Donelson hung upon the next day's fight, and that the Federals would go into the contest with the advantages all in their favor, having fresh troops, while the Confederates were worn out with four days' terrible fighting. Notwithstanding this was the feeling of quite a number, the great body of the people of Nashville retired to their couches strongly impressed with the belief that the Confederates, who had already fought four days with victory seemingly theirs, would conquer on the fifth.

So passed Saturday night in Nashville. How different at Fort Donelson, the sequel will show!

The Great Panic—Its Rise and Progress.

Before 10 o'clock Sunday morning a rumor, vague and indefinite, it is true, that Fort Donelson had surrendered, and that the entire Confederate force had been taken prisoners, had found its way into the streets of the city, and was spreading with a rapidity which only such rumors can spread. It was the rebound which was least expected by the great mass, and it assumed the most terrible proportions as it traveled. This rumor was accompanied with the statement that General Buell, with thirty-five thousand men, was then at Springfield, only twenty-five miles distant, and that a fleet of Federal gun-boats had passed Clarksville, and would reach here by 3 o'clock in the afternoon, by which time Buell's army would arrive in Edgefield, when the city would be shelled, without notice, and laid in ashes. These rumors created a consternation which it would be impossible to portray. A reign of terror and confusion ensued, the like of which was never witnessed in Nashville. "How is this?" asked a gentleman the writer met as he was going up town to learn the facts in regard to the rumors alluded to. "We whipped the enemy badly all day yesterday," he continued, "and now, so early in the morning, it is announced that all is lost." I assured him that the affair was as much a mystery to me as to him, when, with the exclamation, "I can't understand it!" he hurried to his home to quiet, if possible, the "better half."

The town was in a perfect tumult—a furor that lashed into a phrenzy those who were regarded perfect models of the calm and passionless—and the wave was spreading with fearful rapidity. Not a man was there in all the goodly city who stepped forth to tell the people that there was no cause for the alarm to which they had given way. It was understood that the intelligence of the fall of Fort Donelson had been communicated to Governor Harris by General Johnston, and that it was from the former the rumor proceeded. His office at the Capitol was besieged by anxious inquirers, and he was appealed to, through one of his aids, to issue a proclamation setting forth the facts as far as they were in his possession, which, of itself, would quiet the people: that if left the victims of conjecture, the most wild and improbable stories would obtain, causing a panic without a parallel, because with-

out a sufficient cause, while a simple statement of the facts as they really existed, without any attempt at explanation, would have a tendency to allay the excitement that then existed. The Governor, however, declined to issue a proclamation. Some thought that General Johnston should issue a proclamation, others that the Mayor should, and still others that the editors of the respective papers, who were quite proficient in "making the worse appear the better part," should issue extras assuring the people that matters were not half so bad as they appeared. Nothing, however, was done to quiet the people, who were almost deranged with excitement, and hundreds were seen hurrying to and fro, preparing to flee, as for dear life, before the approach of an enemy they feared but little less than if they had been semi-barbarians.

The services at the churches were generally discontinued, in consequence of the excited state of the public mind, and, unfortunately, some of the pastors, in dismissing their congregations, added to the intensity of the excitement instead of allaying it. Many of those who attended one of the churches, misapprehending, perhaps, the purport of what the pastor said, returned home and reported that he had advised his hearers to quietly retire from the city, for fear of an insurrection. We cannot think that such advice was given, but he was so understood by a number of his congregation, and it produced the most painful apprehensions in the minds of those who heard him, as well as those to whom they communicated their impression of what he said. A moment's reflection, however, should have satisfied every one that there was no danger to be apprehended on this score from the servile or any other portion of our population.

About this time (say 11 o'clock) a report was put in circulation, as coming from Governor Harris, that the women and children must be removed from the city within three hours, as at the expiration of that time the enemy would shell the place and destroy it. This outrageous story created the most terrible alarm wherever it went, and it spread like wildfire.

It is due to Governor Harris to say that he never intimated any such thing. There is no doubt, however, that this rumor hurried hundreds from the city, as the contradiction traveled much slower than the original story. Men and women were to be seen running to and fro in every portion of the city, and large numbers were hastening with their valuables to the several railroad depots, or escaping in private convey-

ances to some place of fancied security in the country. The hire of private conveyances was put up to fabulous prices, and it was only the wealthy that could enjoy the luxury of a ride on that day. Large numbers, in their eagerness to escape from the city, left on foot, carrying with them such articles as they wished to preserve, either as mementoes or for their comfort, and, of course, these must necessarily have been few.

Upon the receipt of the intelligence of the capitulation of Fort Donelson, General Johnston advised Governor Harris to remove the archives of the State to some place of safety, as it might become necessary to evacuate Nashville. In accordance with this suggestion, the archives were packed up and shipped in a special train during the afternoon of Sunday to Memphis, whither they were accompanied by the Governor and heads of departments. The Legislature met at an early hour of the morning, and went through the formality of adjourning to meet upon the call of the Governor, and the following notice was served on the members:

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, Nashville, February 16, 1862.

The members of the General Assembly of the State of Tennessee will assemble at Memphis, Tenn., on Thursday next, the 20th inst., for the despatch and transaction of such business as may be submitted to them. ISHAM G. HARRIS.

This temporary removal of the seat of government was done in accordance with a resolution adopted by the two houses of the General Assembly in secret session a few days previous.

We were at the Capitol a short time before the Legislature met. Messengers had been sent around to hurry up the laggard members, and those who were present strolled about "from pillar to post," from door to window, eagerly gazing for the appearance of some fellow-member, so as to get a quorum. Their faces presented the most interesting study we have ever beheld in human nature. The actions of all told how eager they were to get away from "the doomed city." We had heard of "long faces," but that scene beat any thing we had pictured from the most extravagant stories. Anxiety and fear struggled for the mastery in almost every countenance, and in one or two instances where the latter had manifestly asserted its supremacy, that "pallor which sets upon the brow of death," was but too visible where the ruddy glow of excellent satisfaction was marked the day before.

It is said the members of the Legislature presented rather a ludicrous appearance as they trudged off toward the depot of one or the

ther of the railroads, each one with his trunk on his back or carpet-sack and bundle in hand. As it was next to impossible to procure a vehicle to convey one even to the depot, those who chose not to witness the promised exhibition of fire-works by General Buell and Commodore Foote, "stood not on the order of their going."

These movements of the Governor and Legislature had a tendency to increase the excitement, while the passage through the city at an early hour in the day of a large portion of General Johnston's army from Bowling Green, was another incentive to the growth of the panic, which contiuued to spread until it seemed to have seized upon almost every one. Go where a person would, the question met him at almost every other step, "What are you going to do?" or, "What shall I do?" To the former, the most frequent reply was, "I don't know," with here and there an exception, "I shall stay and take care of my family." Very few appeared inclined to give advice in the midst of such a panic, even to their most intimate friends, so that the second question was rarely answered, and each man was left to decide for himself whether he should leave the city, and go, he knew not where, nor for why, or remain and take his chances with those who had prudence enough to stay quietly at home, and those—more fortunate—who could not get away.

Every available vehicle was chartered, and even drays were called into requisition, to remove people and their plunder, either to the country or to the depots, and the trains went off crowded to their utmost capacity, even the tops of the cars being literally covered with human beings. It was a lamentable sight to see hundreds of families thus fleeing from their homes, leaving nearly every thing behind, to seek protection and the comforts and luxuries they had abandoned among strangers.

A large number of citizens left the city from fear of fire. They had been led to believe that the town would be shelled during the afternoon or night at furthest, and reduced to a heap of ruins. These went only a short distance into the country, and returned as soon as they felt they could do so with safety.

No effort was made to allay this frightful panic. Had a proclamation been issued by some of our authorities, civil or military, stating the facts as they existed so far as known, that of itself would, in all probability, have assured the people, and reason might have assumed its place again before the scenes we have referred to, and others over

which a mantle should be drawn, were enacted. There may have been "a military necessity" for the course that was pursued in this matter, but the people were wholly unable to appreciate such reticence, when a few words would have gone far toward quieting their fears.

Early in the day the yellow flag was hoisted over a number of buildings occupied as hospitals. Over one business house we noticed the British flag floating. The Bank of Tennessee, with its effects, was removed to Columbia, and several of our bankers gathered up their specie and other valuables and carried them to some point which they regarded as more secure than Nashville. The Planters', Union, and City Banks were the only ones that remained, but whether they retained their specie is not known to the public.

Much anxiety was manifested to know General Johnston's purposes in regard to holding the city, many favoring and others opposing such a policy. So clamorous were the people upon this point, that, during the afternoon, General Washington Barrow, the Senator from Davidson county, who had remained at home to share with his people the fate that might befall them, in company with Mayor Cheatham, visited General Johnston, at his headquarters in Edgefield, to ascertain what he should do in this behalf. General Johnston informed them that his army was not then in a condition to make a stand here, and that he should make no effort to defend the city. On their return, Messrs. Barrow and Cheatham addressed the crowd assembled upon the Public Square, informing them that they had General Johnston's assurance that he would not hazard the safety of the city by attempting to hold it, and they advised the people to remain quietly at home in the pursuit of their ordinary avocations, and expressed the conviction that they would not be molested. Mayor Cheatham also stated that upon the approach of the Federals he should, in company with a committee of our wisest, most discreet citizens, go out under a flag of truce to meet the Commanding General and make a formal surrender of the city, and that he should negotiate for the best possible terms for the protection of the rights and property of the citizens. He further stated that the provisions in the commissary stores, which could not be removed by the Confederate authorities, would be distributed among the people, so that there need be no fear of suffering for the want of the necessaries of life by those thrown out of employment by the state of things now upon us. These assurances quieted somewhat the

minds of the people, especially those who feared the shock of a battle in the immediate vicinity of the city.

Three o'clock came, and still time sped on, but neither General Buell's army nor the gun-boats had arrived. By this time the people began to understand that General Buell's army could not, by any possibility, have got to Springfield, so that the fears of danger from that source were quieted. It was given out, as coming from a high official, that the gun-boats would reach here about 12 o'clock that night, and this was used to keep up the panic.

Great fears were entertained that the torch would be applied to the city during the night, and an urgent appeal was made to General Johnston for protection against incendiaries. A regiment of Missouri troops was detailed to guard the city, and faithfully did they perform the duty assigned them. The night was passed in a degree of quiet which was surprising as well as gratifying.

Thus passed the most exciting Sunday we ever witnessed in Nashville.

(Concluded in September number.)

THE HAMPTON ROADS COMMISSION.

Another Reply to Colonel Colyar.

[THE following letter was written by the Honorable Ethel Barksdale, in answer to inquiries addressed to him, and is, by his permission, submitted to the Editor of the ANNALS for publication.]

DEAR SIR:—A paper is contributed to THE ANNALS OF THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE by Honorable A. S. Colyar, a member of the Confederate Congress, containing statements which deserve notice from members of that body interested in the vindication of the truth of history. He states that resolutions were before the House in the latter part of 1864 and 1865, instructing President Davis to accredit a commission to the United States to treat for peace, and naming the commissioners in the resolution, and that the resolutions were not pressed to a vote in consequence of a pledge given by the "particular friends of Mr. Davis" that the persons named would be appointed.

Furthermore, that surprise was felt by the advocates of the resolution "when they learned for the first time after the commissioners had returned that they had been clothed with no power except, to treat on the basis of independence," &c. As the letter of instruction was published at the time, or its contents were well known to Mr. Stephens and others of the commission, and through them were communicated to those who advocated the appointment of the commission, this latter statement of Mr. Colyar awakens astonishment. It is proper to state, moreover, that while resolutions of inquiry into the resources of the Confederacy were passed by the Congress, none looking to a settlement upon any other than "the basis of independence" would have received respectful consideration by a majority of that body. From the statement that President Davis authorized a pledge that, if the resolutions referred to were not pressed, he would appoint the commissioners therein designated, I must emphatically dissent, as a member of the body, who participated in its deliberations and was conferred with by the President upon the very subject under discussion. I was fully informed of the deliberations of the President and his Cabinet in reference to the commission from the beginning; of the motives that influenced his action, and of the persons deemed best suited for the responsible and delicate duties which they would be required to perform; and I am sure that, if he had authorized the pledge mentioned by Mr. Colyar, I would have been cognizant of the fact. I believe he will bear me out in saying that no such promise was exacted, and that none was made. The commission was appointed to satisfy a public belief, which had been busily propagated by malcontents and obstructionists, that an honorable peace could be obtained by negotiation; and, in order to leave no ground for the charge that the commission was not appointed in good faith, Honorable A. H. Stephens, the recognized leader of the peace party, was placed upon it. His associates (Honorable R. M. T. Hunter and Judge John A. Campbell) were, also, gentlemen of ability, and enjoyed the confidence of the Southern people. The mission resulted as had been anticipated: the United States authorities were unwilling to treat for peace. They demanded an unconditional surrender. Any proposition short of this demand would have been rejected; and this the commission were given to understand. If they had gone with a proposition in their mouths for the establishment of peace on any other terms, the result would have been the same, and I am at a loss to know the cause of

Mr. Colfyar's surprise and regret, in view of the determination of the United States Government to be satisfied with nothing less than the absolute surrender of the Confederate armies, and the submission of the Southern people to such laws as they might choose to dictate.

The opinion has been industriously circulated by a class of persons that Mr. Davis was a bloody-minded, ambitious man, who delighted in the carnage produced by a state of war, and that he discouraged every attempt to establish peace and to put an end to the strife. Nothing could be more untrue. It must be recollected that his duties, as the Chief Executive Officer of the Confederate States, were clearly defined. He had taken an oath to maintain and defend the Government of the Confederacy, and he had no power to "treat" it out of existence. He could not have done so without betraying his trust and the people who had confided to him the responsibilities of his high office. But, within the limit of his authority, no opportunity was lost to establish peaceful relations with the United States Government. Repeated efforts to that end were made by the Confederate Authorities. Immediately after the organization of the Confederate Government, commissioners were sent to Washington to assure the United States Government of the desire of the Confederate States for peace, but they were not received. Soon after the United States commenced hostilities, Mr. Davis again attempted to open communication with the United States Government by addressing a letter to Mr. Lincoln, of which a military officer was the bearer; but General Scott, then in command of the U. S. armies, would not even permit the officer to pass through his lines, and no answer to the letter was ever received. The attempt was renewed, when, at the instance of President Davis, Vice-President Stephens sought permission to visit Washington with a view to a conference; but he was not permitted to proceed further than Fortress Monroe. Unwilling to leave any means untried to restore peace, consistent with the honor of his Government, in January, 1865, he addressed a letter to Mr. F. P. Blair, of Maryland, who had been permitted to visit Richmond, designed for President Lincoln, informing him that he would either receive or send commissioners to negotiate for peace. This communication resulted in the Hampton Roads Conference, in which the Confederate Commissioners were distinctly notified that no treaty or arrangement of any kind would be entered into with the Confederate Government, or with any seperate State; and that no arrangement for a permanent peace would

be made except upon the condition of an absolute and unconditional surrender. The attempt to throw upon President Davis the failure to negotiate successfully for peace, is as unjust to him as the attempt to make him responsible for secession and the war, when he was but the selected agent of the Southern people for the execution of their will.

Mr. Colyar refers to statements which were made to him by Honorable John B. Baldwin, a member of the Confederate Congress from Virginia, designed to throw censure upon the President for obstructing attempts at procuring peace by negotiation. It is not my intention to dispute the statement of Mr. Colyar further than it is contradicted by an address which was signed by Mr. Baldwin with others, for the instruction and guidance of the people of the Confederate States while the war was in progress. It contained these words: "The course of the United States Government has proved that it did "not desire peace, and *would not consent to it on any terms that we could* "*possibly concede*. In proof of this, we refer to the *repeated rejection of* "*all terms of conciliation and compromise;* to their contemptuous refusal "to receive the Vice-President (Mr. Stephens), who was sent to negotiate for softening the asperities of war, and their scornful rejection "of the offer of a neutral power to mediate between the contending "parties. Until some evidence is given of a change of "policy, on the part of the Government of the United States, and "until assurance is given that efforts at negotiation will not be "spurned, the Congress are of the opinion that any direct overtures "for peace would compromise our self-respect, be fruitless of good, "and interpreted by the enemy as an indication of weakness." This paper Mr. Baldwin, who is cited by Mr. Colyar, signed and sent out to his Southern countrymen.

Very respectfully, E. BARKSDALE.

Jackson, Miss., August 3, 1878.

EARLY WESTERN HISTORY.

ANDREW JACKSON AT A FOOT-RACE.

FEATS of strength and agility were common pastimes among the early settlers, and wrestling and foot-racing, particularly, were indulged in on all public occasions. At Nashville, Sam. Donelson was the champion runner, and his friends would have backed him with their last cent. On one occasion, Billy Read, a shirt-sleeve boy from Bledsoe's Station, happened to be in town, and some one, knowing him to be fleet-footed, set about to make a race between him and Donelson. Donelson was eager for the contest, and Read consented, after much persuasion. The fact that a stranger was going to run against the champion, created quite a stir in the village, and quickly drew together a large crowd, Andrew Jackson among them. Odds were offered freely on Donelson, and Jackson was particularly noisy in his behalf, but there were no takers. Read said he felt a little chagrined that he had not a single backer, but this determined him to do his best, and beat his antagonist if possible. Both parties gave exhibitions of their agility on the way to the field, but public sentiment ran to the conviction that the champion was invincible. The distance ran was one hundred yards, and, at the finish, Read came out ahead of the champion fully thirty feet. There was never such a surprise. The revulsion in favor of Read was quick and overwhelming. Jackson was the first to get to him, and, in the enthusiasm of his admiration, patted the little fellow on his bare back so hard that he had to twist out of his grasp and dodge him for some time in the crowd.

DEATH OF NATH. THOMAS.

NATH. THOMAS was an elder brother of Josh. Thomas, who was the only white man killed at Nicajack. This family was noted for daring, and we have knowledge that three of its members

fell victims to Indian warfare. The subject of this notice fell in a single combat in which no witness survived to tell the tale. He and Edmond Jennings were trapping on the Cumberland, near where Hartsville now stands, and when Jennings returned to the camp one day, from a visit to his traps, he found Thomas killed and a dead Indian lying near him. There were evidences of a terrible struggle, and it was supposed that the Indian got the advantage of his antagonist at the outset by taking him unawares. He probably aimed to do the work with the tomahawk, so as not to alarm Jennings, who might, in turn, become a victim to his prowess. Both were men of great strength, and the combat must have been hand to hand, and fought with great desperation, to have made it fatal to each. Jennings was so much impressed by the scene which met his gaze as he approached the camp, that he became alarmed for his own safety, and hastily abandoned the spot. In about two months he returned to the place and buried his companion's bones at the foot of a beech tree near by. Years afterward, traps, supposed to have belonged to the unfortunate trappers, were plowed up in this locality, and, forty-seven years after the tragedy, Jennings, who happened to be in the vicinity, identified the tree at the foot of which Thomas was buried, although the face of the country had become greatly changed by cultivation.

ADVENTURES OF NAT. PARKER AND PETER FISHER.

AS Nat. Parker and Peter Fisher were returning from the usual scout which regularly made the circuit of the stations on Bledsoe Creek, in Sumner co., Tenn., they concluded, on reaching the vicinity of Morgan's Station, to take down the creek and kill a deer. At certain seasons of the year these animals congregated at the streams to feed upon the long moss which grew in great abundance under the water at that day. As Parker approached the bank of the creek, and was peering up and down in search of his game, he heard a rustle in an island midway the stream, and, on looking, he saw eight Indians rising to fire upon him. He instantly turned to run, but the bank gave way under his feet, and he was precipitated into the creek. He was scrambling back with might and main, under the stimulus of the

Indian fire, when his rifle, which was a very fine piece and highly prized, slipped from his hand and slid down the bank. He was loth to part with its possession, or leave it a prize to the enemy. So he quit his vantage ground and tumbled back after it, which, in spite of every effort, eluded his grasp until it reached the bed of the creek. The Indian bullets made the locality extremely hot, but he secured his gun, and, after much effort, regained the level and made his escape without serious hurt. He and his comrade now ran toward the fort, avoiding the maiden cane and chewing their bullets, so as to load rapidly without the use of patching. Parker was of a very irascible temperament, and swore so long and loudly over his adventure at the creek as he was running off, that the Indians themselves took the alarm and fled, leaving their blankets and peltries behind.

CORNWALLIS AND DEKALB.

ROBIN HOLMES, a Revolutionary soldier, whose bones now repose in Sumner co., Tenn., was taken prisoner at the Battle of Camden, S. C., or "Gates' Defeat," as the people of that day used to style it. He was present when the brave old soldier, Baron DeKalb, was being borne from the field, bleeding from *eleven* wounds. He said that Lord Cornwallis was deeply touched at DeKalb's condition, and he saw him ride up to the vehicle in which he had been placed and charge the driver particularly to "drive slowly over the pine roots," adding, "Poor Baron, he is desperately wounded."

THE SOLDIERS' WAR-BAG.

Female Courage.—During the late war, scenes like the following were of not unusual occurrence in parts of the Southern States in possession of the Federal Army. It occurred in Lincoln co., Tenn., at the house of Andrew Buchanan, a man over seventy years of age, and one of the best citizens of the State. He owned a number of slaves, and was supposed to have a considerable sum of money concealed about the premises. His family consisted of himself, wife, several daughters, two of whom had husbands in the Southern Army, and a son who had served an honorable part in the Mexican War. The family had retired for the night, when the son heard a tap at his window and his name pronounced. He arose and opened the door without dressing, when he was seized by three soldiers, who dragged him out into the yard and demanded his money. Being a man of firmness, he refused to give it up or tell where it was buried. Thereupon a pair of buggy lines were put around his neck and thrown over a limb of a tree, to which he was hoisted in a trice. After a severe choking, he was lowered and again asked to give up his money, with threats of instant death in case of refusal. The hanging had produced no effect toward making him waver in his denial, but contrawise; so he was again hauled up, but he managed, by getting his hands in the loop, to break the force of the squeeze. On being let down, he was as obstinate as ever, and his persecutors were preparing to swing him again, when, fearing that he might be murdered, he called, with all his might, for help. The family had been ignorant of his situation until they heard his cry of distress, when the two married sisters came immediately to his assistance, begging for their brother as only a woman can plead; but they were repulsed with brutal insults. The ladies were then ordered to tell where the money was, and, to work on their fears, their brother was knocked down with pistols, and his head covered with wounds, which bled freely. These efforts failing of effect, the soldiers renewed the attempt to hang their victim. Now ensued a struggle between two weak women and three strong men, which exhibited, in a striking degree, the power of courage and perseverance over brute force. The brother aided his sisters all he could in a passive way, but he was too badly wounded to render much assistance. It would take pages of description to tell all of the incidents crowded into that long hour of contention and agony. The two ladies would cling to two of the robbers, and so interfere with their movements that the other, by himself, was not able to elevate Buchanan, who was rather heavy. In this way, with brief intervals, the terrible struggle lasted for an hour. The victim was repeatedly beaten over the head with pistols, but he remained firm to the last. The robbers claimed to be rebels, but their brogue proclaimed the lie. Finally, Buchanan broke away and ran to the house of an old negro to whom the family were much attached. The latter had four grown sons, but they were too much cowed by the

fierce demeanor and threats of the soldiers to make any attempt at a rescue. The old man made an effort to assist his master, but was knocked down three times before he desisted. The case seemed hopeless, but one of the ladies noticing among the robbers some symptoms of alarm at the possible appearance of bushwhackers upon the scene, screamed, at the top of her voice, for help. Two of the scoundrels instantly choked her down and dragged her to the house, where they left her with threats of instant death if she made any further outcry, but her ruse had its intended effect. The Federals took the alarm, and, after some further beating of Buchanan, who was defiant to the last, they hastily left the scene for their camp, which was at Fayetteville, about three miles off. As stated at the outset, occurrences of this nature were not uncommon during the war. There were few families within the Federal lines who escaped visitation and more or less rough usage, and that, too, at times, by the authority of those in power. The *laissez faire*—the allowance to commit such acts by officers, was fully as disgraceful as the *order* to commit them

Prowling a Prisoner.—During Sherman's march through South Carolina, three of Wheeler's men, on riding up to a house, discovered a Yank standing in the door, who laid down his gun on being ordered to surrender. The three rebs dismounted at the fence simultaneously, and each made a race for the prisoner, in order to be first to get his pocket-book and other valuables; in other words, to prowl him. One grabbed his watch, another thrust his hands into his pockets, while the third seemed likely to miss his share of the booty altogether; but, happening to enter the hall, he got a richer prize in a knapsack and a fine cassimere blanket. The pocket-rifler obtained twenty-five cents as his share. The helpless prisoner submitted like a post to the spoiling of his property, having, probably, played the same game on some luckless reb or helpless citizen. The sight was ludicrous from a *post bellum* standpoint, but such reprisals were common on both sides, and are indulged in by soldiers of all nations. Yet the sight became still more ludicrous, when, on the way to camp, the rebs had the prisoner down in the road and were taking turns trying on his boots, which, however, proved too small for any of the party.

THE ANNALS OF THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE seems to me to be a most appropriate place to insert a compliment once paid the grand old Army of Tennessee by our late President, Jeff. Davis. It was this: Shortly after our victory at Chickamauga, President Davis visited our army. He was met at the depot by all the officials and hundreds of soldiers. Immediately after mounting his horse he was completely surrounded, and thousands of voices called on him for a speech. Raising his hat, he said: "Man never spoke as you did on the field of Chickamauga, and in your presence I dare not speak. Yours is the voice that will win the independence of your country and strike terror to the heart of a ruthless foe. I hope to see you again." With this he waived an adieu and rode away amid the shouts of the assembled multitude. JAS. E. BEASLEY.

Memphis, Tenn.

EDITORIAL.

SHILOH MONUMENTAL ASSOCIATION.—We give space to the letter of Ex-President Davis, and hope its noble sentiments, applauding the action of the Shiloh meeting, will find a fitting response all over our Southern Land. The dead of Shiloh *need* no such commemoration to make their story live. A monument to them will honor the living who erect it, and testify to the "best instincts of our nature." "It is not their reward, but our debt:"

Ex-President Davis—Letter to the Confederate Monumental Association at Shiloh.—Gentlemen:—Your letter of the 10th inst. was forwarded from Memphis, and received here after some consequent delay. I regret that it will not be practicable for me to be present at your proposed meeting on the 27th inst.

The object which you have in view, is most highly appreciated, and commends itself to me by every dictate of duty and feeling of gratitude. The eventful field of Shiloh must ever be memorable, and awaken in the hearts of Confederates mingled sentiments of pride and sorrow. The heroism of our soldiers, the success of their desperate assaults, the skill with which they were led by that noble gentleman and great general, Albert Sidney Johnston, must ever be reverted to by us with proud enthusiasm. Many accounts of those best informed lead us to the conclusion that victory was in the grasp of our army at the moment when the great leader fell. That the bones of the men who died there should lie bleaching on the field where, with their life-blood, they sealed their devotion to the country, is a reflection on all the best instincts of our nature. It has been to me a matter of surprise and regret that our countrymen have not sooner attempted to raise a monument to those who gave all of earth for us, and who could have looked forward to no other reward than securing to posterity the liberties to which we were born.

To the great general who fell while leading his troops to the last charge which was believed to be necessary to render the victory complete, far less than the honors which were due to him, have, I think, thus far been accorded; and no small honor should be awarded to you for being the first to commemorate his services by a monument on the battle-field which he and his brave comrades made illustrious. Not for vain display, not for personal glory, but to achieve an essential object to which his personal leading would contribute, he gave his life a willing sacrifice. Those who know how he rejected the most flattering propositions from our enemy, and under what extraordinary difficulties he came to join our service, will little heed the idea that he became reckless of life under the goading of ignorant and unjust criticism. A long and very intimate acquaintance with General A. S. Johnston, in academic, garrison and campaign associations, enables me to form a confident opinion as to the motives which would govern him in any case, and which influenced him in the last act of his life.

Of calm judgement, concentrated will and iron nerve, he was as little likely as any man I have ever known to be influenced by popular clamor. When he could not effectively resist, he retreated, watchful of an opportunity to assume the defensive. When he saw a prospect of beating one of the armies of the enemy before the other could join it, he promptly availed himself of the occasion thus offered. When he saw the key of battle obstinately held, and felt that to seize it was to insure success, he rode forward under the high inspiration of duty, regardless of personal consequences. When he received the wound which proved fatal, he reckoned not of it, for his thoughts were of his troops, of the defenseless people he was striving to protect, of the cause to which he was devoted, and thus he neglected himself, the only neglect that justice can ever lay at the door of that man, as great as he was good, and as good as he was great. In looking back to form an estimate of the consequences had he achieved a complete victory at Shiloh, who shall say he overrated the value of the issue therein involved?

I trust that your labors will be successful, and that your monument will be worthy of the heroic dead who died for us, and that it will fitly commemorate their patriotism and their valor.

Upon the monument to be raised, future generations may read the names of some fallen braves whose last resting place no tomb-stone marks, and remote posterity may draw inspiration from the fact of consanguinity to those whose memory you perpetuate.

Your work is not like that of one performed by a government, doing honor to its professional soldiery, but it is that of citizens manifesting respect to brothers who left the walks of civil life to defend their common homes and altars. Every profession, trade and pursuit in our land was represented in that army for defense, and all are called upon to unite in your work with the sympathy of countrymen and the especial feeling for their own order also.

Be assured, gentlemen, of my earnest co-operation with you, as well in the manner you indicate as in any other in which I may hope efficiently to serve you.

Again, regretting my inability to be present at your meeting as invited, believe me to be, with grateful acknowledgement of your kind consideration,

Yours, faithfully, JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Beauvoir, Miss., June 21, 1873.

THE *Southern Historical Society Papers* "touches elbows" with the ANNALS in the following kindly notice. We repeat our sentiments of appreciation of the value and high character of the "*Southern Historical Society Papers.*" The Annals will always endeavor not only to "touch elbows" with our co-worker, but to "guide right" in promoting, in every way, the work of our Society: "Annals of the Army of Tennessee and Early Western History. Dr. E. L. Drake, Editor, Nashville, Tennessee. We noticed, several months ago, the prospectus of this new candidate for public favor, which was started in April last. We have since received the numbers for April, May, June and July, and take great pleasure in saying that the monthly fully sustains its promise of interest and value. It

proceeds upon the correct theory of allowing the men who made the history tell the story, and is producing some articles of deep interest and great historic value. We cordially welcome the ANNALS as a valuable co-worker in the cause of historic truth, and shall feel it a privilege to "touch elbows" with it in our assaults upon the bulwarks of error. We shall preserve its numbers, have the volumes bound, and place them upon our shelves as valuable material for the future historian. We trust that friends of historic truth everywhere will give Dr. Drake warm sympathy and hearty support."

CORRECTION.—We have received a note from Mr. Chas. Johnston, of Virginia, calling attention to an omission of the word "only" in his article, "Attack on Fort Gilmer," as printed in *The Southern Historical Society Papers*. The text should read, "With great respect to yourself, not *only* on account of your career in the army," &c. The omission of the word "only" entirely perverts his meaning.

WE have received from General Marcus J. Wright a circular letter, announcing his appointment, by the government, as agent to collect the materials of Confederate History. As he states, all manuscripts which come into his possession will be published by the government at its expense. This is a laudable effort, evincing a most commendable spirit. The history of the two parties to the late contest is so interwoven that all of the facts on both sides are necessary for a proper understanding of the subject. When all of these facts are gathered and collated, there will arise from their investigation one other great fact, namely: that the American soldier is the hardest fighter in the world, and that the Confederate soldier, in our opinion, as a type of courage, endurance and spirit, will be found to stand unrivalled in modern history. France, with her thirty-six millions of inhabitants, and wealth and means at her command, succumbed, in a six months' campaign, to a few hundred thousand German soldiers. However, it must not be forgotten, in making this contrast, that the impelling causes, in each instance, were widely different, and that a soldier's arm is nerved in proportion to the impulses and purposes that animate his heart. This offer, on the part of the government, seems to be made in a laudable spirit, and as such we would commend it to the favorable consideration of our people.

THE Second Tennessee Confederate Infantry Regiment (Bate's) will hold its Annual Reunion on Saturday, September 7, 1878, at Madison Station, in Davidson county, on the Louisville and Nashville and St. Louis and Southeastern Railroads, eight miles North-east of Nashville. There will be a grand barbecue, music, and other comforts, to make the occasion enjoyable. The friends of the members and their fellow-soldiers are invited.

TERMS.—In localities where we have no special contract with Agents, we will furnish an extra copy of the ANNALS one year, gratis, to any one who will get up a club of ten. Where persons will form a club of more than ten, we will allow them a copy at $1.80 per annum. The name, post-office, county and State must be written plainly. Payment must accompany each list. *Single copies, Two Dollars per annum.* Address Dr. E. L. Drake, Editor, Fayetteville, Tenn., or A. D. Haynes, Publisher, Nashville, Tenn.

THE

ANNALS OF ARMY OF TENNESSEE

EARLY WESTERN HISTORY.

VOL. I. } NASHVILLE, TENN., SEPTEMBER, 1878. { No. 6.

GENERAL PATRICK R. CLEBURNE.

WE remember once, during the war, to have been one of a group, by chance, at the quarters of Major James Lanford, who was, at that time, Commissary of Cleburne's old Brigade. The conversation turned, by some means, on the subject of General Cleburne's career as a soldier, which some one observed had not been marred by a single false step, and had recently been further signalized by his brilliant and successful defense of Ringold Gap or Taylor's Ridge. To this Major Lanford replied that General Cleburne was a man of peculiar mould—so recognized by his most intimate friends, even before the war, when, as a lawyer of no great promise, he had his lot with the people of Helena, Arkansas. He had peculiarities aside from those pertaining to the foreigner, and so apparent on his arrival in this country; and the Major related a number of anecdotes illustrative of traits of character which lay at the foundation of his fame as a soldier. He was much like Stonewall Jackson, in many respects, as will appear in the course of this recital.

We do not mean, in saying that he was peculiar, that he had oddities of manner or conceit, which partook, in the least, of drollery or a conscious exhibition, whether portrayed in voice or port. He was always grave, reticent, solitary, wrapped in himself; seemingly seriously engaged in thought at all times and pre-occupied. No one, by the remotest indirection, could accuse Cleburne's face of shamming. When on duty, he always meant business, and showed it in a square, penetrating look of the eyes that gave emphasis to his utterances. In ordinary intercourse with his inferiors in rank, he rarely vouchsafed them a glance, though his manner had in it not the least smack of su-

perciliousness; and, unless on a subject in which he was much interested, conversation was apt to be a drag to both parties. His face wore continually the placard, "No liberties allowed here," and he must have been a fool, indeed, who failed to observe it. The truth of this last remark found exceptions only on occasions having a deep general interest, leveling in their tendencies, as, for instance: In March, 1864, he led two of his brigades in a snow-ball battle against the rest of his division, but, finding that his opponents yielded too readily to his onslaught, he deserted his proper side and threw himself at the head of the beaten party until the battle was restored to something like equal chances, when he withdrew to one side as spectator. Again, on the field of real battle his manner relaxed into a sort of *bon hommie* which his soldiers were quick to observe and regard as approbation; for be it said that Old Pat had less cause to find fault with the conduct of his men on these occasions than he did in the daily routine of camp duties. At the Battle of Perryville he addressed the Second Tennessee skirmishers as "boys," but it was in admiration of a manful defense they were making in an exposed position on his left flank which was seriously threatened at the time by a heavy force of the enemy. We remember hearing these "boys" repeat the expression after the battle with a good deal of unction. Cleburne was always harder on an officer than a "man." We recall having been "lifted out of our boots" by him on the drill-field several times, but always had the consolation of plenty of the same luckless company. Captains of companies believed that he had a special spite at them, and were generally credited with the authorship of any *faux pas* which marred the precision of a movement. Many will recall, at this suggestion, Old Pat's excited gallop to the scene of confusion, and his "As you were," uttered in a tone of deep disgust. On the drill-field he was a veritable pedagogue. But it is a remarkable feature of his character that he inflicted, probably, less punishment than any commander in the army. He had few of the appliances of discipline, and, consequently, few spectacles of penal degradation. His anger rarely went farther than reproof on the spot, and was never vindictive or vengeful. I never heard of a clearly established case of wanton injustice on the part of General Cleburne. He stickled for obedience, and, when this was rendered, that was the end of the case as far as he was concerned. Yet, he had the reputation of being a harsh disciplinarian; but it is evident, from the above statement, that he used his

power rather as a rod held *in terrorem* over evil-doers, than as an actual means of punishment. His men deprecated the occasioning of his displeasure more than they feared the effect of it, and Old Pat's dictum carried with a vast deal of weight and respect outside of the obedience inculcated in the Army Regulations. His labors (and they were unremitting) were directed to improving the efficiency of his command, and officers and men felt constrained to accord him a formal support at least, however irksome the task. Yet, they never became machine soldiers; they were not of the stuff of which such are made, and they always preserved an individuality which resented a blind obedience to pointless formalities which overtaxed physical endurance in the performance of them. Thus, while the division was encamped at Tunnell Hill, Ga., in the winter of 1863–4, the weather was often excessively cold, and the routine duties of guard were evaded as much as possible by the men who, for the most part, were poorly clad. On this coming under the observation of the Division Inspector, he determined to preserve the majesty of the violated law by appearing in person on these occasions and insisting upon a full performance of every detail laid down in the Regulations. The consequence was, he soon had a war upon his hands in which the odds were greatly against him; but he elected to hold his ground, which gave him one advantage: he had his revenge in exacting a full and rigorous compliance with the law; the more tedious the performance and bad the weather, the sweeter his revenge. But woe unto him the while this was going on, or when he came in view of camps on other occasions; hostile tongues, from a hundred coverts, wagged in his derision, and his ears were regaled with the choicest bits of sarcasm and blasphemy belonging to the repertory of camp. At length, Old Pat himself became involved in the war, upon the representations of his Inspector, whom he sought to shield, and issued a very positive order against further interruption of this officer or any passing horsemen. This rendered the opposite party a little more circumspect in giving offense, and lessened the amount of clamor, but not its individual intensity when a favorable opportunity occurred. Threats of wholesale arrest were made by the General, but never executed. Gradually the ramrod which stiffened the Inspector's backbone bent under the pressure, and he ceased to make any defense. In truth, the rebellion was more against the man than the law—his manner than his authority.

But Old Pat had one hobby which some of us grieved over at the

time as an evidence of decided *weakness* on his part, but we came afterward, to applaud its practical working out.

In the spring of 1863, he obtained a copy of a little work on "Rifle Shooting," which had been issued under direction of a board of officers as a text book for the English Army. He went to work at once, and, in a short while, mastered its contents in his usual thorough way. Having been a corporal in the British Army, the imprimatur was sufficient to enlist Cleburne's endorsement, and the next thing was to give his division the benefit of its *wonderful* teachings. An order brought to his headquarters at Wartrace, Tenn., a line officer from each regiment "picked for intelligence," etc. Those of us who belonged to his old brigade had become familiar as *pupils* with his method of teaching while at Corinth and Tupelo, Miss., and were prepared, to a certain extent, for the ordeal ahead. He exhibited the book, ran over the topics, and then told us, in the most direct way, that we were to learn the system, so that we could impart it to the regimental officers, and through them to the men. Major Benham, of his staff, was to instruct us, and he himself would supervise. He had put Benham to hammering at it before our arrival. The work was somewhat interesting, at first, but lost its novelty after a going over which, in the end, we found to be very superficial indeed. Benham was a good fellow, and, withal, a capital story-teller; and, as our tasks began to get irksome, it was an easy matter to beguile him into a story of western adventure, of which he had quite a fund from long residence in California as United States District Attorney. So, as our acquaintance with our teacher grew, the reins got slacker and attendance irregular. Some of the better dressed and sleeker of the pupils had the effrontery to appear in rivalry with General Hardee and his staff in attentions to some neighboring belles, and came to meetings occasionally with highly colored reports of successful adventure. The rest of us generally met at the usual hour every day for form's sake, played mumble-peg under the wide-spreading beeches, joked and lolled in a *dolce farniente* style that was regarded as blissful in comparison with the hot drills and restrictions of life back at camps. In other words, we had a soft thing of it. We concluded, further, that the system was *purely theoretical*, and of no earthly value to old squirrel-hunters. In the meantime, what had become of Old Pat? No one seemed to know or care. Benham would say occasionally, in deprecation of our idleness and inattention, that "Cleburne would get hold of us if we did n't do better

ter;" but the admonition was lost on this Normal Military School daily assembled for chit-chat and make-believe.

How long this hasheesh indifference would have lasted, if undisturbed, we have no means of knowing, but we have a distinct recollection of how summarily it ended when Old Pat appeared among us one day with the stern placard expressed in every lineament, "No liberties allowed here." Benham, who knew his man well, was the first to startle the reposing group with the exclamation, "By gracious, yonder comes Cleburne!" There was but one book in the class, and all could not get the benefit of appearing at that instant absorbed in the profound study of its sublime teachings. So there was no help for it but to submit like sheep dumb before their shearers, or like derelict pupils before a North Ireland School-master, wielding the rod an hundred years ago, or, later still, in the days of Cleburne's pupilage, for where else did he learn the role he played so well? In ten minutes, or less, he had guaged every fellow's proficiency in the Theory of Rifle-shooting to a fraction—the sum of which could easily have been expressed in fractions, of which *one thousand* was the least denominator applicable. He ran the question of "How many pin-holes are there in the tumbler?" from "next" to "next" so rapidly that we *all failed* to answer it. He was evidently up to the business. I do'nt believe that Benham himself could have told a gun-barrel from a ram-rod. Our dream of blissful repose on beds of roses, with blue grass carpeting and beechen bough overhangings, was rudely broken from this time forward. Morning didactics and afternoon practice was the order of the day, and *rigidly* carried out. The morning lesson consisted of a dissection of the rifle-musket to its minutest anatomy, followed by instruction in the laws of projectiles. This was conned over day after day until repetition brought its reward. But the afternoon lesson played a different variation. *Hic opus, hic labor.* The correct estimate of distances was a corollary of the morning study, and hot stretches of open field-work, rarely infringing on a border land of shade, with human flesh and blood for markers, monotonous guesses and repeated trials back and forth, regulation of the pace and verification of distances—these things made us earn our rations, and really trained the eye to a useful purpose in the art of destruction, which is the chief point in the economy of war. As each step assured progress, rigor relaxed somewhat; and when the school was dispersed by the advance of Rosecrans, the General had become quite proud of its

promise of good. However, this information did not come direct from him. It was obtained second hand from some ladies at Chattanooga whom he visited, and, according to their report, his "school" was the only topic upon which he exhibited any animation. To us, he was as dumb of approbation as the Sphynx. The first order, on settling into camp at Tyner's Station, concerned his "school," which he now set to work in the several regiments as instructors, and which he supervised with characteristic thoroughness and persistency. That all of his pains and trouble bore good fruit he never doubted, and he pointed to the after achievements of his division as a result. In truth, the corps of Whitworth Sharp-shooters which he organized for the campaign of 1864 was probably not surpassed in the Confederacy. This body, twenty in number, was selected with great care from the different regiments of the division, and placed under the command of Lieutenant A. B. Schell, of the Second Tennessee—a most fitting selection, in every respect, of aptitude, love of adventure, and unflinching bravery. It was exempted from all duty but this special service, and this it performed in a style that was exceedingly gratifying to General Cleburne. On the Dalton-Atlanta Campaign we judge that hardly a day passed that it did not score victims to its deadly aim. At Resaca we remember seeing it silence batteries repeatedly at eight hundred yards range; and a skirmish line of Federal Kentuckians, which had been pushed forward into a deadening between the lines, was almost annihilated by its fire. The telescope with which this gun was fitted, made its aim very accurate even at long distances. These guns were imported from England in 1863, and cost the Confederate Government $1,000 each, with an accompaniment of one thousand rounds of cartridges to the piece. The barrels were rifled after the manner of the old-fashioned American Rifle, and the balls were nearly two inches in length, though the diameter was quite small.

But our pen is running riot with personal reminiscences of General Cleburne, when, at the outset, we only intended to reproduce some anecdotes gathered around Major Lanford's camp-fire more than fourteen years ago. The *ante bellum* relations of this gentleman to the subject of this sketch was that of a law-partner, according to our recollection, and, therefore, one of more or less intimacy. Installment number one of these anecdotes shows the Irish in him in his unwillingness to take a dare; in other respects, it exhibits his characteristic tenacity of purpose.

Shortly after Cleburne's arrival at Helena, he was one of a party of gentlemen engaged in an afternoon stroll beyond the limits of the city. On coming to a wide ditch, of which there were numbers in the vicinity, the natives of the party, from long practice, leaped it with ease, leaving Cleburne behind in a quandary whether to leap or endeavor to find a better crossing elsewhere. Some one remarked that he could not jump it, and another dared him to the trial. This was enough. He had too much of the native element of Irish character to take a dare, and he essayed the leap at once. The distance was too great for his practice, and he came down in the mud and water to his waist, falling several feet short of his mark. A roar of laughter followed the performance, and Cleburne started back to the other bank instead of coming on over. To a question as to what he meant, he replied that he "intended to jump that ditch." Now ensued a succession of efforts ludicrous to the by-standers, but as toilsome to the unpracticed performer as the historic endeavor of the ant to carry a grain up the perpendicular face of the wall, but with the same triumphant result. Again and again he fell short of the bank, but each time went a little nearer the mark. He was covered, from head to foot, with the filthy ooze of the swamp, but this failed to disconcert him in the least. At last, after many fruitless endeavors, his toil was rewarded, and he stood triumphant on the coveted bank. Major Landford says that during the entire time he made no reply to the sallies of his companions, and seemed utterly forgetful of their presence until he succeeded, when he uttered a few chuckles of triumph. But his ambition at ditch-jumping did not stop with competition: "Excelsior" was now his motto, and he practiced daily until he could make leaps that his companions would not attempt.

Anecdote number two is a repetition, in spirit, of number one.

Cleburne's companions were all expert with the pistol, and one day he was asked to try his skill. The result was a laughable failure. Some weeks after this, he was present at another trial of skill, and, to the astonishment of all, he beat the entire party with the greatest ease. He had bought a pistol after his failure, and had practiced in private with his accustomed assiduity.

Anecdote number three is different from the rest only in detail.

Major L. and he had an engagement to call upon some ladies one night. After supper, the Major repaired to Cleburne's room and found him in the act of making his toilet. Just as Cleburne was slip-

ping his head through a clean shirt, he observed a mouse's head peering through a hole in the floor. He instantly stopped his preparations, and got his pistol, remarking that he intended to "kill that little rascal." Lanford made some remonstrace against his giving time to such a trivial affair, but he made no reply, as he settled himself into a chair and ranged his pistol on the hole from which the mouse had now disappeared. Thinking that Cleburne would either kill the mouse or get tired of waiting its reappearance, Lanford withdrew, with the remark that he would return in a half hour, when he hoped he would be ready. At the appointed time he returned, to find his companion occupying exactly the same posture, with his shirt still unadjusted. He again remonstrated with him, urging the plea of his engagement with *ladies,* in order to divert him from his purpose. To all of this, Cleburne made no reply, but sat with gaze riveted on the rat-hole. Finding it useless to expostulate further, he slammed to the door and left. On his return about one o'clock, observing a light in Cleburne's room, he opened the door and looked in. There sat his exasperator in exactly the same posture, statuesque as if he had been made of stone. He closed the door and withdrew, after expressing, in vigorous English, his opinion of the proceeding, to which Cleburne made no reply. It was probably two o'clock before he retired to his own room, which was not far off, and, as he lay in the semi-conscious state which precedes sleep, he heard the pistol fire. On entering the room the next morning, Cleburne exhibited the mouse with its head shot off.

These anecdotes of General Cleburne forcibly recall the patient tasks of Stonewall Jackson, as narrated by his biographer, Dabney. Patience, fortitude and self-denial are not virtues of a moment's growth, to be called for only on great occasions and laid aside as inconveniences in the every-day duties of life. The flesh must learn to suffer and endure by repeated trials, as an athlete removes the soreness of yesterday's performance by exercise to-day. The center of nervous sensibility must be trained to take no heed of the messages of pain and disquiet continually thronging the conductors of sensation, and be able to insulate the mind from the body at will. This office of the will grows in power with each victory over swaying passions and emotions, and is weakened by every defeat. The brightest genius may yield to the importunities of fleshly cravings, and be dragged down to ruin by their nautilus like arms, whose combined strength he is unable to resist. Robert E. Lee was a fair type of athletic character, obtained after a long life of moral dis-

cipline and daily victories over self. Duty was his guiding star, amid the many temptations of army life, whether at the posts remote from civilization with their attendant *ennui*, absence of pleasurable diversion and provocation to artificial excitements, or amid the gayeties of the National Capital, where his position, handsome face and fine reputation won him a place in society, but exposed him to a thousand allurements, involving a loss of time and subversive of self-discipline. Yet he passed unchanged through it all, although his kindly, genial nature craved the indulgence of its scope.

Jackson disciplined himself for the specific benefit accruing from a treatment relentlessly carried out. The results in these two cases are read in the histories they left behind. But Cleburne's self-discipline seemed more the working of some inherent element of his nature than of a design mapped out and matured by reflection. He probably had no model. His early history has never been unveiled to the public, and it may be that there was something in his social condition and the political state of his native land, which, acting upon his peculiar bent, helped to foster and strengthen those positive traits of character so prominently developed in later years.

THE EVACUATION OF NASHVILLE.

The Panic that Succeeded the Fall of Fort Donelson—Incidents Connected with the Surrender of the City.

BY JNO. MILLER M'KEE.

"It would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest forever."—SHAKSPEARE.

(Concluded.)

MONDAY morning, the 17th, came, but it brought no gunboats or Federal troops. It had rained considerably the previous night, and the streets were full of mud, yet the Confederate troops continued to pour in in a continuous stream, and the city was soon filled with soldiers, wet, hungry and worn out by long and continuous marches. As the day wore away they gradually fell back southward, so that comparatively few remained in the city over night.

The excitement of the previous day had abated but little. Business

of all kinds was suspended, and the stores and shops remained closed. Almost every body seemed to be upon the streets, hurrying to and fro, many seeking friends to advise with, while, perhaps, the same friends were out upon a similar mission; others were to be seen congregated in little groups upon the corners discussing the probabilities of the future, or listening to the miraculous stories of some soldier who had escaped from Fort Donelson, and had made his way to this city. Some of them told wonderful stories. We recollect encountering one in our perambulations, who professed to have followed General Floyd through his campaign in Western Virginia, and his graphic descriptions of how his chieftain eluded the plodding Rosecrans formed quite a spicy little episode in the panic of that day. A "Maury county boy" was entertaining an interested crowd on another corner with the daring exploits that were performed at Fort Donelson, and wound up by declaring that he could have walked upon the bodies of dead Yankees for acres without ever touching the ground.

Many who were wealthy removed themselves and what property they could take with them out of town, while the thousands of poor had no alternative but to remain and make the best disposition of themselves they could, as there was no possibility of getting out of town, except at enormous cost, the military authorities having taken charge of all the railroads leading out from the city, and the owners of vehicles refused to hire them out, unless the hirer would pay a price approximating the cost of carriages and horses. Notwithstanding these exhorbitant demands, large numbers paid the price and left the city, seemingly with no object in view except to get out of Nashville.

Of course, the city was filled with rumors of every conceivable description, and it would have been perfect folly to have attempted to glean a grain of truth from the reports which one would meet at every corner, yet thousands seemed to believe every thing that was told in regard to the numbers and rapid approach of the Federals, so true is it, that

> "Rumor doth double, like the voice and echo,
> The numbers of the fear'd."

At one time it was asserted with a degree of confidence that almost inspired belief in the sincerity of the narrator, that the gun-boats were only a few miles below the city, then another would assert, in terms equally as positive, that there was not a Federal soldier of General Buell's army this side of the Kentucky line, nor a gun-boat this side

of Clarksville. It was evident that not a few were trying to "play upon a harp of a thousand strings."

Arrival of Generals Pillow and Floyd—The Surrender of Fort Donelson.

During Sunday a rumor reached the city that Generals Pillow and Floyd had escaped from Fort Donelson with a portion of their respective commands, after the surrender had been determined upon. This rumor was subsequently confirmed by telegraph from Clarksville. A boat arrived here early Monday morning, which brought these Generals up, together with a number of officers and privates who had participated in the engagement at Fort Donelson, and much anxiety was manifested to hear their version of the capitulation of that post, and many called upon them to satisfy themselves in regard to the matter. The purport of the information imparted by them was, that the Federals had been largely reinforced Saturday evening by fresh troops, and that it was regarded impossible for the already worn out Confederates to protract the unequal contest, with no hope of receiving reinforcements, and that at a council of war held that night it was determined to surrender, and that previous to the surrender, they, with a portion of their respective commands, made their escape. The statement was meagre and unsatisfactory, and as this point in the history of the war is one in which the people of Nashville then took a deep interest, we have thought it not amiss to incorporate here the fullest and most satisfactory account of the events immediately preceding the capitulation we have seen. It was communicated to the New Orleans *Picayune* by a correspondent, who writes from Decatur, Ala., under date of the 15th of March. The following is his statement:

The denunciations, wrongs and injustice heaped upon General A. S. Johnston, for his retrograde movement, are, in every way, undeserved. Long before General Johnston was compelled to make his retrograde movement, he addressed letters to the Governors of the different States, informing them of the condition of affairs, and was thus compelled to expose his feeble condition; but neither the people nor the government listened to his admonitions. As I have before stated, General Johnston had become convinced that neither Bowling Green nor Donelson was tenable; and, with the hope of saving the latter, he sent all the reinforcements he could spare to Dover, reserving for himself a force hardly sufficient to cover his own retreat had the enemy fallen upon him.

It is stated that the message of President Davis, in relation to Fort Donelson, says that the reports of Floyd and Pillow do not state that reinforcements were asked for; and it is not shown that the position could not be evacuated, and the whole army saved, as well as part. Nor is it shown by what authority the two

senior Generals abandoned their responsibility by transferring their commands to junior officers. In explanation, in part, of the omissions thus stated, and as part of the history of the surrender of Fort Donelson, I have obtained from a junior officer, who was present on that occasion, the following reliable statement of the particulars of the surrender, which will be read with interest:

On the morning of the 16th of February, about one o'clock, it had been determined by the commanding officers to cut our way through the enemy's lines, destroy the army stores, and retreat from Dover to Nashville. For this purpose, scouts were sent out to ascertain whether the enemy occupied the ground they had been driven from the day previous, and some of Forrest's men were ordered to inspect a slough, covered with back water from the river, to see if it was passable for infantry. The scouts returned soon after, and reported that the roads were perfectly alive with troops, and that their camp-fires were burning in every direction; also, that the slough was half leg deep in mire, and the water reaching to the saddle-skirts. This information produced a change of operations, and a conference then took place, at which were present Generals Floyd, Pillow and Buckner; Colonels Forrest and John C. Burch; Majors Gilmer, Henry, Haynes and Jones; and Lieutenants Martin and Nicholson—the two last being aids of General Pillow.

Notwithstanding that communication was thus cut off, General Pillow urged the necessity of making the attempt to cut our way out, or make a fight for one day more, in which time he thought that we could get steamboats enough to put the whole command across the river, and make our escape by Clarksville.

General Buckner then said that, from the worn out and distressed condition of his men, and the occupation of his rifle pits on the extreme right by the enemy, he could not hold his position for half an hour if attacked by the enemy at daylight, which he would certainly do.

General Pillow replied: "Why can't you? I think you can, sir," and added that the occupation of our rifle pits by the enemy left an open gateway to our river battery, and he thought we ought to cut our way through, at all hazards.

General Buckner retorted, saying: "I know my position; I can only bring to bear against the enemy 4,000 men, while he can oppose me with any given number."

General Pillow then said: "Well, gentlemen, what do you intend to do? I am in favor of fighting out."

General Floyd then asked General Buckner what he had to say.

General Buckner replied quickly that to attempt to cut our way out through the enemy's lines would cost a sacrifice of three-fourths of the command, and that no General had the right to make such a sacrifice of human life.

General Floyd admitted the fact and concurred with General Buckner on this point.

General Pillow then remarked that there was but one alternative left, and that was capitulation; and, addressing himself to General Floyd, said: "Sir, I shall neither surrender the command nor myself; I will die first."

General Floyd then said he also would not surrender himself, adding: "You

know my relations with the Federal Government, and it would not do." [Alluding to his course, when Secretary of War, in distributing to the South its quota of arms.]

General Buckner replied that he thought no personal feeling ought to control his official action.

General Floyd admitted it, and said nevertheless it was his determination.

General Buckner said: "Then, gentlemen, I suppose the surrender will devolve on me."

General Floyd, addressing General Buckner, said: "General, if you are put in command, will you allow me to take out my brigade?"

General Buckner replied: "Yes, sir, if you move your command before I send my offer of capitulation to the enemy."

"Then," said General Floyd, "I surrender the command."

General Pillow, upon whom the command next devolved, said, "I will not accept it, as my purpose is fixed never to surrender."

General Buckner immediately replied, "I will accept it, and will share the fate of my command," and at once called for pen, ink and paper, and a buglar to sound a parley, it being too dark to send a flag of truce.

General Pillow then asked if it would be proper for him to make his escape. To which General Floyd replied, that was a question for every man to decide for himself, but that he would be glad for every man to make his escape that could.

Colonel Forrest, addressing General Buckner, said: "I think, General, there is more fight in our men than you suppose, but if you will let me, I will also take out my command." To which Buckner and Floyd both assented.

Turning to General Pillow, Forrest then said, "General, I have fought under your command, what shall I do?" General Pillow answered, "Cut your way out." To which Forrest replied, "I will, by G—d!"

All the officers retired, leaving General Buckner alone with the command.

The following is the correspondence between Generals Buckner and Grant, touching the surrender of Fort Donelson:

General Buckner's Note to General Grant.

Headquarters, Fort Donelson, February 16, 1862.

Sir:—In consideration of all the circumstances governing the present situation of affairs at this station, I propose to the commanding officer of the Federal forces the appointment of commissioners to agree upon terms of capitulation of the forces and post under my command, and in that view suggest an armistice until 12 o'clock. I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

S. B. BUCKNER, *Brigadier General.*

To Brigadier General U. S. Grant, commanding U. S. forces near Fort Donelson.

Headquarters, Fort Donelson, February 16, 1862.

Major Casly will take or send by an officer, to the nearest picket of the enemy, the accompanying communication to General Grant, and request information of the point where future communications will reach him. Also inform him that my Headquarters will be, for the present, in Dover.

S. B. BUCKNER, *Brigadier General.*

General Grant's Reply.

Headquarters, Army in the Field, Camp near Fort Donelson, Feb. 16, 1862.

General S. B. Buckner, Confederate Army:

Sir:—Yours of this date, proposing an armistace and appointment of Commissioners to settle terms of capitulation, is just received. No terms except unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT, *Brigadier General Commanding.*

General Buckner to General Grant.

Headquarters, Dover, Tenn., Feb. 16, 1862.

To Brigadier General U. S. Grant, U. S. Army:

Sir:—The distribution of the forces under my command, incident to an unexpected change of commanders, and the overwhelming force under your command, compel me, notwithstanding the brilliant success of the Confederate arms yesterday, to accept the ungenerous and unchivalrous terms you propose.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

S. B. BUCKNER, *Brigadier General*, C. S. A.

Distribution of Public Stores—Subsidence of the Panic.

To return to Nashville. During the morning of Monday, the 17th, a small portion of the public stores was distributed, but an order from General Floyd was soon promulgated countermanding the distsibution, and many a "poor, lone woman," and not a few men, who had reached the scene "just in time to be too late," turned away grievously disappointed. It was announced as the determination of General Floyd, who was in command of the post, to ship off the stores for the use of the army, and impressments of wagons and men were extensively made with the view of getting the provisions and other stores, not needed for the hospitals, to the railroad depots and placed in the cars, and large amounts were sent off during the day.

The timid were not yet assured that a battle would not be fought on the opposite side of the river, and their fears were heightened by rumors that Generals Johnston, Pillow and Floyd had determined to make a stand a few miles out of the city, and the counter-marching of troops, in the rain which continued to pour down most of the forenoon, gave color to these rumors. So general had become the conviction that a battle was to be fought almost upon the confines of the city, and that it would be necessary for the women and children to seek safety in flight from the impending conflagration which was to sweep Nashville, "at one fell swoop," from the face of the earth, that it became neces-

sary for General Barrow and Mayor Cheatham to again confer with General Johnston, to ascertain whether he had changed his purposes with regard to Nashville. Upon their return they each briefly addressed the eager crowd assembled upon the Public Square, stating that they had the assurance of General Johnston that, at a council of war held that morning, Generals Pillow and Floyd fully agreed with him that, under the circumstances and in the condition of the Confederate troops, it would not only be hazardous but impolitic to make a stand here, and that the Confederate army would retire before the arrival of the Federal troops, and leave the city to be quietly turned over to General Buell. Thus was removed all fear of danger to the safety of the city from an apprehended collision in the immediate vicinity.

During his remarks Mayor Cheatham stated that the remainder of the public stores would be distributed to the people under the supervision of competent and reliable gentlemen, to be designated by himself, who would see that a fair and equitable distribution was made, so that everybody in the city who needed should get a fair proportion. This was done, he said, to prevent parties from getting more than they needed, while others, who really were in want, would perhaps get none. This announcement was satisfactory to the crowd, and they quietly dispersed.

Speeches by Generals Pillow and Floyd.

Late in the afternoon a handbill was issued announcing that General Pillow would address the people on the Public Square at seven o'clock that evening. Long before the hour designated had arrived, a very large crowd assembled to hear what the General, fresh from the bloody field of Fort Donelson, had to say, for it was not known to what subject he would address himself. At the time appointed General Pillow addressed the people briefly, not occupying exceeding five minutes' time, informing them that no stand would be made here for the purpose of defending the city, that it would be left for the civil authorities to surrender it into the hands of the Federals, and counseling them to remain quiet and orderly at home. "The Federals," he said, "will be with you only for a time, and I pledge you my honor that this war will not end until they are driven across the Ohio river. The officees who will come among you are gentlemen, and, of course, will behave as such toward you." After some remarks about the terrible fight at Fort Donelson, General Pillow retired, and left immediately upon the cars for his home near Columbia.

Subsequently the crowd called on General Floyd, at the residence of S. D. Morgan, Esq., and in response to repeated calls for him, he appeared upon the steps and addressed them briefly, confirming what General Pillow had said in regard to the surrender of Nashville. The surrender of Fort Donelson, he said, was an event that human foresight could not guard against. The soldiers sent to defend that place had been on duty for four days and nights, and human endurance must have an end. In regard to the policy of falling back, he contended that it was wise and judicious; that the Confederates would be sure to whip the Federals when they got them back into the mountain gorges, away from their gunboats; that there had been too much glorification of the South and depreciation of the North, and that the time had come now when every man must fight.

Closing of the Post-office and Suspension of the Newspapers.

The post-office was closed at an early hour in the morning, the establishment having been removed to Murfreesboro. For more than two weeks Nashville was entirely isolated, no mails having been received from or sent off to any point.* Notwithstanding the Federals did not take possession of Nashville for more than a week after the grand stampede, no mails were received from the South after that of the morning of the 16th, having all been stopped at Murfreesboro.

All the newspapers in the city were suspended, the stores and business-houses were closed, and a melancholy gloom hung over the city. For fully ten days it seemed one continuous Sabbath, the silence of which was broken only when there was a distribution of provisions or an effort made to ship them off. It has been truly said that half the people one met during this period looked as though they had lost their best friend.

*Another protracted isolation occurred about a few months later. Toward the close of August, 1862, General Buell, with the main portion of his army, followed General Bragg into Kentucky, leaving only a small garrison to protect Nashville. Shortly afterward communication with the North was cut off, both by railroad and telegraph, and for about three months we received no mails from any direction. Only occasionally, when parties came through from Louisville, on horseback or in carriages—the trip being considered hazardous by either mode of conveyance—did we receive news of what was going on in the "outside world." It is a fact that the result of the battles fought in Maryland, in September of that year, was known in London as soon as in Nashville.

Burning of the Gunboats.

During the night of Monday, the 17th, the two boats that were being converted into gunboats were burned at the wharf by order of the military authorities, and as the fire-bell pealed out its terrifying notes of warning, in "the dead watches of the night," thousands were aroused from their slumbers expecting, from the bright glare that met their gaze as they hastily peered through their windows, to see the city one vast conflagration. It had been freely circulated during that and the previous day, that some of General Johnston's troops had sworn in their wrath that they would reduce the city, which they regarded as of so much importance to the Confederate States, to a heap of ashes sooner than see it turned over to the Federals. These threats were mainly attributed to the Texas Rangers, and it is due to General Johnston to say that he had sent them South among the first troops that passed through the city on Sunday, and that only a few straggling Rangers were in the city afterward. Whether these rumors had any foundation in reality was of little consequence; they served the purpose of frightening thousands of people almost out of their wits, and they were only assured when the cause of the alarm was ascertained. The impropriety of such a conflagration at night was clearly demonstrated, but the lesson was not heeded.

Distribution of Public Stores Resumed.

The morning of Tuesday, the 18th, dawned cloudy, damp and chilly, but with it came no intelligence of the gunboats, except a repetition of the idle rumors of the previous day.

The distribution of the Government stores was again commenced, and large amounts of various kinds were given out during the day. This distribution created much excitement, and serious fears of a riot were entertained. Indeed, it was all the Mayor and city police, in connection with the military, could do to keep even an approach to order in one or two localities. A good deal of the stores, especially in the Quartermaster's department, was turned over to thousands of poor women who had labored faithfully for the Confederate Government for months previous, in satisfaction of the balances due them. The rush made to the Quartermaster's store by hundreds of women and men, who hoped to get a portion of the goods distributed, was closely akin to a mob, and the wonder is that many were not seriously injured.

Destruction of the Bridges.

It was known to a good many citizens on Monday that the destruction of the railroad and suspension bridges had been determined on as "a military necessity," and this work was expected to have been accomplished Monday night, but for some reason, satisfactory, it is presumed, to the authorities, it was not done. The fact became generally known on Tuesday, and urgent appeals were made to General Floyd (General Johnston and Pillow having left the city) to spare the suspension bridge, as it was of the highest importance to the people of Nashville to have uninterrupted communication with the other side of the river, from whence, for a time, at least, they would have to draw all their market supplies. His uniform answer was, that the destruction of both bridges was regarded as "a military necessity," and that it was his imperative duty to put into execution the plans agreed upon.

Tuesday night the torch was applied to the railroad bridge, and in a short time all that remained of that splendid structure were the naked pillars and abutments and a few smoking fragments of timber. The precaution had been taken in this instance to prevent the fire-bells giving the alarm, so that the burning of the bridge was witnessed by comparatively few persons, and the event did not arouse the fears of those who had expected a general conflagration. This bridge was one of the finest draw-bridges in the country, and was built for the joint use of the Louisville & Nashville and Edgefield & Kentucky Railroads, at a cost of about $250,000. The funds to build it were loaned to the two companies by the State of Tennessee, under the general internal improvement laws. The bridge was built under the supervision and direction of Mr. A. Anderson, Chief Engineer of the Edgefield & Kentucky Railroad Company, and the trains passed over it the first time the 28th of October, 1859.

The wires of the suspension bridge were cut about the same time that the railroad bridge was fired, and the morning revealed a complete wreck of this magnificent structure. This fine bridge was about seven hundred feet long, and its height one hundred and ten feet above low water mark. It was built during the year 1850. The architect was Colonel A. Heiman, of this city, who was in command of the Tenth (Irish) Tennessee Regiment at Fort Donelson, and was taken prisoner at the surrender of that post. The contractor was Mr. M. D. Field, brother of Mr. Cyrus W. Field, who superintended the laying down of the Atlantic telegraph cable. This bridge was owned by a

joint stock company, chartered by the State Legislature under the name of the Broad Street Bridge Company, and it paid handsome dividends to the stockholders. It had been stated by letter-writers from this place, and perhaps others, that the late General Zollicoffer owned a large amount of stock in this company; that nearly all he was worth consisted of this stock; and that, by the destruction of the bridge, his children (all girls) had been left in destitute circumstances. Such was not the case. General Zollicoffer owned only $8,000 of the stock of the company, and he was esteemed one of the "solid men" of Nashville. The rents from his improved property in the city alone yielded a handsome income in ordinary times.

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 19th, 20th, 21st and 22d, passed off without any notable change in the aspect of affairs.

Distribution of Stores—Reprehensible Conduct—Almost a Riot—Dissatisfaction.

The distribution of provisions and other government stores was resumed Wednesday morning, but was shortly afterward suspended by order of General Floyd, who, it appears, came to the conclusion that the Federals were not as near Nashville as had been supposed, and that these supplies could yet be shipped off for the use of the Confederate army. Squads of cavalrymen were stationed in front of each store to keep off the crowds of people who had been drawn hither in expectation of getting a portion of what was to be distributed. They had come—some with wagons, some with wheelbarrows, some with baskets, and others, perhaps the largest portion, without any thing—hoping to get a piece or two of meat with which to feed their children during the period they would be unable to get employment, consequent upon the deranged condition of affairs in Nashville. It was a matter of wonder with those who witnessed the conduct of these soldiers, that large numbers of women and children were not seriously injured, if not killed. Most of them were mounted upon spirited horses, and they would dash into the crowd at full speed, brandishing their swords, or flourishing loaded pistols already cocked. It was painful to witness these exhibitions of recklessness on the part of men unused to the exercise of authority. We have often heard it said of a man, "He swears like a trooper;" but we are forced to admit, after hearing a trooper swear, that the *simile* lacks in expressiveness. Such

conduct was reprehensible to the last degree, and we feel satisfied the perpetrators would have been severely punished had the attention of the Commanding General been directed to the matter.

A vigorous effort was made to get the provisions and other stores transferred to the railroad depot, and a large number of wagons from both the city and the surrounding country was impressed into the service, as were numbers of the citizens of Nashville. There was no system, however, in what was done, and every thing went on pell-mell, and the consequence was, much remained undone that might have been accomplished.

The impression got out, and prevailed pretty generally Friday morning, that the goods and clothing in the Quartermaster's department, on the corner of Front street and the Public Square, would be distributed that day to the poor and needy. It is said, however, the intention was to distribute what remained of these stores to those who had been working for the Confederate Government, especially the women, and had not been paid, as compensation for their services. The rumor attracted an immense crowd, and it was a motley one. All ages, colors and sexes were drawn thither in the hope of sharing a portion of the spoils. Hundreds of voices would demand that the doors be thrown open and free access given to everybody. The excited crowd swayed to and fro, and grew more clamorous for the promised distribution. As the door would open for one or two of the beneficiaries to pass in or out, the crowd would make a surge before which it seemed almost impossible to stand, and it really appeared a miracle that, in that wild commotion, limb and life escaped. The efforts of the police and military to preserve order were of no avail, and a serious riot was imminent. The Mayor appeared and appealed to the crowd to disperse, but his appeal was unheeded, and the impatience of the multitude was almost ready to break forth in that wild spirit

> "Whose rage doth rend
> Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
> What they are used to bear."

It was a critical moment, and luckily the Mayor bethought himself of an expedient which proved more effective than the bayonets of the soldiers. He ordered out the steam-fire engine, and soon the muddy waters of the Cumberland were pouring down like an avalanche upon the excited populace. The effect was magical. Two or three men were knocked down by the powerful stream, many were thoroughly

drenched, while others were well sprinkled, whereat those who escaped laughed most heartily. The passions of the people, wrought almost to "demoniac phrenzy," were cooled down, everybody was soon in a good humor, the crowd was dispersed, and a disgraceful riot prevented. So much for cold water!

It was highly honorable in those having charge of these stores that they made an effort to turn a sufficient amount of them over to those who had worked for the Confederate Government to compensate them for their services, and it is to be regretted that a number of poor women, who had toiled for that government for weeks and months, failed to get their pay. They represent that they made the proper application before the hour for distribution arrived, but because they were unwilling to risk limb and life in the excited crowd that besieged the building, or from some other cause, they received nothing, and have since held remembrances of the Confederate Government in the shape of little bills; while others, "well to do in the world," who had no little bills or claim of any character, had remembrances of the same government in the shape of piles of cloth, and provisions, and groceries, sufficient to last them for from six months to a year or two.

The plan for distributing the provisions and other stores among the people, so that the poor and needy should be supplied, was admirably conceived; but, unfortunately, it failed in the execution, and the consequence was very great dissatisfaction and the charge that favoritism was shown—that parties who really needed nothing got considerable quantities of valuable stores, while hucksters and even merchants were enabled to lay in supplies for which they could find no use in their own families. What truth there may have been, or whether any, in these complaints of course we do not know.

The Shipping of Provisions Stopped—Rumors.

The heavy rains of Monday, Wednesday and Saturday had greatly interfered with the shipping of the army stores. The creeks were very much swollen, and the washing away of two small bridges on the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, a few miles from the city, on Saturday evening, put a complete stop to the shipping business.

Every day brought forth a fresh brood of rumors as to the whereabouts of the Federals, and many speculations were indulged in as to their purposes. At one time it was stated that General Buell had informed General Johnston that he desired to fight him at Nashville, and

that he would await his pleasure. To the question, "When will the Federals come?" it was answered that General Buell had said that, if General Johnston did not consider Nashville worth holding, he did not consider it worth taking. To the uninitiated, it appeared that the City of Rocks was about to drop into an inglorious obscurity between the two armies. The delay of the Federals to take formal possession of Nashville gave time for "the sober second thought of the people," which, Mr. Van Buren declared, is "always right and never wrong," to dispel the panic which had seized upon them with such virulence the Sunday previous; and when the Federals did come, their presence excited none of that alarm which the bare mention of the name had conjured up but ten days previous. So much for delay!

Arrival of the Federal Pickets in Edgefield—Interview with the Mayor.

A bright and beautiful morning was that of Sunday, the 23d. The city was remarkably quiet, and only here and there could be seen a Confederate cavalryman—the infantry and all who were able to travel having left. About nine o'clock it was announced that the Federal pickets had made their appearance in Edgefield, on the opposite side of the river, and, as the news spread through the city, a stream of human beings poured down to where the suspension bridge once was, and then down to the "lower landing," to get a peep at the men who were regarded with a curiosity akin to that which a traveling menagerie excites. A squad of perhaps half a dozen cavalrymen rode down to the bank of the river and took possession of, or rather stopped, a steamboat that was being used as a ferry-boat, and the captain was informed that he could not return to this side, and the reason said to be assigned for the detention was that the Confederates were not to be trusted with steamboats where they were likely to fall into the hands of the Federals, as they were in the habit of burning them under such circumstances. There had been a considerable amount of crossing that morning, but this action put an effectual stop to it.

Mayor Cheatham was sent for, and notwithstanding the river was considerably swollen and the surface almost covered with "drift-wood," he crossed over in a small skiff, to meet the *avant couriers* of the grand army that was to take orphaned Nashville under its protecting ægis. After a brief interview, the Mayor returned and addressed the people assembled upon the Public Square, informing them that he had just had an interview with the captain of an Ohio cavalry com-

pany, who had authorized him to say that the property and rights of the people would be scrupulously protected. This assurance was very gratifying to the people, but still they were grievously disappointed. They had expected that, when they should be turned over to the Federals, a general, attended by "all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war," would come to receive them. Instead, however, half a dozen cavalrymen had come to take the Capital of the great State of Tennessee! The reality presented so striking a contrast to their ideas of a week previous, that the lip of the most inveterate rebel who looked upon that picture was wreathed with a smile. It was certainly a ludicrous *finale* to the scenes which the panic of the previous Sundey had pictured.

In the afternoon a colonel of Ohio cavalry called at the river, when the Mayor again crossed the swollen stream in a skiff, to hold a parley with this second representative from the Federal army. After a brief interview, the Mayor returned to the City Hall, and in a few words addressed to the expectant crowd, stated that he had been reassured that the property and rights of private citizens would be protected in the broadest sense; that the people ought to remain at home, as they would be permitted to pursue their ordinary avocations without molestation; that when the Federals took formal possession, no soldier would be allowed to come within the corporate limits of the city, except at the request of the Mayor to preserve the peace; and that the public stores must be turned over to them. The Mayor stated further that he had inquired, "What of the negro question?" and had received for reply, that the Federals came to re-establish the Union, and to offer the protection guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States, and that in this spirit the property of every citizen, of whatever description, would be protected. The assurance given in regard to the "nigger question" had a perceptible influence in quieting the fears of some who anticipated trouble on that point.

In regard to the surrender of the city, the colonel informed the Mayor that a general would be here on Monday or Tuesday following, when formal military possession of the city would be taken and the terms made known.

First News of the Gunboat.

Monday, the 24th, the steamer C. E. Hillman—which had been sent down to Dover on Friday under a flag of truce, by order of General Johnston, with a number of surgeons of this city, to render such serv-

ices as were needed by the wounded at Fort Donelson—returned with the surgeons, whose kind offices were not needed, as the post was already supplied. They reported having passed a gunboat that morning some thirty or forty miles below the city, and as it made only about four miles an hour and would "lie up" during the night, they supposed it would reach here about nine o'clock Tuesday morning, the 25th. That was the first reliable intelligence we had that a gunboat was coming to Nashville.

Occupation of Nashville by the Federals.

At an early hour of the morning on Tuesday, the 25th, the gunboat, accompanied by a number of transports, was descried from the Capitol making headway around the bend below Nashville, and the news of the approach of the Federals spread through the city with almost telegraphic rapidity. Curiosity was on tip-toe, and hundreds hastened to the "lower landing" to see the monster (for a gunboat was a greater curiosity than an elephant), as well as witness the debarkation of the Federal troops. The fleet continued to approach nearer the city, and when opposite the gas-works the gunboat was made fast to the opposite shore, and, with its guns all run out at the portholes, frowning upon the beleaguered city, told plainly what would be its fate if the people did not act with the propriety becoming the occasion. It was an unnecessary warning, for the people had made up their minds to submit to their new rulers. They had no notion of acting as the Honorable Thomas Corwin is reported to have said, during the war with Mexico, he would have done had he been a Mexican: to have "welcomed the invaders with bloody hands to hospitable graves." They were in no plight, and not in the humor if they had been in plight, to have given their visitors such a reception. But the Federals did not know this, and we are told they proceeded cautiously up the river, keeping a sharp lookout for "masked batteries," and before reaching the city forty rounds were issued to each soldier. To those of us who knew the defenseless condition of the people of Nashville, this preparation sounded odd enough; but they did not know our people or our situation, and so they determined not to be caught napping.

The Diana steamed up to the landing with the Sixth Regiment of Ohio Volunteers, the United States flag flying, and the band playing "Hail Columbia." A few, among whom were some who had professed devotion to the Southern Confederacy, greeted the "invaders"

with a few huzzahs. How much of sincerity or of devotion to the Union was in this demonstration, the action of the Federals shows they were competent to judge. The Sixth Ohio debarked, preceded by their band, who struck up the "Star Spangled Banner," followed by "Yankee Doodle," and the regiment immediately formed into line, marched to, and partially around the Public Square, and then up Cedar street to the Capitol, where General Nelson, in the name of the United States, took formal military possession of the Capital of Tennessee, at forty-five minutes past eight, and at fifteen minutes past nine the United States flag, after three attempts to run it up, was seen floating from the flag-staff on the Capitol, the flag of the Guthrie Greys having meantime been displayed from the cupola. As it was the first flag displayed from the Capitol, and its color dark blue, those who viewed it from a distance regarded it as "warnings, and portents, and evils ominous," not knowing it was a mark of distinguished consideration accorded the Guthrie Greys by General Nelson. The flag that floated from the flag-staff on the Capitol was a Nashville flag, and it had an unwritten history, which ran, that for six months it had been carefully hid away by a citizen who almost idolized that flag—sewed in a comfort, we believe the story is, under which the old man rested his weary limbs when "civil night, the sober-suited matron, all in black, fills the wide vessel of the universe." At his request, this was the first flag to float over the Capitol under the re-establishment of Federal rule.

While this was going on, the transports, to the number of twelve or fifteen—laden with infantry, cavalry, artillery, baggage, wagons, provisions, ammunition, and the *et ceteras* of an army—had taken position at the wharf and at various points along the river. The troops having debarked, marched to the Public Square, where the Twenty-fourth, Forty-first and Fifty-first Ohio and the Thirty-sixth Indiana remained nearly the whole of the day. Their bands entertained the "gaping crowds" that thronged the pavements to see the sights with various military airs, when they finally struck up "Dixie," which drew down the crowd with enthusiastic shouts. Late in the afternoon they moved to the camping-ground selected for them on the southern confines of the city. Transports continued to arrive during the day, bringing additional troops, so that the number that had reached the city was computed at from ten thousand to twelve thousand.

The high tide in the Cumberland—the highest since 1847—enabled the largest class boats that navigated the Ohio to come up here in safety, and the river continued high for a considerable time.

Interview with General Buell—Proclamation by the Mayor—General Order.

Generals Buell and Mitchell arrived in Edgefield on Monday evening, when the former notified the Mayor that he would be pleased to receive a call from him Tuesday morning at eleven o'clock. It had been previously arranged by the City Council that Mayor Cheatham and a committee of citizens, consisting of Messrs. James Woods, R. C. Foster, 1st, Russell Houston, Wm. B. Lewis, John M. Lea, John S. Brien, James Whitworth, N. Hobson, John Hugh Smith, and John M. Bass, should meet the Commanding General, make a formal surrender of the city to him, and negotiate for the best terms they could in regard to the protection of the property and rights of the citizens. At the appointed hour the Mayor and the committee crossed the river in the steamer C. E. Hillman, which had been placed at their disposal, when they were met by Generals Nelson and Mitchell, by whom they were escorted to General Buell's headquarters. What transpired at this meeting of the conquerors and the representatives of the conquered remains, and is likely to remain, a portion of the unwritten history of the war. General Buell was solicited, as we understand, to issue a proclamation to the people defining the policy of his government, but he declined, assigning as a reason that he preferred to let his acts speak for themselves. Mayor Cheatham issued the following proclamation the day succeeding the interview:

Proclamation.

The committee representing the city authorities and the people have discharged their duty by calling on General Buell, at his headquarters in Edgefield, on yesterday. The interview was perfectly satisfactory to the committee, and there is every assurance of safety and protection to the people, both in their persons and in their property. I therefore respectfully request that business be resumed, and all our citizens, of every trade and profession, pursue their regular vocations.

The county elections will take place on the regular day, and all civil business be conducted as heretofore; and the Commanding General assures me that I can rely upon his aid in enforcing our Police Regulations. One branch of business is interdicted—the sale or giving away of intoxicating liquors. I shall not hesitate to invoke the aid of General Buell in case the recent laws upon this subject are violated.*

*The following is the law to which the Mayor referred:

An Act to Protect the Peace and Quiet of the City of Nashville.

Section 1. Be it enacted by the City Council of Nashville, That it shall hereafter be unlawful for any person to sell or give away any intoxicating liquors except for medicinal purposes, and

I most earnestly call upon the people of the surrounding country, who are inside of the Federal lines, to resume their commerce with the city, and bring in their market supplies, especially wood, butter and eggs, assuring them that they will be fully protected and amply remunerated. R. B. CHEATHAM, *Mayor.*

February 26, 1862.

Subsequently (on the 5th of March), General Buell published the following general order, which, it will be seen, bears the same date as Mayor Cheatham's proclamation:

General Orders—No. 13a.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE OHIO, Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 26, 1862.

The General Commanding congratulates his troops that it has been their privilege to restore the national banner to the Capital of Tennessee. He believes that thousands of hearts in every part of the State will swell with joy to see that honored flag reinstated in a position from which it was removed in the excitement and folly of an evil hour; that the voice of her own people will soon proclaim its welcome, and that their manhood and patriotism will protect and perpetuate it.

The General does not deem it necessary, though the occasion is a fit one, to remind his troops of the rule of conduct they have hitherto observed and are still to pursue. We are in arms not for the purpose of invading the rights of our fellow-countrymen anywhere, but to maintain the integrity of the Union, and protect the Constitution under which its people have been prosperous and happy. We cannot, therefore, look with indifference on any conduct which is designed to give aid and comfort to those who are endeavoring to defeat these objects; but the action to be taken in such cases rests with certain authorized persons, and is not to be assumed by individual officers or soldiers. Peaceable citizens are not to be molested in their persons or property. Any wrongs to either are to be promptly corrected and the offenders brought to punishment. To this end all persons are desired to make complaint to the immediate commander of officers or soldiers so offending, and if justice be not done promptly, then to the next commander, and so on until the wrong is redressed. If the necessities of the public service should require the use of private property for public purposes, fair compensation is to be allowed. No such appropriation of private property is to be made except by the authority of the highest commander present, and any other officer or soldier who shall presume to exercise such privilege shall be brought to

then only upon the written prescription of some one of the physicians appointed by the Mayor, which prescription shall state specifically the quantity needed. Any person violating the provisions of this bill shall be fined for each offense not less than twenty-five nor more than fifty dollars, besides suffering a forfeiture of his, her, or their liquors.

Sec. 2. Any person found intoxicated on the streets, lanes, alleys or other public places within the city, shall be fined not less than twenty-five nor more than fifty dollars, and shall, upon oath, declare the name or names of those furnishing him or her the liquors upon which he or she became intoxicated, who shall be arrested and tried upon such information; and upon a failure to make such discovery, the party refusing shall be fined twenty-five dollars and be confined in the Work-house until such discovery is made by them. This act to take effect from its passage.

Approved February 24, 1862.

trial. Soldiers are forbidden to enter the residences or grounds of citizens on any plea without authority.

No arrests are to be made without the authority of the Commanding General, except in cases of actual offence against the authority of the Government; and in all such cases the fact and circumstances will immediately be reported in writing to headquarters through the intermediate commanders.

The General reminds his officers that the most frequent depredations are those which are committed by worthless characters who straggle from the ranks on the plea of being unable to march; and where the inability really exists, it will be found, in most instances, that the soldier has overloaded himself with useless and unauthorized articles. The orders already published on this subject must be enforced.

The condition and behavior of a corps are sure indications of the efficiency and fitness of its officers. If any regiment shall be found to disregard that propriety of conduct which belongs to soldiers as well as citizens, they must not expect to occupy the posts of honor, but may rest assured that they will be placed in positions where they cannot bring shame on their comrades and the cause they are engaged in. The government supplies with liberality all the wants of the soldier. The occasional deprivations and hardships incident to rapid marches must be borne with patience and fortitude. Any officer who neglects to provide properly for his troops, or separates himself from them to seek his own comfort, will be held to a rigid accountability.

By command of General Buell.

JAMES B. FRY, *A. A. G., Chief of Staff.*

Official: J. M. WRIGHT, *A. A. G.*

Incidents.

Thus, after ten days—and they were days of much anxiety to many—were we turned over to the Federal authorities. The agony was over, and so far nothing had occurred which seemed to justify the course of those who had so frantically torn themselves from their homes when the news of the reverse to the Confederate arms at Fort Donelson reached here.

A flag was here and there displayed, but we could learn of only four or five, and, strangely enough, these seemed to excite in the Federals more of contempt than admiration. They seemed to think, and, indeed, some of them are reported to have said, a man's patriotism was not to be measured by the amount of bunting he might display. An old lady, who had clung to the Union with the devotion which a mother clings to her child, and had kept the stars and stripes flying over her mansion long after the State had withdrawn from the Union, was met by a "rebel," who asked why she did not have her flag out.

Her reply was, she had taken it down in deference to public sentiment, and that now she would not flaunt it in the face of her neighbors to taunt them with what they perhaps regarded a misfortune.

While the Federal troops were being landed, quite a number of Colonel John Morgan's scouts were passing about through the city, taking a survey of matters. One of them, more curious, perhaps, than the rest, dashed down to the lower landing to get a peep at the gunboat, and, before he was aware that any of them had come ashore, the band, almost under his horse's nose, struck up "Yankee Doodle." Although his presence was, perhaps, unknown, he wheeled and retraced his steps as fast as his fleet steed could carry him.

The Federal authorities took charge of the Confederate stores which had been left, and it is said they were of considerable value. We have heard the value estimated at from $1,000,000 to $3,000,000. Much of the pork and beef subsequently spoiled, but still there was a large amount that was good. Some cotton—perhaps two or three hundred bales—fell into the hands of the Federals. The greater portion of this cotton was used at Fort Zollicoffer, in preparing that fortification.

The distribution of provisions by order of the Confederate authorities was most fortunate for the people of Nashville, as our market supplies were almost wholly cut off for weeks, the little that was brought in having commanded exorbitant prices. But for the stores thus distributed, there would, undoubtedly, have been much suffering among the people, a large portion of whom were thrown out of employment.

The occupation of Nashville by the Federals was a bloodless achievement, but it forms a memorable epoch in the history of the war. The panic that preceded it we have but faintly portrayed. It was rich in scenes which would have admirably illustrated the pages of *Punch* or *Vanity Fair;* but these have probably been lost to history, or only preserved in the memory of those who passed through the Great Panic.

PRISON LIFE.

Reminiscences of Point Lookout, Maryland, and Elmira, New York.

DR. E. L. DRAKE:—Since the establishment of your historical magazine, I have been requested by several friends to contribute to its pages my reminiscences of prison life at the North. It is a

subject upon which detailed and specific information is needed, not t defend or excuse Andersonville particularly, but to show a state of things at Point Lookout and Elmira which may very properly become a subject of discussion and reflection in the same connection. These facts would have been brought to light long ago, and would have furnished weapons of defense to our people in the hot political discussions on the "Horrors of Andersonville," if a suitable publication had existed in the South in which they could have been gathered and given to the world; but it is not too late now to make them a matter of record, not for the purpose of stirring up another strife over the question, but simply to ask the privilege of being allowed to tell our side of it. There is no injustice in such a demand. As to the acceptability of the statements, that is altogether another question. They are not made in a hostile spirit, but simply to serve the purpose of historical inquiry.

On the 12th of May, 1864, General Edward Johnson's Division, while defending a salient at Spottsylvania Court-house, Va., was taken in reverse by Hancock's Corps, part of which was commanded by General Meagher, and General Johnson, with about twelve hundred of his men, was captured. After a march of seventeen miles, through a chilly, drenching rain, we were bivouaced in a miry field near Fredericksburg and closely guarded. The rain fell incessantly during the night, and the men crowded together in groups of four and five for warmth, there being neither blankets, shelter or any thing to eat. On the next day we were marched, without food, to Belle Plains, on the Potomac, where we remained five days, waiting for a vessel to take us to Point Lookout, Md. During the stay here rations were very scarce, every thing in the way of food being hurried forward for the use of General Grant's large army, which was now being reinforced by fifty thousand reserve veterans from the fortifications at Washington. The ration question was getting to be very serious, the small amount issued serving only to excite the cravings of hunger to a distressing degree. It was seriously believed by many for a while that there was a deliberate attempt to starve us to death, and this in the presence of abundance. It was worse than on Stonewall Jackson's Romney Expedition, where we lived several days on parched corn. I was on the point of despair of getting something to eat when I was detailed to help unload commissary stores from the transports. I was on the lookout for a box of crackers in bad order for my load, but in this was disappointed. On

the way up the hill I stumbled purposely, letting the box fall heavily to the ground, which fixed it all right for me. At the instance of the guard I shouldered it quickly, and on the way managed to fill my pockets with enough hardtack to last me several days. At the end of five days we took a steamer and were soon at Point Lookout, Md., which is a point of land extending into the Chesapeake Bay at the mouth of the Potomac River, separated from the mainland by a narrow strip twenty-five yards in width. The Point contained about twelve acres, upon which were distributed nearly twelve thousand prisoners captured from General Lee's army. Negro troops garrisoned the place, and this fact caused a good deal of indignation among the newly arrived, but there was no help for it. Their new uniforms, with epaulettes, polished shoes, burnished guns, white gloves and collars, while the perspiration streamed down their dusky visages, made a picture entirely new to me, and was so odd and comical that I could not restrain a laugh at the guard nearest to me. He noticed my sneers, and instantly brought his musket to bear upon me, at which I became quiet.

Previous to the war, Point Lookout was a summer resort of some importance on account of its chalybeate wells, which were very strongly impregnated with copperas. With the proper diet, this water was, doubtless, beneficial to invalids; but with a ration of bean soup, stale bread and salt pork, it was death to many of the prisoners. The ground was inclosed with a high plank fence, near the top of which was a walk-way for the guards. The prisoners were divided in twelve divisions, and these again into companies, lettered A, B, C, &c, which were further subdivided into messes of seventeen. Each mess occupied a Sibley tent, which, as many of our readers know, is large and bell-shaped, and the men, when in bed at night, resembled the spokes of a wagon-wheel. Very few had blankets or covering, and pillows were made of sand. When I reached prison, I had made no change of clothing for two weeks, and had to do as a majority of the inmates did: go into the bay and wash my clothes, and remain in the water until they dried. Tobacco, bread, meat and soap passed as legal currency, and any one in possession of any of these articles could readily get money for them. Being possessed of none of them, I puzzled my brain for some days to devise means to get a postage stamp and paper on which to write for aid. I felt like it was a sheer impossibility to dispose of part of my scant ration of two small pieces

of salt pork and three quarters of a loaf per diem, and, at the same time, make out to live, but had to come down to it at last. By this means I was enabled to write to my nearest friend, I. Taylor, of Baltimore, and he sent me a suit of clothes and a ten pound bale of smoking tobacco. The latter was as good as money to me. I had committed a piece of folly a few weeks previously, of which I had sorely been repenting. We had captured a train of cars on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and, after exchanging hats with the passengers, had relieved a paymaster of his funds, which, not being current in Virginia, we foolishly burned. I had thousands of dollars in my grasp then, and now had to starve myself to get a postage stamp.

It was a strictly enforced rule at the prison that at tattoo—9 P. M.—all talking should cease; and however much noise was being made the sound of the bugle hushed that great army of men into the deepest silence. During the day prisoners were not allowed to gather in groups, for fear of their working plots. Fatigue duty was performed mostly by the prisoners, who were glad enough to get outside. This was the only chance to get any news, no secular papers being allowed inside, or to be read at all; so, unless we happened to get some items from a communicative soldier on the outside, we were as ignorant of current events as though we were in Africa. The prospect beyond the prison walls was dreary enough, the Potomac being eight miles wide, and the bay twenty-five. A remarkable feature of our life here was the prevalence of night blindness with many of the inmates; the victims became totally blind on the approach of darkness, and remained so until daylight, when the sight seemed perfectly restored. This peculiar condition was attributed to the nature of our surroundings. There was nothing green for the gaze to rest upon as a relief from the glare reflected from the sand and the white walls of the tents.

One of the greatest horrors of our life here was the daily dread of being shot by the negro guards. I remember one day starting toward a group collecting around the detail then coming in, but before I reached the place a negro guard raised his musket and fired into the crowd: two of the party fell dead, and another was wounded. The fiend kept walking his beat, repeating excitedly, "My gun wants smoke!" meaning, I suppose, that he wanted to shoot again. An officer came and had him relieved, but I learned that nothing was done with him. These guards were from North Carolina, and claimed that their conduct was in retaliation for bad treatment from their for-

mer masters. Fifteen or twenty prisoners were killed or wounded by them during our stay. One night some of our mess were singing "Home, Sweet Home" in a very low voice, when bang went a gun, the ball cutting through the tent, but doing no harm to any person. The slightest noise after tattoo was sufficient to provoke a shot from the walls.

Soon after reaching prison, our daily ration consisted of two small slices of bread, two of salt pork, a little bean soup, minus the beans, and a cup of coffee without sugar; but the latter was soon discontinued in retaliation, they said, for treatment of their prisoners in our hands. It is remarkable how the faculty of invention is stimulated and developed under the influence of necessity. In a short time, a great many of the prisoners were engaged in the manufacture of gutta-percha jewelry, horse-hair chains, and the like, some of which were beautiful, considering that there were very few tools to work with. A pocket-knife here and there, with an occasional saw and diminutive, reversible drill constituted the resources of the workmen. The trinkets were smuggled out by some detail or guard, and sold readily at good prices. As a consequence, there was a small inflation in the way of five and ten cent shinplasters in circulation in the prison camp. Some of the men collected pieces of cracker-boxes, and of these made very snug little houses. One of these was fitted up as a keno and gambling establishment.

A great flutter of excitement was raised one day over the announcement that a female prisoner had arrived, and it proved true. It seems that a young Virginia girl, who had a sweetheart in an artillery company, allowed love to get the better of her discretion and joined the battery as a recruit, her disguise being so complete that her lover even never discovered her identity. In some battle she was captured and he escaped. At the time I saw her in prison she had been provided with a wardrobe suited to her sex and furnished a special tent. The government released her after a short imprisonment, and it is hoped that both lovers were spared to exchange the horrors of war for the felicities of a peaceful married life.

Before completing this account of imprisonment at Point Lookout, I wish to testify to the kindness and gentlemanly conduct of Major Weymuth, the commandant. He was from Massachusetts, I think. In my opinion, he did all in his power to ameliorate the condition of the prisoners, being, probably, hindered from doing more by orders

from his government. I am, also, satisfied that many of the cruelties practiced were done by order of his subordinates. The Masonic Fraternity who were at this place will always cherish his memory. He effected an organization among the members, and held frequent meetings of the craft. Through his instrumentality, the Masons in various parts of the country sent valuable contributions to their imprisoned brethren.

By the latter part of July the prison was overflowing from constant captures from General Lee's army. The government had already begun the erection of another prison at Elmira, N. Y., and on July 30th the first transfer was made. I was fortunate in getting off with the first batch. During the voyage, which occupied several days, I became well acquainted with the captain, and agreed to ship with him if he could arrange my escape. The plan was that I should occupy a bed in the room with the mate and himself, and, if search was made, I might be able to pass for the mate. Accordingly, while anchored off Governor's Island, I took the room. Soon afterward we weighed anchor and landed at Jersey City, where we were to disembark and take the cars. After the prisoners were formed in line on the shore, the officer who was to receipt for them said he was four men short, and that he wanted them dead or alive. The consequence was, three men were found covered up in the coal-bin and I was pulled out of the captain's bed. On the way to Elmira, five or six made their escape by jumping from the car-window while the train was in motion, but in my car guards were stationed in the aisle as well as at the doors. Reaching Elmira, we were marched through the streets, headed by a band of music. The Johnny Rebs were objects of great curiosity, and crowds of people gathered along the way to see us pass. A mile above the city, on the Chemung River, we found the prison-camp, our future home for eleven long, weary months, but to many now about to enter it, a home only for a short time, when death brought a release. The grounds occupied about the same area as at Point Lookout, and were similarly arranged, except that the fence was higher. Inside of the fence, large reflecting lamps threw a bright light over the camp at night. No buildings had been erected at this time, except the cook-house and hospital, and the prisoners were placed in "A" tents, which were not allowed to be placed nearer than sixty feet of the fence, for fear of a tunnel. No one was allowed to step between the line of tents and the fence. We found here a very different commandant

from Major Weymuth, in the person of Colonel Beale, of the Veteran Reserve Corps; but his Provost Marshal, Major Colt, was a gentleman, and knew how to treat men, though they were his enemies and prisoners. A few negro soldiers were on duty inside as a patrol, and one of them lost his life in a way that was never suspected. He was caught by some of the prisoners one night and gagged, so that he could make no alarm; his gun was then strapped to his back and he was thrown into a pond of water in the enclosure. This was done in retaliation for the shooting of so many of our men at Point Lookout. Some search was made for the missing man, and he was put down as a deserter. There was one thing about the management of Elmira that seemed paradoxical. In some respects, a rigid sanitary discipline was maintained. The premises were kept scrupulously clean, and the men were required once a day to form into battalions and march around the grounds for exercise. On the other hand, the diet was of a kind calculated to destroy health. The ration was the same as at Point Lookout, and the salty bean-soup, with hardly a bean in it, tended to provoke scurvy and chronic diarrhœa in their worst forms. Fully three-fourths of the prisoners were prostrated with these diseases, which carried off four-fifths of the thirty-three hundred who died at Elmira in eleven months. A mortality of thirty-three per cent. is fearful to contemplate, especially when so much of it was preventable by the use of a few anti-scorbutics, which were abundantly in reach. The effects of scurvy on individuals were varied. Sometimes the lower limbs would turn black, as if mortification had set in; again, the teeth would drop out; and, coincidently with these symptoms, a prostrating diarrhœa was almost certain to exist. I sat up with a young man from Virginia (Wm. Gruwart) who was afflicted with the disease in about as bad a form as I ever saw it. His teeth dropped out, and his limbs, body and gums were all affected. On the night he died he took a small looking-glass, and, after scanning his wasted features, said: "If you ever see mother, don't tell her how I looked when I died." I obeyed his request, and only sent messages of love.

After the scurvy became so fearfully prevalent, the officers began to issue one-half of an onion, one-half of an Irish potato and a little vinegar to each victim, and when the ration came around the poor fellows would seize upon it like ravenous beasts. William Aimison and Alphonso Allen, of Nashville, who were in prison with me, can certify to all of these statements. The Nashville boys were pretty much free

from this disease, from the fact that, our homes being in the Federal lines, we could get supplies of money with which we could purchase vegetables. However, the money was deposited with the sutler to our credit, and never came into our hands directly. Those not similarly situated had to suffer and die. Such was the hunger for fresh food that a dog was killed and eaten with great relish. The animal belonged to the prison baker, and followed his master in once too often. After some months, rats began to visit us, and you could frequently hear at night such expressions as these: "Here he goes!" "There he goes! Catch him!" Many were caught and greedily devoured. There was a regular market where dressed rats sold readily, bread being oftenest the medium of exchange.

I will now speak of some of the modes of punishment. One was to tie the victim up to a beam by the thumbs, with his toes just touching the ground. Another was a barrel shirt, and was made in this wise: One head was knocked out of a molasses barrel, and in the other a hole was cut large enough to admit the head, the weight resting on the shoulders. In this position the hands are encased close to the side. If the barrel was not heavy enough, a lot of bricks or rocks were placed on top. In the case of the man who ate the baker's dog, there was a large placard on the barrel, inscribed, "I ate a dog." The prisoner thus panoplied was compelled to make the circuit of the camp, bearing his own shame. If a prisoner told an officer a lie or stole any thing, he was placarded, "I told a lie," or "I am a thief." Many a time these punishments were instigated by the oath-takers, who remained in prison pending their application to take the oath. These men were not trusted by the loyal prisoners, and, to gain favor with the authorities, they resorted to tale-bearing to get their comrades punished. One humped-back fellow, with a large acquiline nose, whose name, I think, was Shockey, was particularly obnoxious on this account. Plans of escape were always being devised. We had one in which a chosen few took a solemn oath of secresy, and it was as follows: A tunnel was to be dug from our tent, a distance of sixty feet, to the fence and several beyond, so as to come out on the turnpike. After getting out, we were to scatter and meet at a point near Buffalo, N. Y., capture a boat, and go to Canada. The first serious obstacle to overcome was the disposal of the dirt and concealment of the mouth of the tunnel, which was to begin from one of the tents. The tents were required to be struck

every day to dry the ground, but this difficulty was overcome by making a platform the size of the tent, and packing dirt over it for concealment. This being arranged, work on the tunnel began at once, and, after progressing several days, two men were kept in it all the time—one at the farther extremity, digging away with his hands, and the other under the platform, pulling the dirt to him on a little slide, to which strings were attached at the ends. The dirt thus accumulated under the platform during the day was removed in haversacks at night and scattered about the streets, which were newly made, and no suspicion was created. The work progressed *fifty-five* days, and at the end of that time there were few finger-nails in the party, the only instrument used being an old worn-out butcher-knife. Just after completing the tunnel we had bright moon-light nights, and the only alternative was to wait for the dark of the moon. But, after all of our weary labor, our hopes of freedom were dashed just before we were ready to make the attempt. A heavy commissary wagon, happening to get off to the side of the road, broke through the place of exit of the tunnel, and, to our dismay, we saw soon after a squad of soldiers tracing it up with picks and shovels. As a consequence, those occupying the tent were arrested and thrown into an underground dungeon. They refused to inform on the rest of their co-workers, and these escaped punishment.

The prison hospitals were well supplied with medicines, and the diet was good, but there were so many sick that there was room for only a small proportion, and these the worst cases. The authorities deserve credit for taking every pains toward identifying the dead. As soon as a man died, his name, company, regiment and State were written on a slip of paper, and this was pinned on his bosom. After he was taken to the dead-house, the inscription was transcribed on a head-board. He was then placed in a wooden coffin, the slip containing his name being corked up tightly in a bottle and put in with him. By this means he could be identified, in case the head and foot-boards were destroyed.

Late in the fall the authorities erected about forty wards, each capable of sleeping about three hundred men, and very comfortably constructed with two stoves to each. The bunks were in three tiers, each capable of holding four men. The plan adopted by the occupants in cold weather was to sleep "head and tails," which greatly economized the use of blankets, of which there was no abundance. Just before

going into our new quarters the two governments had arranged an exchange of their sick, and the prison surgeons had examined and taken the names of a great number in this prison for that purpose. At the time there was a young man from South Carolina in my ward by the name of Strouse, a nephew of the late W. D. Robertson, of Nashville, Tenn. He had been examined and his name taken down for exchange. I had watched by him in his illness, and when the day drew near for his departure I saw that his end was fast approaching, and that death would give him the exchange. I sat by the poor fellow the night he died, with a sickly, glimmering torch made of pine sticks for a light, candles not being allowed, and a more ghostly sight I never saw. The thought struck me, after Strouse's death, that it would be a good chance to personate him and get out on exchange, by taking his name and pinning my own on his coat. So, when the time came around and the sick who were able to travel were called out, I took my place in line with an old shawl around me and my body drawn up like a sick turkey. When Strouse's name was called, I answered as feebly as possible. The surgeon was present, making a re-examination, and when he reached me he felt my pulse and simply remarked: "*Step aside; you are not sick.*" At this time I weighed about one hundred and eighty pounds, and was the picture of fair health, which made me a bad subject for such an ordeal.

In the depth of the winter, smallpox broke out, and the authorities having made no provision for a suitable hospital, tents were erected on the declivity next to the Chemung River, each capable of holding four men. Under this kind of shelter, it can be imagined what little chance a patient had for life. It seemed that he was expected to die any way, and it mattered little whether he froze to death or succumbed to the violence of the disease. I had some experience myself in this institution. I had a chill one day, followed by high fever, during which I was delirious; then an eruption broke out on my body which made me suspect varioloid. At this discovery the surgeon said I had smallpox, and ordered me to be sent to the smallpox hospital. I protested strongly, telling him that I had been well vaccinated and showing a good scar, but it was no use. On arriving at the hospital, I was put in bed with two of the worst cases I ever saw. Their entire bodies were covered with the loathsome disease, and, to add horrors to it, the poor fellows had taken gangrene and were fast sinking. The blankets were full of scabs and alive with vermin. I never spent a more

wretched week than while here. Both of my fellow-sufferers died, and their bodies were prepared for their rude coffins in front of my tent. The weather was intensely cold, and their bodies had frozen in the position they occupied at the time they died. It was horrible to see the attendants breaking their arms and legs in order to force them into their coffins. When I left the hospital, my clothes were burned and I was supplied with a suit of United States clothing, the coat having the tail cut off to mark me in case of escape. As I walked into ward 36 I called, "Attention!" and the boys sprang into line at once, thinking I was an officer; but when they discovered the mistake, they crowded around for a general hand-shaking, and I was welcomed as one from the grave.

As evidences accumulated that the war was nearly over, our fare was improved; but at the assassination of President Lincoln some cruelties were practiced, to give way, however, to a better spirit when the general surrender took place. June was soon on us, and President Johnson having issued an order for the release of prisoners of war, they began to leave as fast as they could take the oath. I was in a squad who refused to subscribe to it, and we were put in a barrack to ourselves, to be sent to the Dry Tortugas, as the authorities threatened. About the last of July, I received a letter containing a check from my good friend, Judge Whitworth, advising me to come home. I had been of this way of thinking for some time, and I accordingly did so.

MARCUS J. TONEY.

Nashville, Tenn.

DIARY OF PRIVATE W. J. DAVIDSON.

(Continued.)

JULY 15TH.—Nothing out of the common routine took place during this day. Skirmishing continued and some shelling.

July 16th.—Every thing went on quite smoothly until 9 o'clock A.M., when, to our surprise, the enemy ceased firing entirely. The cause was soon made known. In clear, lively tones their bugles sounded the "Forward," and in a short time a strong line of skirmishers was seen advancing on the run—ours falling back to the ditches. Following these came their main line, also at a double-

quick. Our impatience got the better of our judgement, and we began firing on their skirmishers, while the artillery threw a perfect torrent of grape and shell into the main line. The consequence was, they were scared back before we could do them much injury. They took refuge in a ravine some five hundred yards off and remained until the afternoon, when General Gregg determined to drive them away and re-establish his skirmish lines. To effect this, the batteries shelled the place furiously for a half hour, when several of our regiments advanced, and, after a spirited fight of fifteen minutes, routed the party and recovered the lost ground. While the picket fighting was in progress, our Orderly Sergeant, Joe English, was badly wounded in the leg, and Dick Smith and I carried him off the field. Nearly all of the regiment was on picket during the evening and night. At 2 o'clock on the morning of the 17th an order came for the pickets to fall back noiselessly to the trenches, which we did very quietly. On arriving here we found the main body of the enemy had slipped off during the night. By a rapid march we reached Brandon, on the Southern Railroad, having made fourteen miles before the heat of the day. The retreat was admirably managed throughout, and it was not until late in the day that the enemy learned that the bird had flown. At this place, the progress of the brigade was delayed some time to allow another body of troops, coming by a different road, to get in advance, and it was late in the evening before we reached a camping-place, three miles east of Brandon. On this march we suffered greatly from hunger, in consequence of not finding our wagon-train in time to save the rations from being spoilt. Corn-fields suffered that night.

July 18th.—We marched seven miles this morning, and, while resting several hours, cleaned out a corn-field near by. Started again, and again halted to allow half of the army to pass. Soon after starting again, a heavy rain fell and continued for several hours. The road, from the continual tramping of those in advance, got in a terrible condition, and it was 9 o'clock at night before the brigade made camp, having to pass the entire army. As a consequence, fully two-thirds of the men fell by the way-side. The mud, darkness and fatigue had been too much for them, and many of them slept in the mud where they gave out. A sole roasting-ear diet was not equal to the task of the hardest march we had ever had.

July 19th.—Drew flour this morning for the *first time in eight months*. We are to stay here to-day and draw ten months' pay. Our pay-rolls

are in the hands of Sergeant English, who is, probably, a prisoner, and, consequently, we will make no draw.

Morton, July 20th.—Made three miles yesterday, and are now encamped in a thick forest with an abundance of good spring water at hand. We are washing clothing and fixing up generally, but ready to begin the march at any moment. We draw flour every day, with bacon occasionally, and roasting-ears are to be had for the gathering.

July 21st.—In camps yet, with nothing to do and plenty to eat, and no fear of the enemy's pursuit. We had a military execution here yesterday, on the person of —— ——, of the 29th Georgia, who had deserted to the cavalry. The sentence seemed so harsh that a paper praying for his pardon was signed by all of the officers, even to Major-General Walker; but General Johnston refused to grant it. An example is needed in this army, and it is well to crush out the spirit of desertion in the bud. It is said that some —— regiments have lost half of their men since the evacuation of Jackson. It is a trying time on us now, but I believe light will dawn again on us.

July 24th.—Nothing of interest doing here. The news is not encouraging. Grant has burned Jackson and evacuated the place, falling back toward Vicksburg. It is also reported that a portion of his army has gone to New Orleans, destined for Mobile. Bragg is at Chattanooga, and the Federal army all over Middle Tennessee and North Alabama. Lee is falling back slowly from Pennsylvania.

July 26th.—Our camp yesterday was enlivened by the joyful news that we had orders to take the cars for some unknown destination, and it is generally believed that Gregg's Brigade is to join Bragg's army, a petition having been sent up some time since with this request, if any are allowed to go; in it it was urged that most of this brigade were Tennesseeans, who had not seen their families since the day of their enlistment, in 1861. With a day's ration cooked, and another of crackers and bacon in haversacks, we were on the cars ready to start at 5 P. M. The entire night was consumed in going to Meridian, a distance of sixty-one miles. While waiting this morning, a train load of paroled Vicksburg prisoners, under the influence of whisky, made a charge upon a lot of sugar lying near the depot, and guarded by a detail of the Fourteenth Mississippi. In the melee a guard fired a blank cartridge at the crowd, when a lieutenant shot him in the head with a pistol, making a severe, but not dangerous, wound. The guards then left their posts, and the sugar was given up to pillage. Our brigade is

now at Enterprise, from which place it can reach any needed point very quickly.

August 4th.—We have been at this camp over a week, and have enjoyed a season of quiet and good living, in striking contrast with that which has been our lot for many months. A peach-cobbler every day is well calculated to provoke the comparison. However, our tasks are heavy enough, with heavy guard duties and daily drills. One furlough out of every twenty-five men is now granted to the troops here.

August 9th.—Still at Enterprise, but there are rumors of marching orders. The rolls have been made out for pay until the first of July. Two years' absence from home, part of which time was spent in a Northern prison, and the hard service of the last eight months, are beginning to tell upon the morale of the regiment, and the consequence is, a good deal of desertion.

August 20th.—Still at our pleasant camp near Enterprise. Time is passing very smoothly, and we are living well enough at our own expense. The ration of poor beef and corn meal issued day after day and week after week is counted as nothing, and hardly touched while a fellow has any money. There is a glorious revival of religion going on in this and Maxey's Brigades. Services are held morning, noon and night at the camp and in the churches. The news from Tennessee is that our people are faring roughly in person and property, and that all are compelled to take the oath.

EARLY WESTERN HISTORY.

INDIAN ATTACK ON GREENFIELD, MAY, 1793.

BY CAPTAIN FRANK ROGAN.

THE following account of this affair was obtained by the writer from General Hall, Isaac Parker, and negro man Abram, and will supply some details not contained in Ramsey's and other Histories of Tennessee:

In the month of May, 1793, a well-planned attack was made on Greenfield by about 160 Indians. This station was about 2½ miles north of Bledsoe's, and something over a mile east of Morgan's, and was defended by seven whites and five blacks. The negroes—Abram, Cuff, Prince, John and Dave—under the overseer, James Clendenning, and with John Jarvis, an Irishman, for guard duty, had set out early in the morning to plow a field of corn some four hundred yards from the fort. They had hitched up their teams and plowed nearly to the opposite side, when a large body of Indians arose from their concealment, a short distance off, and, with savage shouts, made a bold rush at the little party. The negro Abram, who was a good soldier and expert marksman, took time to unhitch his horse, and, mounting, rode rapidly for the gap at which the hands had entered the field; but finding it up, and the pursuers close at his heels, he abandoned his animal, and, catching up his rifle, which he had left leaning against the fence, leaped over, and, with Jarvis, turned to face the enemy. The foremost Indian carried a knife encased in the strap of his shot-pouch, with the handle exposed to view, and resting over his heart. Abram took hurried aim at the handle of the knife and pulled trigger; the Indian sank back slowly on his hip and elbow, badly hurt. Jarvis fired about the same time through the fence, and he and Abram, having empty guns, turned and fled toward the fort. Jarvis was struck in the back of the head by a ball and killed before he got fifty yards. Abram was pursued by a daring, active fellow, whose object seemed to be to take him captive; but as he began to gain on his pursuer, the latter halted and, throwing up his rifle, fired quickly. Abram was un-

touched, and made his way safely into the fort. The Indian began at once to load very deliberately, and as he raised his elbow to pour down his powder, Cuff, who had by this time gotten into the station, fired at him at the distance of 150 yards, but missed. The savage, finding himself in danger, ran back to the field fence, where he came in range of William Neely, who had run from the fort at the first alarm to the assistance of his friends. Neely snapped twice at him, when he discovered that his flint had dropped out; but at this instant James Hays came upon the scene and shot the fellow down. At the time of the attack William Hall, then 18 years of age, William Wilson, John Kendrick and Henry Hicks were still in bed, where they had been confined some time, undergoing the process of smallpox inoculation. At the first alarm they leaped out of bed and hastened to assist the hands into the fort. On arriving at the fence they discovered three Indians crouching in the growing wheat, a few paces distant. Hall kept his eye on the place where he saw one of them dodge, with his rifle at a ready. This one, cautiously raising his head, saw his danger, and, springing to his feet, endeavored to make his escape. Hall fired at the upper edge of his breech-clout, and at the crack of the rifle he fell dead; his body was found the next day in a sink-hole, covered with logs and brush. Nelson kept his eye on another one, and fired upon him as he ran, at the distance of about 30 paces. Hall said he saw the Indian's moccasins fly up in the air, and it was supposed that he was mortally wounded, but his body was not discovered. Kendrick and Hicks had fled in the meantime, one to Bledsoe's and the other to Morgan's stations, to give the alarm. Prince, a valuable negro man, after getting out of the field, was fired upon and killed as he ran. The battle ended near where Jarvis was killed. Hall, when in the act of stepping forward to get a shot at a crowd which was mangling Jarvis' body, was slightly wounded, a ball grazing his head and cutting off a lock of hair. The audacity and heroism of Hall, Neely, Wilson, and Hays, in rallying out to the assistance of their comrades and meeting the enemy in the open field, is a conspicuous example of the spirit of those times. Verily, there is nothing in the records of chivalry that surpasses the conduct of those men; and yet our people in too many instances hunt among the fables of Eastern tradition and fiction in search of models upon which to vent their admiration, forgetting that they have a history at home more sublime in its teachings and more worthy of their emulation.

THE SOLDIER'S WAR-BAG.

A Guerrilla Adventure.—In the summer of 1862, a number of spirited combats took place in Middle Tennessee between parties of Confederate Guerrillas and Buell's army of occupation. The Union cavalry at this period was generally wanting in skillful horsemanship and the use of the pistol, and these causes, combined with ignorance of the country, hostility of the inhabitants and watchfulness and daring of their foe, often resulted in their easy discomfiture and overthrow by even small opposing forces. The guerrillas being instigated, in many instances, to revenge by acts on the part of the enemy in violation of the rules of civilized warfare, and animated by a patriotic fervor in the cause of their native land, were often daring to recklessness, and, in consequence, became frequently involved in trying and desperate situations, as the following incident will show: Two of them—Irving and Drake—after many adventures in the counties of Lincoln and Giles, set out for Maury to beat up the enemy about Columbia, after the fashion of Francis Marion. On the way they fell in with two mounted men, of whose characters and opinions they were ignorant, and a long parley ensued, expertly conducted on both sides, to ascertain the real status of each. At last, the case was settled by an avowal, on the part of Drake and Irving, of their true characters, and at this the other side made a similar acknowledgement, telling that they had left Columbia during the night upon a couple of fine horses which they had managed to abstract from the stable of the Commandant of the Post. Thereupon both parties agreed to join in any adventure that might betide them on the road, and struck out for their destination. About noon they reached a farm-house a few miles from Columbia, and, seeing no signs of an enemy, decided to halt and get their horses fed. After this had been attended to, they were about to enter the house, when, hearing the tramp of horses' feet, they looked up the road and saw a squad of thirteen Federal cavalry approaching. Both sides recognized the situation at once. The Confederates ran to their horses and mounted, while the Federals pushed forward, at a gallop, to seize the gate; but, having to come around a considerable angle in the road, the boys were enabled to escape from the enclosure and get a few yards the start. The pursuit was hot and vigorous, but the Confederates, by frequently halting and firing into the foremost pursuers, kept them from too close quarters. At length it became evident to the little party that, in the jaded condition of their horses, they would have to quit the road and seek the shelter of the woods, where they felt certain that the enemy would be very cautious about following them, for fear of an ambush. To this end they turned into the first gate that presented itself. A number of gates obstructed the way, but Drake, who was well mounted on a very tractable horse, opened them for his comrades to pass, and then closed them to detain the pursuers as long as possible. This expedient was beginning to bring

them some advantage, when, to their dismay, on entering a gate, they found themselves enclosed in a strong pound without any outlet. There was nothing to do but sell out as dearly as possible, as Irving and Drake had a price of two hundred and fifty dollars set on their heads on account of the notoriety attached to their exploits for several months. So, quitting their horses, they took possession of a crib and made ready for a desperate struggle in the scant time at their disposal. The Federals, who proved to be a part of Captain Julian's Tennessee Cavalry, rushed into the open gate with loud cries of exultation over the prospect of certain capture of the hemmed in guerrillas, but a volley from the shot-guns in the crib drove them back in such precipitate retreat that one had his brains dashed out against the gate-post, another was left dead upon the ground, and several were thought to be badly hurt. The besiegers kept up a fire at long range with their carbines, and it was observed from the crib that one of them was dispatched at full speed for reinforcements. To await the arrival of reinforcements would insure the capture of the brave little garrison, and when a proposition was made by one to cut their way out, it was instantly accepted by the rest. Drake agreed to tear down the fence, and to gather the horses at the gap, while the others protected him as well as they could with their fire. As he was performing this task, the enemy discovered his design and opened a hot fire upon him, advancing into the pound again, but he succeeded in accomplishing his object, and got back into the crib unhurt. The guns were now reloaded, and when every thing was ready, they leaped forth with yells of defiance and boldly charged the force which had now gotten quite near. The movement was so unexpected and so daringly executed that the besiegers fled precipitately and were pushed back several hundred yards. The little party now returned, and were preparing to mount, when one of the enemy, who had been hid by a stable, fired from behind his horse. His shot missed, but the report of his gun frightened his horse, which sprang forward and left him uncovered. Drake had one foot in his stirrup ready to mount, but, seeing his opportunity, threw his gun across the saddle and fired quickly. His antagonist sunk to the ground with a load of shot in his chest, and this ended the fray. As the Confederates rode off, Julian's Company, attracted by the firing, came in view at a gallop, but made no determined pursuit.

EDITORIAL.

BOOK NOTICE.—*Life of General Albert Sidney Johnston.* By his son, William Preston Johnston. D. Appleton & Co.

We have received from the publishers, "with the compliments of the author," a copy of this splendid work. Its issue has been looked forward to with deep interest in the Western States, in which were laid the scenes of General Albert Sidney Johnston's eventful life, and where the materials for its preparation have been mainly gathered from those associated with him in the various steps of his illustrious career. His friends (and if he had an enemy, he has taken pains to smother his resentment) have been especially forward and ready with their pens to tell the story of his life, expressing a love, admiration and reverence in terms awarding him a veritable apotheosis. The consequence is, his son has been able to gather into this volume all of the material facts necessary to illustrate what manner of man Albert Sidney Johnston was, and a debt of gratitude is due him for the able and conscientious way in which he has discharged the duties of biographer—no easy task in the very nature of the case. But it was exceedingly fortunate that the labor devolved where it did. The relation of the biographer to his subject gave him access to wider sources of information than any one else could have commanded, and this has enabled him to give a full and rounded picture of his life and character from his boyhood to his grave. For the people of the South, this book will possess a peculiar, a mournful interest. It is a work that was greatly needed. Of many things concerning General Johnston's earlier career, there was a dearth of specific knowledge; of the culmination and crowning act of his heroic life there was a general misconception. When he fell, thousands felt a reproachful pang that their injustice had driven our best general—our stay in the West—into the thickest of the battle, to cast his life away as a bauble, in order to prove that he was no coward and silence the criticisms of his accusers, high and low. But even in this retractive magnanimity a great injustice was done him. The record of his life proves that he was *never* rash in thought or act, and that it was as foreign to his character to yield his balance to the considerations imputed to him as it would be for the sun to fly from his course in the heavens at the perturbations of a distant planet. *He fell simply in the discharge of his duty*, imposed by a pressure of circumstances generated when he had arrived upon the field of battle. He had not only to give his personal attention to bringing his troops into line—acting the part of staff-officer to a derelict major-general at one time on Saturday—but to make the fight against the advice and passive remonstrance of his second in command. His loss of a day on Saturday revealed to him the fact that if he was to win on Sunday, he had to trust, in a great measure, to himself alone. Whether he ever uttered such a conviction, we know not, but his actions expressed it. It was his example, his god-like bearing, expressive of supreme confidence in the wisdom of his course, that at the last

moment nerved to heroic deeds even those who had thwarted him the day before. If he had kept the least aloof, or had exhibited the slightest trace of hesitancy or waver of purpose, his attack would have failed at the first firm resistance. The victory at Shiloh belongs to Albert Sidney Johnston, and no one else living or dead. It was his sublime courage that won it. The spilling of his blood was but the chance of war; it was not deemed necessary to a victory, nor intended in the sense of an atonement. The fatal bullet was but a parting shot, angrily sent by a retreating foe, in the moment of irretrievable disaster. Let it no longer be said that he threw his life away recklessly or foolishly. In his conscious judgement he knew the value of his life to his army, but, at the same time, he well understood the conditions of success, and, in fulfilling them, he met Fate face to face without either shirking or scorning her decree.

"Not wholly understood was he while he lived;
But, in his death, his greatness stands confessed
In a People's tears.
Resolute, moderate, clear of envy, yet not wanting
In that finer Ambition which makes men great and pure;
In his Honor—impregnable;
In his simplicity—sublime;
No country e'er had a truer Son—no cause a nobler champion;
No People a bolder Defender—no Principle a purer victim.

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The cause for which he perished is lost—
The People for whom he fought are crushed—
The Hopes in which he trusted are shattered—
The Flag he loved guides no more the charging lines;
But his Fame, consigned to the keeping of that Time which,
Happily, is not so much the Tomb of Virtue as its Shrine,
Shall, in years to come, fire modest worth to noble ends.
In honor, now, our great Captain rests;
A bereaved People mourn him;
Three Commonwealths proudly claim him;
And History shall cherish him
Among those choicer spirits, who, holding
Their conscience unmixed with blame,
Have been, in all conjunctures, true to themselves,
Their People, and their God."

We would love to dwell more in detail on the many points illustrative of the character of the subject whose story is told in this book, but we have bespoken the services of an able reviewer, who can perform the task more intelligently and with more fitness. For the present, we would commend the study of the Life of Albert Sidney Johnston to all who admire and value the lessons of Roman virtue and Spartan bravery; for in him they will find their highest type and loftiest example.

In typography and finish, the publishers (D. Appleton & Co.) have done their part in their usual excellent style. The frontispiece is said by his family to be an excellent likeness of the great soldier, and will, doubtless, awake in thousands of his people, as it did in the writer, when first opened to his gaze, emotions not easily controlled, and of which none need be ashamed. This image will serve in many a Southern household to deck a shrine at which faithful friends can commune again with the past and invoke in spirit his noble and majestic presence.

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PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA.

Its Defense on the 16th of June, 1864—From Manuscript Notes of Sergeant G. W. D. Porter, of the Forty-fourth Tennessee.

ON the 15th of June, 1864, Bushrod Johnson's Division, composed of Fulton's Tennessee and Gracie's Alabama brigades, was encamped at Drury's Bluff, below Richmond, Va. General Lee had just completed his masterly field-defense of Richmond by the disastrous repulse of Grant at Cold Harbor. On the afternoon of this day (the 15th) Johnson's Division was ordered to Petersburg, and, after a forced march of twenty miles, reached the city, to find the inhabitants in a state of intense excitement over the arrival of General Butler with a large force of negro troops within two and a half miles of the place. Words of assurance and cheer were given by the soldiers as they passed swiftly through, and the vow was not forgotten when the hour of action arrived. On General Johnson's arrival, he found only Wise's command with a few militia, and these had been gradually beaten back before the advance of six Army Corps, under General B. F. Butler, named as follows: Army of the James—Tenth Corps, Major-General Gilmore; Eighteenth Corps, Major-General W. F. Smith. Army of the Potomac—Second Corps, Major-General W. S. Hancock; Fifth Corps, Major-General G. K. Warren; Sixth Corps, Major-General H. G. Wright; Ninth Corps, Major-General A. E. Burnside.

All of the troops available for defense were thrown into a temporary division under General Johnson, and disposed by General Beauregard as rapidly as possible on the Jerusalem Plank Road. Early on the

morning of the 16th the men began digging rifle-pits with their bayonets and throwing the dirt over with shingles and boards. With such tools and without ceremony the extensive line of works that afterward covered the approaches to Petersburg was thus inaugurated. About 9 o'clock A.M. the enemy opened with artillery and threw forward skirmishers who fired occasionally, and this constituted the amount of the forenoon's fighting. Fortunate inaction it was for us. About midday an advance was made on our centre, but this was quickly repelled with the assistance of the artillery. Busily and cheerfully the work on the defenses went on, and determination was uppermost in every man's thoughts and spoke through his words and actions. It was well for the little handful of defenders that they were ignorant of the great odds against them; but still the appearances at the front indicated that the enemy was present in heavy force and deliberately arranging his lines for a massive blow.

Aid was expected and was on the way from Richmond, but would it come in time? Events proved that it did not on this momentous occasion.

Watchful eyes noted the preparations at the front, and when, after the middle of the afternoon, the enemy showed line after line advancing to the attack, the spectacle was impressive beyond the power of words to express. They came like so many blue billows rolling in shore, with a sweeping motion indicative of a mighty propulsive power. To any but veterans of many fields the display would have been appalling and the precursor of almost certain disaster. "Damn them, let them come," came from pent up bosoms and hissed vengefully through clenched teeth. The voice of command bespoke steadiness and patience until the bugle should sound the signal to fire. Not a round had been fired until the front line reached within one hundred yards of the works; then this line halted an instant, and, delivering a stunning volley, rushed headlong forward with loud huzzas. Then the clear notes of the bugle rang out from the works, and an undismayed line, rising from its crouching posture in the shallow ditch, poured a deliberate, deadly volley into the masses before it, and yelled with might and main as the foe reeled, staggered and floundered as if smitten with a mortal blow. Volleys now followed each other in quick succession; supporting lines were hurried forward, and soon came under the same withering fire that had broken the first line into fragments and dashed the remnants back in dismay. The smoke from

the breastworks and from the field, forced inward by the explosions, soon met in the intervening space and dimly screened all except the sharper outlines of the scene—the weapons of destruction themselves giving out a veil to hinder the work of death. How many lines came against us we never knew, nor how long the action lasted. Our muskets gave shot for shot as long as there was occasion, and we remember that the Forty-fourth Tennessee found opportunities to deliver heavy oblique volleys right and left when its own front was not pressed. The firing ceased gradually except as to individuals, and when the smoke lifted the main body of the enemy was sheltering in a deep ravine, several hundred yards from the works in the Forty-fourth Tennessee's front.

A slight elevation of the ground to the rightward hid the field from view in that direction, but the heavy firing indicated that the enemy was pushing closely up there. The line occupied by the Forty-fourth Tennessee ended at its right, and the general prolongation of the rest of the line to the right began one hundred yards in the rear of this point and resumed its general parallelism. These two points were connected by an old ditch, which had been left unoccupied. The circumstance that this point was undefended occurred to Lieutenant F. M. Kelso, of the Forty-fourth Tennessee, at this juncture, and he hastily gathered up what men he could (eighteen in all) and occupied the old ditch without delay. The movement was most fortunate, for along a shallow ravine a short distance in front of the retired line lay the remnant of Wilcox's (Federal) Brigade, sheltered from injury in the front, but unable to go forward and unwilling to take the risk of a retreat over the open ground upon which it had advanced to the attack. Luckily it had failed to observe, or at least take advantage of the opportunity presented of taking the right of Fulton's Brigade in reverse. The right flank of the enemy thus presented a fair mark at short range to Lieutenant Kelso's fire, which became so murderous that a number of white flags were raised in a short time, in token of surrender. On this discovery the Confederate fire ceased, and the Federals were ordered to throw down their guns and come in. No reply being made to this demand, nor any steps taken to comply with it, the firing was resumed, when flags were again hoisted. An earnest discussion seemed to be going on in their ranks all the while, and it was evident that there was a strong party opposed to surrender. Kelso and his men now became convinced that this party was only dallying for time

until night, which was now near at hand, should come on and allow an opportunity for escape. They, therefore, crossed their works, and, taking down the rear of the line, demanded its surrender, which was now complied with. Six stands of colors and nearly seven hundred prisoners with their arms were the fruits of this bold undertaking. The collaborator of this sketch is enabled to gather the names of only twelve of this heroic little band, to-wit: Lieutenant F. M. Kelso, Sergeants G. W. D. Porter and J. J. Martin, Corporal Turner Goodall, who was mortally wounded in this affair, Privates George Crabtree, Ira Lipscomb, Thomas Lenehan, W. Harvey McGuire, Rufus Smith, Tom Smith, Button Smith and Aaron Tripp, all of Company B, except Corporal Goodall, who belonged to the Provost Guard of the same Regiment—the Forty-fourth Tennessee. We are particular to give their names, not only as a matter deserving record on the pages of history, but because envy endeavored at the time to snatch from their brows their well-earned laurels.

The results of this first day's defense of Petersburg were glorious, and form one of the most brilliant chapters of Confederate achievement. It is almost incredible that the few thousand troops engaged in the defense could have held six army corps at bay, fighting, as they were, from works hastily dug with their bayonets and only waist high. The fact can only be accounted for on the supposition that the four corps detached from the Army of the Potomac were too sore, from recent failures in this character of fighting, to press forward with spirit when the fire became warm. The Army of the Potomac, according to the returns of the United States Surgeon-General, as given in the "Medical and Surgical History of the War of the Rebellion," from May 5th to June 12th—a period of thirty-nine days—had lost seventy-nine thousand one hundred and nine men in killed, wounded and missing. Nearly this entire loss occurred in front of entrenched lines, and it is not surprising that, under such repeated chastisements, with hardly a ray of success, these men should falter at the critical moment in spite of their numbers and discipline. Looking at this battle in the light of the real facts, it is plain that the faltering began in the mind of the Federal Commander, and communicated itself from this source to his men. Soldiers quickly gather the purport of a movement and catch its prevailing spirit. Thus the advance on Petersburg was so slow and hesitating that the movement lost the spirit of real enterprise. It was too much "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." Its momen-

tum was heavy from mere weight of numbers, but, after the first launch, it could not be gathered up for another that day. In fact, the ground that was gained in places was held as a matter of necessity for the purpose of shelter, from which it was unsafe to retreat during daylight. However, by the next morning the time and opportunity had been improved in entrenching.

There were two omissions, on the part of the Federal Commander, that may be commented on here. The first has reference to the delay of his attack until late in the afternoon. At daylight he would have found little or no obstruction in the way of rifle-pits between him and Petersburg; besides, the Confederate line, from being taken up in the darkness, would have been necessarily faulty to some extent. The second omission was his failure to extend his line so as to envelope Beauregard's flanks, instead of confining his large and badly wielded force to a narrow front. By this course he would certainly have found some weak or undefended place of entrance.

The effect of rifle, musket and artillery fire on massed lines is shown in the returns as given by the United States Surgeon-General. From June 15th to 19th, the Federal losses are reported at ten thousand five hundred and eighty-six killed, wounded and missing.

A statement from Captain Frank Terry, of the Seventeenth Tennessee, throws some further light on this engagement, and explains the cause of the disaster which overtook Fulton's Brigade at daylight the next morning. He says that a ravine extended along the front of the works, beginning several hundred yards in front of the right of the Brigade, and drawing gradually nearer until, on the left, it approached within sixty yards or less, where it joined with a marsh about one hundred yards in width. This marsh began as a ravine beyond the right of the Brigade (being the same in which Wilcox's Brigade was captured by Lieutenant Kelso's party), and ran along the rear of the works to its left, separating, at this point, Gracie's and Fulton's Brigades. Passing to the front, it joined the ravine spoken of above. Fulton's Brigade was in *single rank, and the men five or six feet apart.* Seven lines of battle in succession came against the part of the works occupied by the Seventeenth and Twenty-third Tennessee Regiments, and were fired upon at the distance of over two hundred yards, as each came in view at the brow of the hill. These lines came with arms at a "right shoulder shift," and did very little firing, but took our fire in the open ground for the distance of nearly one hundred and fifty yards,

over which they had to come before reaching the shelter of the ravine. The slaughter was terrible, particularly in General Meagher's Brigade, composing the front line, few of which, according to the statement of one of its officers on the next day, escaped wounds or death. The slope leading down to the ravine was literally blue with bodies. This point was conspicuous, and drew the fire of artillery and musketry from several different quarters.

There was no effort made to dislodge the lines in the ravine, for the want of sufficient force, Longstreet not having yet arrived. During the night, the enemy made the discovery of the wide gap between Fulton's and Gracie's Brigades, and by daylight had penetrated it with a large force, which worked to the rear, while another straddled the works and took down the line in the fog, enforcing surrender or flight with the bayonet, having orders not to fire a shot. As soon as I became apprised of the condition of affairs, I got my company back to a place of safety; but hearing some one call out in the darkness several times, "The Seventeenth is holding the works," I ordered the men back to their places at once, supposing the expression referred to my own regiment, while I bore off to the left to rally some men and get as many as possible back into the ranks. I soon found myself surrounded, and gave up my sword to a Captain Hall, of Meagher's Brigade, who was a perfect gentleman and treated me very kindly. My company was captured at the same time. We were placed under charge of Captain Hall, who carried the prisoners to the rear at once. The ravine presented a sickening sight as we crossed it: the place was filled with dead and the desperately wounded; on the slope beyond, it was necessary to pick our way through the dead bodies, and at the field hospital, over the hill, the victims seemed without number.

THE HANGING OF SAM. DAVIS.

BY COLONEL J. B. KILLEBREW.

THIS young man, of exemplary habits, and of a courage that nothing could quail, was the son of C. L. and Jane Davis, of Rutherford county, and was at the time of his execution about nineteen years of age. He entered the army in 1861, joining Dr. Ledbetter's company, of the First Tennessee Regiment, and it was but a short

time before his bravery, prudence, zeal and undoubted patriotism recommended him to his commanding officer as one eminently suited to perform the arduous and dangerous duties of a scout. He was, accordingly, detached from his regiment and made a member of Coleman's Scouts. Toward the close of October, 1863, it was considered highly important to the success of Bragg's movements that the strength of the Federal fortifications in Middle Tennessee should be accurately known, and to procure this information young Davis was selected. He set out on his dangerous mission, and after accomplishing all that was expected or desired, he was arrested on his return, within the Federal lines, on the 20th of November, with a plan of the fortifications of Nashville, Pulaski, and of all other places of importance in Middle Tennessee on his person. The accuracy of these plans and the minuteness of detail showed at once that his informant was a man holding a high position among the Federal engineers; and when questioned about his sources of information, candidly admitted that the plans had been furnished by an officer high in command, but resolutely refused to give his name, though a free pardon was offered and a safe return within the Confederate lines. General Dodge, the Post Commander, immediately convened a Military Commission for the trial of Davis, on the following charges and specifications:

Charge 1st—"Being a spy."

Specification: "In this, that he, Samuel Davis, of Coleman's Scouts, in the service of the so-called Confederate States, did come within the lines of the United States forces, in Middle Tennessee, for the purpose of secretly gaining information concerning these forces, and conveying the same to the enemy; and was arrested within the said lines, on or about November 20th, 1863. This in Giles county, Tennessee.

Charge 2d—"Being a carrier of mails, communications and information, from within the lines of the United States Army to persons in arms against the Government."

Specification: "In this, that the said Samuel Davis, on or about November 20, 1863, was arrested in Giles county, Tennessee, engaged in carrying mails and information from within the lines of the United States forces to persons in arms against the United States Government."

To which charges and specifications the accused pleaded as follows:

To the specification first charge, "Not guilty."

To the first charge, "Not guilty."

To the specification of second charge, "Guilty."

To the second charge, "Guilty."

After a patient investigation of several days, the following were the

Finding and Sentence:

The court finds the accused as follows:

Of the specification to first charge, "Guilty."

Of the first charge "Guilty."

Of the specification of second charge, "Guilty."

Of the second charge, "Guilty."

And the Commission does therefore sentence him, the said Samuel Davis, of Coleman's Scouts, in the service of the so-called Confederate States: "To be hung by the neck until he is dead, at such time and place as the Commanding General may direct; two-thirds of the members of the Commission concurring in the sentence."

Finding and sentence of the Commission approved. The sentence will be carried into effect on Friday, November 27, 1863, between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. and 6 o'clock P. M.

Brigadier-General T. W. Sweeney, commanding Second Division, will cause the necessary arrangements to be made to carry out this order in the proper manner.

The Military Commission, of which Colonel Madison Miller, Eighteenth Missouri Volunteer Infantry, is President, is hereby dissolved.

By order of Brigadier-General G. M. DODGE.

J. W. BARNES, Lieut. and A. A. G.

The prisoner was informed of the finding and sentence of the Military Commission by Captain Armstrong, the local Provost Marshal, and, though manifesting some surprise at the severity of the punishment to be inflicted, he bore himself heroically, and showed not the quiver of a muscle. Later in the day Chaplain Young visited him, and found him resigned to his fate. After prayer by the Chaplain, he inquired in relation to the news of the day, and being told that Bragg was defeated, he expressed the deepest regret. The scaffold for the execution of the prisoner was built upon an elevation on the east side of the town, near the college, and immediately in front of the house now occupied by James McCallum, Esq., a position that can be seen from almost every part of town. At precisely ten o'clock on the morning of Friday, the 27th of November, 1863, the arms of the prisoner being pinioned, he was placed on a wagon, seated on his coffin (a refinement of cruelty), and conveyed to the scaffold. Davis stepped

from the wagon and seated himself on a bench at the foot of the scaffold, glancing occasionally at the coffin as it was being taken from the wagon. He displayed no trepidation, but calmly and quietly turning to Captain Armstrong, asked how long he had to live, and upon being told just fifteen minutes, said in substance that the rest of the battles would have to be fought without him. Captain Armstrong, turning to him, said: "I am sorry to be compelled to perform this painful duty;" to which Davis replied, with a smile, "It does not hurt me, Captain; I am innocent, though I am prepared to die, and do not think hard of you." Captain Chickasaw, then approaching, asked the prisoner if it would not have been better to have saved his life by disclosing the name of the officer who furnished the facts in relation to the fortifications, etc., and intimated that it was not yet too late, when the prisoner answered, with much indignation, "Do you suppose that I would betray a friend? No, sir; I would die a thousand times first. I will not betray the confidence of my informer." Committing, then, a few keepsakes to Mr. Lawrence, a Methodist minister, he mounted the scaffold with a serene countenance, in company with Chaplain Young, whom he requested to pray with him. After a prayer, the delicacy and appropriateness of which may be well questioned under the circumstances, the prisoner stepped upon the trap, and paid the severe penalty of devotion to right and principle. He died with the calmness of a philosopher, the sternness of a patriot, and the serene courage of a martyr. Never did a deeper gloom spread over any community than did over that of Pulaski when Davis's tragic fate was made known. The deed was openly and boldly stigmatized by the common soldiers as a needless assassination; men and women, in every part of the town, indulged in unavailing moans, and even the little children, with terror depicted on their countenances, ran about the streets weeping with uncontrollable grief. No man ever awakened a deeper sympathy. His sad fate is one of the touching themes of the county; and whenever his name is mentioned, the tear rises unbidden to the eye of the oldest as well as the youngest. His memory is embalmed among the people as a self-immolated martyr to what he conceived a pure and holy duty—the preservation of the sacredness of confidence. This case furnishes a melancholy example of the atrocities still permitted under the usages of civilized warfare.

In reviewing, after the lapse of eight years, all the facts connected with this sad affair, it must be admitted that there were many mitigat-

ing circumstances in the case of this dauntless young soldier, which pleaded powerfully for clemency from the Post Commander. He was captured fifteen miles from Pulaski; he pretended to no disguise, but had on at the time of his capture his arms and the Confederate uniform. It is true, that plans of the fortifications in Middle Tennessee were found upon his person, but no proof further than his own admission was adduced to show that he was in possession of them in any other capacity than as a courier or letter carrier, and might, in the discharge of his duty as such, have involuntarily got within the lines. In addition to all these, his youth, his intelligence, his unflinching constancy under the severest trials and the greatest temptations, and his heroic conduct to the last, were certainly qualities that should have induced a noble-hearted commander to give the prisoner the benefit of any doubt.

GENERAL ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON.

Review of "The Life of General Albert Sidney Johnston. By his Son, Colonel William Preston Johnston." D. Appleton & Co., N. Y.

BY E. W. M.

IN your September number a succinct editorial notice was taken of this work, in which brief mention was made of its many excellencies of matter, manner and spirit. It is a book of solid merit, valuable as a contribution to history, for it gives us many new and important facts, to literature; for its animated narration is embodied in a style pure, vigorous and classic; to the general public, for it gives us the faithful portraiture of one of the few *truly* great men of modern times. In this latter regard consists one of the chief of its many merits. It brings us easily and naturally face to face with the man. We not only see him, but he takes us kindly by the hand, talks with us as a familiar friend, and whether around the camp-fire on Western wilds, amidst the blandishments of capital cities, with him, as he labors in the field for bread, or under his orders as the honored chieftain of martial hosts, at every time and place, and under all changes of outward circumstance, our thought is enlightened and our hearts made better by his cloudless

reliance and his own pure spirit. For the comparatively few survivors of "Shiloh," the remnant of that band who,

> ——"Under the stars,
> On that field of Mars,
> Where glorious Johnston fell,"

fought by his side with unsurpassed gallantry, it possesses an especial and peculiar charm. It tells them not merely of his grand strategy by which the concentration at Corinth was effected, but how, by his tact and skill on the battle-field, the smaller, less disciplined, and worse equipped Confederates overthrew a much larger and perfectly appointed army on their own chosen ground. And to all the survivors of the "Lost Cause" it brings a message at once melancholy and inspiring. It tells them how one of the ablest and best of men, holding high rank and face to face with the most glittering prospects, conscientiously laid down his commission, turned his back upon all these temptations, and simply because he believed it to be right, left the stronger to give to the weaker side his laureled sword and his life. But the value of this book has a wider range than this. It not only vindicates the truth of a portion of history essential to Southern honor, but presents to the gaze of the rising youth of America a magnificent model upon which each for himself may form a character of true manhood. In this respect alone it should find its way into every fireside and library in this broad land. That such teaching is an imperative need of the youth of to-day will be manifest upon a moment's glance at the situation. They are growing up just after a great civil war—confessedly the worst character of war—had shattered, like an earthquake, the foundations of our whole political and social fabric, devolving upon the near future the solution of problems, some of which menace the very life of republican institutions, and all of which are of the gravest import. That general demoralization followed the war; that statesmanship was supplanted by demagoguism; that legislation has been "bought with a price;" that offices are rarely conferred on the meritorious, but won as "spoils" by partizan service at once vile and unpatriotic; that corruption in office neither awakens popular indignation or excites surprise; that rings are and have been potent evil; that the dignity and value of the people's best hope, the ballot, has been shamefully disregarded; that strikes have demonstrated the tenure of property at last rests on the points of Federal bayonets; that millions

—lately slave, without intelligence or culture—have been raised to the full dignity of citizenship, given the ballot, and in many instances invested with all the powers of legislative, judicial and executive positions, bringing the African and Caucassian races face to face into competition for wealth and honor, thus confronting us with a terrible "problem of races;" that by corrupt practices and unwise policies the whole country has drifted into almost universal bankruptcy, while office-holders on small salaries have grown rich—in a word, that the whole spirit and tone of our politics have degenerated from the standard of enlightened patriotism necessary to the preservation and success of our institutions, are all palpable to every observant and reflective person. That many, and possibly the greatest of all these problems, must be solved by the incoming generation, or bear the bitterest of fruit; that the morality of politics must be restored; that offices must become public trusts; that demagogues must be hurled from power, trampled under foot, and the destinies of the country be once more confided to statesmen, or the days of this Republic are numbered, are equally plain. How can our boys be more healthily and happily tutored into the rounded symmetry of true manliness than by their study of august characters like that of Albert Sidney Johnston? Said the late Professor Bledsoe, himself in the front rank of able men: "Albert Sidney Johnston, take him all in all, was the simplest, bravest, grandest man we have ever known;" and such was the opinion of all who knew him. Let every father furnish his sons with a copy, let them ponder well its lessons, and sure as the day follows the night will the next generation present a higher tone of citizenship and the future of our country a more cheering outlook. The author may well felicitate himself upon the success with which he has executed his filial and patriotic task.

Our limited space restricts us to the merest outline of a life so eventful; but the reader will find in the volume before us all its varied and interesting details. The focal interest of to-day, however, is concentrated upon that period in which, as a Confederate, General Johnston was in command of the Western Department, beginning on the 10th of September, 1861, and ending, amidst the victorious thunders of Shiloh, on the 6th of April, 1862.

He was given command of all military operations in that part of Mississippi lying west of the Central Railroad, in Tennessee and Kentucky, Arkansas, Missouri, Kansas, and the Indian country lying west

of Missouri and Kansas. The extent of this northern frontier was such that if every armed soldier in his department had been placed along it, not one could have heard the musket shot of another. It was also pierced by three rivers—the Mississippi, the Tennessee and the Cumberland—all navigable highways for the gunboats of the enemy, and he had none. Of course, it was indefensible, and a shorter one must of necessity be chosen, which, with his inadequate means, gave promise of being held till he could raise an army. General Polk had already seized and fortified Columbus, on the Mississippi, and the State of Tennessee had built two forts—Henry, on the Tennessee, and Donelson, on the Cumberland. General Buckner was ordered to seize the line of Barren River, at Bowling Green, in Kentucky, and Zollicoffer to move forward to the south bank of the Cumberland and hold its crossings. This line, therefore, placed his left at Columbus, on the Mississippi, his right in the Cumberland Mountains, and his center at Bowling Green, and was *strictly defensive.* His authority to call for troops was in these words: "You have authority to call for troops from Arkansas, Tennessee, and such portion of Mississippi as may be within the limits of your command. You have, also, authority to receive into the service such troops as may be offered from the States of Missouri and Kentucky, and to call on the naval service for such assistance and material of war, including boats, as may be required for the defense of the Mississippi River." It will be observed that the numbers and length of service to be called for were left to General Johnston's discretion. He came to his department, took a rapid glance, and at once called for 50,000 men—30,000 from Tennessee, 10,000 from Mississippi, and 10,000 from Arkansas, the latter ordered to report to General Ben. McCulloch, for the defense of their own frontier. The following extract from his letter to the Governor of Tennessee will give, in his own words, his views and the reasons for the character of call he made, viz: "The defenseless condition of this department was patent from the moment I arrived and had a hasty view of the field. The necessity for a strong and efficient army is present and pressing. I, therefore, avail myself of the permission above cited to call upon your Excellency to furnish, for the service of the Confederate States, 30,000 men. I would prefer volunteers for the present war, as securing better disciplined, more skilled and effective forces, and if any such shall volunteer by companies, they will be gladly accepted under the act of March 8th. But dispatch, now, is of

the first importance, and, therefore, companies, battalions and regiments offering for twelve months will be at once received." His calls on the other Governors were couched in similar language, and all dated 21st of September, 1861. In the face of his authority could anybody detect in this call a single objectionable feature? Yet, on the 16th of October—less than a month—the Secretary of War wrote him as follows: "Your call for troops on Mississippi and other States will, I am informed, produce embarrassment. When General Polk was sent to take command of the department now under your orders, he was instructed that he might use his own discretion in the calls on Arkansas and Tennessee, but not to draw on Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana or Georgia, without the consent of this department. The reason for this was, that Arkansas and Tennessee had not yet been subjected to any considerable drain of men, whereas the other States mentioned had been furnishing largely since the beginning of the war, and it was desired to proportion the calls on the different States with a due regard to their numbers of men capable of bearing arms. Signed, J. P. Benjamin, Acting Secretary of War."

The question naturally arises, Why, then, authorzie General Johnston to call on Mississippi at all? In reply, however, the General tells the Secretary: "The call upon Mississippi was small, compared with that on Tennessee, as only part of that State is within the limits of my department. I had no means of ascertaining the relative proportion of troops furnished before by each State, nor was I aware that instructions had been given Major-General Polk to refrain from making further calls on Mississippi."

It will be seen that "dispatch, now, is of the first importance, and, *therefore*, companies, battalions and regiments offering for twelve months will be at once received." The habit of volunteering for twelve months was familiar to our people. It was obvious they would come out more promptly than for an indefinite war period, and the Governors called for twelve months' men to fill this requsition. It would have been supposed, with the Arkansas 10,000 to go to McCulloch, and the War Department frowning down the call on Mississippi, that General Johnston would at least be let alone with his remaining 30,000 called from Tennessee. Not so. On the 25th of October, the Secretary of War, amongst other things, stated divers objections to the agreement of General Johnston to accept twelve months' men, and adds: "I beg you will act promptly in this or some other manner, as shall seem to you

best, but to get rid of the twelve months' unarmed men." * *
A circular, for General Johnston's guidance, accompanied this letter, the first item of which is: "1. No unarmed troops can be accepted for a less period than during the war."

Up to the time of these peremptory instructions from the War Minister, but few troops had been mustered into service under this call; most of those who had volunteered being still under State authority at the different rendezvous and without arms. As a soldier, General Johnston was bound to obey, and, accordingly, issued orders for the mustering out, and notified the Governors that he was no longer at liberty to accept the unarmed men in their camps. The effects are palpable: Johnston could get no army in time to successfully cope with the heavy masses of the enemy in his front, and the people were deluded into the belief that he had all the troops he wanted. The hope of being able even to hold his line of defense "vanished, like the baseless fabric of a vision." Doubtless the reasons for such orders were satisfactory to the War Department and Government. We have no word of censure for either of the eminent men at their respective heads; but the facts which occurred are matters of public history. The emergency was so pressing that on the 19th of November—in less than twenty days after he had received these unfortunate instructions—General Johnston was compelled to ask the Governors of Tennessee, Alabama and Mississippi "to call out every loyal soldier of the militia into whose hands arms can be placed, or to provide a volunteer force large enough to use all the arms that can be procured;" and added: "A volunteer force is more desirable, if it can be raised as promptly as the militia, as more economical and producing less inconvenience to the citizen; but time now is of the first importance, that I may cover the homes of your citizens and save them from the sufferings always attending an invasion." On the 29th of the same month he wrote the Secretary of War: "We are making every possible exertion to meet the forces the enemy will soon array against us, both at this place (Bowling Green) and at Columbus. *Had the exigency for my call for fifty thousand men in September been better comprehended and responded to, our preparations for this great emergency would now be complete.*" These italics are our own, and are given that the reader may not lose the full significance of his words.

It was generally believed that General Johnston had 80,000 troops at Bowling Green, but the gross inadequacy of his actual force may

be seen from the following extract from his letter to the Secretary of War, dated 25th of December: "Information from various sources shows every effort has been made by General Buell to concentrate all his strength for a movement upon Tennessee through Central Kentucky, and that not less than 75,000 men are assembled in front of me, while I have not more than 17,000 men for active operations." Almost as great disproportions existed on his right and left wings.

General Johnston's instructions to Zollicoffer, dated 4th December, were as follows: "The most essential route to be guarded is that leading through Somerset and Monticello, as in my opinion most practicable for the enemy. Mill Springs would seem to answer best to all the demands of the service; and from this point you may be able to observe the river, *without crossing it*, as far as Burkesville, which is desirable." On the 10th, Zollicoffer acknowledged receipt, and added: "I infer from yours that *I should not have crossed the river, but it is now too late.*" He had crossed the day before, and commenced to fortify at Beech Grove, on the north side. Early in January, Major-General George B. Crittenden arrived there, soon took the initiative, and on the 19th sustained the disaster of Fishing Creek, where the gallant Zollicoffer was killed. Thus General Johnston's right was shattered and turned, despite his every effort to strengthen, equip and hold it. On the 6th of February, the gunboats attacked and captured Fort Henry, thus putting the Tennessee River under the control of the enemy, and turning both Nashville and Bowling Green on the left. A retreat was inevitable. It was evident Donelson would be attacked. This was a stronger work than Henry, was on the water-way from Nashville, and must not be given up without a struggle. Small as was his force, General Johnston sent 8,000 of his troops, under Floyd (chief), Pillow (second) and Buckner (third in command), to its defense; leaving less than 10,000 effectives, with which he crossed the river at Nashville, to protect that capital against Buell, if Donelson held out. On the 14th he telegraphed Floyd: "*If you lose the Fort, bring your troops to Nashville, if possible.*" That day the gunboats opened fire and were beaten back, but the Fort was invested on the land-side. A council of war resulted in a determination to cut their way out and retreat to Nashville. Some troops were moved out for the purpose, but, strangely enough, were ordered back, and the day passed off. In the meantime, the enemy were receiving and massing heavy reinforcements. That night it was determined to re-

new the effort the next day. It was done, the enemy's right was doubled back, the way opened for safe egress; but, in the teeth of Buckner's earnest advice, the troops were *again ordered back* into the entrenchments, and that night agreed to be surrendered! Neither Floyd or Pillow would do this; left the army with Buckner, their subordinate, for the purpose, went themselves to Nashville, and for this were afterward suspended from further command, under orders from the Government. Buckner, sharing the fate of his men, was made prisoner next morning, and the army, arms and munitions, with the fort, went into the hands of the enemy. Very soon afterward the present writer heard from the lips of President Davis the following criticism upon the course of the Generals at Donelson, which is so characteristic that it is here given. Said he: "As the fort was agreed to be untenable, they had four courses open to them, and but four. One was to destroy all they could not take away with them, throw the armed men across the river, keeping it as a ditch between them and the superior forces of the enemy, and thus retreat; or else cut their way out and save what they could of the army, leaving the naked fort to the enemy; or destroying all arms, munitions, etc., surrender only the men and fort; or surrender men, arms, munitions, fort and all—*the worst of the four—which they have done.*" This disaster startled the public like a thunder-clap from a clear sky. Your pages have already described the scenes at Nashville. The excitement and confusion was by no means confined to that city; it assumed the proportion of a general popular clamor demanding General Johnston's removal from command. Press, politicians and the panic-stricken people united in denouncing him, but all failed to shake his self-poised equanimity or the well-grounded confidence of the President in his pre-eminent ability. The Government, however, was aroused, sent to his aid all reinforcements which could be spared, and these were ordered to Corinth. A question has been raised, and even of late somewhat discussed, whether the honor of this concentration belongs to General Johnston or another. The volume before us is full of the most convincing proof that the plan was General Johnston's, and was successfully executed by him in person. President Davis does not hesitate to state, as a fact, that the strategic movements by which the army was assembled at Corinth, preliminary to the battle of Shiloh, were agreed upon *beforehand* between General Johnston and himself. Indeed, if the situation is considered, it is not credible that any man of ordinary sense, in General

Johnston's position, would have failed to see this was not only the wise thing, but the only thing, to be done. The Tennessee River turned his position, compelling his retreat beyond it; the railroads under his control, North, East, South and West, crossing Corinth, enabled him to collect detachments and reinforcements more rapidly at that than any other point. Grant was massing an army at Pittsburg Landing, right in front of it, and Buell must march with his forces from Nashville before both their armies could unite, promising an opportunity to beat them in detail. In the name of common sense, what was he to do but mass all the forces he could get and crush Grant, leaving Buell far down within his lines, and face to face with the victorious Confederates? We must think this matter will no longer be considered debatable. On the 3d of April the army was ordered to move forward, for the purpose of attacking Grant at 8 o'clock A.M. on Saturday, the 5th. On Friday night a heavy rain made the already bad roads almost impassable, and more than one detachment was delayed. It has been the general impression that this was the special fault of some particular General, but the facts given in this book leave no doubt that the cause was rain, making the roads impassable—a mere chance of fortune, or "providential dispensation," according to our notion. Says the author: "Under the circumstances, it is useless to attach censure to particular individuals or commands." This result of a calm and dispassionate examination of all the known facts will, no doubt, be as gratifying to our readers as it is to ourselves. We would not willingly believe that in movements so important any one of our men had been justly censurable. At any rate, the fact is that instead of making the attack in the morning, the line of battle was not fully formed until about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and "a day was lost." It was, however, then established, and the Confederate army, of less that 40,000 men of all arms, stood in the immediate front of 60,000 Federals on their own chosen camping-ground, under the command of men whose fame has since filled the civilized world. But the more illy-clad, ill-armed, raw and undisciplined Confederates were themselves commanded by men who, in the varied departments of their special excellencies, presented a group of true military worth the like of which has rarely, if ever, been equaled. To say nothing of such men as Bate, Cheatham, Wheeler, Stewart, Gladden, Breckinridge, Cleburne, Forest and others, there, commanding the front line, stood Hardee, known in after times as "Old Reliable." At the head of the next line stood

Bragg, whose first laurels were won at Buena Vista. Next Polk, the Bishop-General, who, with patriotic ardor, had stepped out of the pulpit to smite with the sword of Gideon his country's invaders. Then Beauregard, whose genius as an engineer and artillerist has sent his name sounding down the ages as long as old Atlantic shall roll a wave into Charleston Harbor. And over them all, grandly towering, was Sidney Johnston, with his majestic presence, lofty heroism, and whole bushel of brains. Such was the scene upon which the sun went tranquilly down that night.

Very soon after the line of battle was fully established, an incident took place which, with a less able man at the head of the army, would probably have prevented the battle of Shiloh. It was an accidental colloquy, which really assumed the dignity of a council of war, and was held between Generals Johnston, Beauregard, Bragg, Polk and Breckinridge, Hardee not being present, but at his post in the front line. In the conference General Beauregard urged, with all the might of his rank, prestige and influence, that the army should be withdrawn without a battle, and the purpose for which they had marched and were then deployed should be given up. In this he was not opposed by any of his subordinates present, except the Bishop-General, who was openly for the attack. General Johnston terminated the council by a peremptory order to open the battle at daylight next morning, and turning away, with evident surprise and chagrin, remarked significantly to his brother-in-law, Preston, "*Polk is a true soldier and a friend.*" These words are pregnant with meaning. He thus shouldered the whole responsibility, gave the highest pledge that he would make it a success, and silenced all question that but for him Shiloh, with its glories and melancholy memories, would never have been fought. After his death it was supposed that, stung to desperation by the misguided abuse of his countrymen, he had recklessly thrown his life away. Nothing could be further from the truth. To those who knew him, no explanation is needed. They would as soon expect to see the sun moved from his course through heaven by the dust of a passing whirlwind, as Sidney Johnston from the path of appropriate duty by an ill-judging clamor. At every time and everywhere his eye was fixed singly and unselfishly upon his country's cause. To those who knew him not, it will be sufficient to state the facts. His army was the smaller, and but few of them had ever been under fire; they were less instructed in maneuvres, worse armed and equipped, and to be led by

Generals the most prominent of whom did not wish the battle fought, and *were ordered to fight it.* He knew, too, that this was to be a decisive battle; that if its grand purpose was a success—if Grant and Sherman were crushed, their army destroyed, their arms and munitions captured, that Buell, far down within his lines, suddenly confronting the victorious Confederates, could scarcely hope to recross the Ohio with a corporal's guard; that the South would be electrified, an army would flock to his standard with which he could invade, whilst Lee moved forward from the East, and that soon his beloved South would be acknowledged as a free and independent nation. All this he saw and felt, and of this alone he thought. He fought the battle as he had ordered, and amidst the fire and smoke, the rattle of small arms, and thunder of cannon, grandly and gloriously with his heroic little army he overwhelmed, routed and crushed the masses of the enemy, till at last he fell and expired in the very arms of victory. With him, alas! that bright vision, which, had he lived, we doubt not would have been realized, vanished into shadow, which, with an occasional gleam here and there, steadily and surely deepened into the inky blackness of the final surrender. We have no heart to describe this brilliant but fruitless battle; that is well done by the author of this book, which we again commend to every English reader as worthy of perusal, and close, by reproducing a life-like pen-and-ink picture of General Johnston, that those of our readers who did not know, may see him as he was in life.

In person General Johnston was tall, square-shouldered, full-chested and muscular. He was neither lean nor fat, but healthily full, without grossness, indicating great bodily strength. His bust was superb, the neck and head mounting upward from the shoulders with majestic grace. His compact jaws terminated in a chin somewhat prominent and but slightly square, above which one of the very few really ornamental moustaches ever worn by man partly concealed, but could not render ferocious, the sweet and genial expression of his mouth. Over this stood somewhat boldly forth the clear-cut and expanded nostrils of a broad-based nose which, slightly inclining upward, grew out from beneath his prominently developed brow where thought sat as upon a throne. His full and angular though rounded forehead rose upward till its high "window's peaks" were lost under dark-brown hair a little mixed with gray, extremely fine and wavy, almost to curls. His deep-set, blue-gray eyes, small, and, when unexcited, somewhat dull, were

of that sort which Campbell describes as "melting in love and kindling in war." Over these features a skin naturally soft, white and clear, though now slightly bronzed from exposure, completed a picture of more than ordinary manly beauty. Courage and modesty, intellect and goodness, cheerfully divided the empire over his expressive face.

When absorbed in thought his head leaned forward and his body slightly bent. At all other times he was strikingly erect. His soldierly port, devoid of stiffness, was characterized by a dignified and benevolent repose, at once calm, self-poised, simple and unostentatious. I do not remember a man filling high position so utterly uncontaminated by that vulgar "divinity which doth hedge a king." There was, in both his appearance and bearing, that nameless something which, while it chastened impertinence, invited confidence, and rendered even the humblest at perfect ease in his presence. He was eminently approachable to everybody of every rank and condition in life. Neither his movement while walking, nor his manner in repose, could justly be called awkward, yet neither was light and airy; in fact, there was in both something too ponderous for grace. On horseback his appearance excited universal admiration. A cavalier by instinct and training, he sat upon a horse as if, centaur-like, he had grown up part of him. Whenever his soldiers caught sight of him in the saddle their shouts were irrepressible.

Ordinarily his conversation was grave, the style being simple, vigorous and rigidly concise. His manner of talking was slow, measured and thoughtful, evincing an anxious care to choose the very words which would express only his exact meaning. From this care to say just the thing he meant he never departed. Still, socially, he was one of the most interesting of men. His scholarship was ripe; his knowledge of books, of men and of things was extensive and varied. His views, always comprehensive and clear, never failed in their expression to rivet attention and confer pleasure. To his cheerful temper was superadded a fund of the richest humor, which not unfrequently sparkled into diamond-pointed wit. The prominent and distinguishing features of his intellect, however, were an intense perception and realization of surrounding circumstances; a power of analysis which no complication of facts could baffle; a logical accuracy of thought which could follow the most delicate clew through the mazes of any labyrinth; and a solid judgment which correctly estimated forces and values. Of the use of these faculties he was perfect master. They were thor

oughly disciplined—enlightened by extensive knowledge, and perfected by a larger experience. His sound sense, therefore, was of that perfect kind which constitutes wisdom.

To strangers his intellectual action seemed to be slow. This was a misapprehension, requiring for its correction only a better knowledge of the man. In communicating his thoughts to the outer world, in the use of the mere machinery of words, he was simply unready. Where words were not to be used, but things were to be done; where his thoughts were to be translated directly into acts, they moved with all the quickness and force of the electric flash. Of oratorical power he had none. Like Moses, he was "slow of speech," and could write better than he spoke. Some men can both speak and write greatly above their true intellectual worth. In neither could Sidney Johnston approach the very high mark of his own, and he was fully conscious of the defect. In counsel he was always great—in action, greater still; as at Shiloh, where, in penetrating the designs of the enemy and thwarting them, in seizing at a glance the decisive points of the battle-field, and concentrating upon them more troops than could be opposed to him, in grasping his army, hurling it like a thunderbolt upon the foes and scattering all opposition from before him, his genius blazed forth in all its full-orbed splendor and glory. In his short career as a Confederate General, that victory is his greatest monument. Alas! that the "proud temple he builded there" should have crumbled into dust at his death. But its memory and his will live in the bosoms of his countrymen as long as there is left on earth one true Confederate heart-beat. To these high intellectual gifts was united a large-hearted goodness of which he was "full as the dew-drop of the morning beam." Together they shed upon his name a lustre belonging of right only to the immortals. I close this sketch with a few illustrative anecdotes.

While we were at Bowling Green, a man claiming to hail from Nashville presented himself at headquarters and inquired for me. Being shown in, he said a certain friend of mine had directed him to make my acquaintance, as he had something important to communicate. I soon saw he only desired to get into communication with the General, and presented him. He was a glib talker, but had a countenance at once acute, sinister and malignant. I saw the General fix his gaze upon him as the fellow at once went on to tell how "above all earthly things he had the Southern cause at heart; that he believed Andrew Johnson was the most dangerous enemy we had in Tennessee,

if not in the whole South, and that his death would be a public benefaction; that he knew just where he was in South-eastern Kentucky, and that he could be easily disposed of at a trifling cost of money." The General rose up and said: "Sir, the Government which I serve meets its enemies in open and honorable warfare. It scorns alike the assassin's knife and the debased scoundrel who would suggest its use!" It is scarcely necessary to add that there was a vacant seat instantaneously in that room. The General turned to me and said, "That scoundrel wanted me to bribe him to assassinate Andrew Johnson."

On another day, while riding, we came unexpectedly upon a Colonel who was a West-Pointer, and had made a most favorable impression at headquarters. He was in the midst of a portion of his regiment, cursing and d—ning the men at a furious rate. After we had passed, the General remarked: "That man has not as much sense as I had believed; he does not know how to command men. It is an error to suppose it can be done by fear. The true secret of command lies in the exercise of moderation, united with superior sense and justice. No man can command others with permanent success unless he has learned to command himself. Nor is this a regular army; these are people who have left their homes to fight for their independence. All they require is a little patient instruction." And few officers know this.

General Johnston's piety was a principle. I shall not discuss, with those who see nothing but impiety in others who do not adopt *their* cherished dogmas, whether or not his views were orthodox. I know, however, that his piety was deep and sincere, and, as illustrative of this trait, state that he and myself had been at work till long after midnight, when he proposed to me to "adjourn to his bedroom, take a drink, *say our prayers*, and go to sleep." I told him I would take that night a glass of water, and feared he would find me no better at praying than drinking. He bent on me a look of almost paternal tenderness, and said, solemnly, "I never lay my head upon my pillow at night without returning thanks to God for his protecting care, and invoking his guidance in future."

Such was Sidney Johnston—the model soldier, gentleman and patriot.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

The Attempt to Kidnap Him, while Military Governor of Tennessee, by Captain Dirks.

A STATE of war gives occasion to many strange inconsistencies of conduct on the part of a class of individuals who exhibit the faculty of serving, in turn, both parties to the contest, and that with great zeal; but the strangest instance of this kind, and the hardest to explain, was the case of Dirks, the Captain of Andrew Johnson's Body Guard, at the time he was Military Governor of Tennessee. Those who were concerned most intimately with him in his attempted exploit have never been able to satisfy themselves of his real motives in the part he played. We will give the circumstances, and allow each reader to judge for himself and reach his own conclusion.

Captain Dirks was a trusted officer of Governor Johnson, and the instrument of his will in dealing with the Rebel element at Nashville, Tenn. He made arrests of citizens almost daily, at the command of his chief, and conducted them to the State Penitentiary for safe keeping. Among these, on one occasion, was Mr. Mat. Stratton, a respected citizen, whose active sympathies were with the people of his State, but who, at that time, was living quietly at his home, in the vicinity of Nashville. His arrest was instigated by a native loyalist, for what was deemed disloyal utterances, and made by Dirks. On the way to prison, Dirks grew very confidential, though he knew nothing whatever of his prisoner until then, and proposed, with seeming earnestness, to desert to the Confederate army, then stationed at Tullahoma, if he could procure his assistance in getting through the lines. Mr. Stratton, fearing that it was a trap laid for his destruction, refused to seriously entertain the proposition at first; but Dirks insisted with such earnestness that he at length determined to run the risk of probable bad faith, and agreed to see him safely into the Confederate lines, which he could promise confidently to do, on account of his knowledge of the country and extensive acquaintance with the inhabitants on the route. The arrangement was accordingly made, and in due time the plan was carried out, the party arriving safely at General Van Dorn's headquarters, at Columbia, Tenn. They then proceeded without difficulty to General Bragg's headquarters, at Tullahoma, Dirks all the

while retaining on the Federal uniform. On the way, or perhaps before starting, the traitor disclosed his design of kidnapping Governor Johnson, of the success of which he had no doubt, as he was familiar with his habits and knew exactly where to find him on certain nights of the week. His plan was to take a small party of horsemen, work his way to the vicinity of Nashville, procure a carriage and drive to the house where his victim would be lodging, and forcibly carry him off through the lines at rapid speed before the alarm could be given. He disclosed his plan to Captain C. W. Peden, the Provost Marshal, and pressed him to further his scheme with his influence and provide the means of its execution. This Captain Peden refused to do, saying that he had no authority and would not do so, unless directed by General Bragg. Dirks then besought an interview with the General, which was granted; but the latter—either from scruples of the propriety of the step, or doubts as to the deserter's sincerity—also refused to have any hand in the project, and directed the Provost Marshal to keep strict surveillance over him. Dirks had some liberties allowed him, however, and was the subject of much speculation when his exploit became known. He soon became aware that he was not trusted, although he had deserted a man and a cause at that time extremely odious to the army; yet he talked very unreservedly of his desertion, saying that he had come to cast his fortunes with the Confederacy and fight his former friends. His air and manner were those of a man who expected that he would be received joyfully and treated with great consideration by the Confederates for what he had done; in other words, to be made a hero of, and to afford the subject of a great sensation. However, he told off on his late friends so freely and unsparingly that an officer of Bragg's Staff, learning of his kidnapping project, became thoroughly impressed with his sincerity, and besought the General to furnish Dirks with the authority and means to carry out his design. The General again refused, but finally told the officer he had no objection, provided he undertook the matter upon his own responsibility. This the latter agreed to do, and repaired with Dirks to General Van Dorn's headquarters for the purpose of putting the project into execution. A small squad of cavalrymen, under a lieutenant, was permitted to volunteer as an escort, but enjoined to be on guard against treachery. When the expedition reached the vicinity of Nashville, the officer in command became so much dissatisfied with Dirks's claim to the sole management and direction of the affair that a hot altercation

ensued between them; whereupon he arrested him, and securing his feet with a rope beneath his horse, carried him a prisoner back to Columbia. Dirks was very indignant at the imputation and harsh treatment put upon him, when he was about to perform an important service for the Confederacy, as he claimed; but his protest was received with general distrust, and he was carried, with his feet still pinioned, back to Tullahoma. On meeting Captain Peden, he exclaimed, "Here 's my friend; he will release me," and began to declaim violently against the authors of his bad treatment; but Captain Peden told him that he had no authority in the matter, and that he must go to General Bragg. The General, becoming thoroughly disgusted by this time with the traitor, ordered him to be confined in the guard-house for safe keeping until further instructions. Dirks resented his confinement by such abuse of everyone whom he failed to impress with the idea of his injured innocence, and annoyed the authorities so much with his importunities for release, that he was at length sent to Atlanta, Ga., and ordered to be kept closely confined. Here he remained for more than a year, still pleading for release, until he finally effected his escape, by burrowing under the wall of his prison.

But the strangest part of this story remains to be told. After his escape from prison, Dirks turned up at Washington City, where he received a colonel's commission and a large amount of back pay. Whether he imposed upon the authorities there with a tale of adventure and cruel treatment in a Rebel prison, or whether they were privy to some plot that Dirks was to execute in the first instance, but not able to effect, is a secret that has never transpired to the general public, as far as the writer or his informants are aware.

In sifting the facts as they appear for a solution of the mystery, we are of the opinion that Dirks, animated by a morbid fancy for the sensational, did give way to a passing weakness and desert his country's service. This view is supported by the fact of his sudden resolution to desert, and making it known to a prisoner with whom he was unacquainted. Possibly he was animated by an impulse of repugnance for the task assigned him, which required a large share of sternness, and gave way to a feeling of sympathy for his prisoner. At any rate, under the view that he was a deserter, he seemed to think that the very fact that he held an important and responsible office under a Military Governor at that time particularly offensive to the people of the South, would give him *eclat* with these people and create a sensation,

making him a hero in his estimation of the qualities and attributes that belong to that character. Poor fool! If this was the spring and motive of his conduct, he bitterly atoned for it in the treatment he received at the hands of those who, he fondly thought, would receive him with open arms and bursts of applause. Yet he received a balm for his physical suffering in the promotion and emoluments awarded him by the Government he had deserted, and this may have satisfied him in the end. As said before, the strangest part of this story is that he should have been rewarded for his self-imposed sufferings, when the fact of his desertion was made known at Nashville in a short time, by the publicity given to it by the Southern papers. To say the least of it, this story of Captain Dirks is a curious combination of the fickleness and favor of Fortune.

THE BATTLE OF ALLATOONA.

Official Report of Major-General S. G. French.

COLUMBUS, GEORGIA, October 8, 1878.

Dr. E. L. Drake—Dear Sir:—

YOUR letter of the 2d instant is received, and I send you my report of the battle of Allatoona. Fourteen years have now passed, and it has brought to light nothing concerning this battle that, for the truth of history, would require any material change of *facts* set forth in my report.

As regards the Federa accounts, I have seen but one that correctly states the cause of my withdrawing my forces. General Sherman, in his report, says the movement he directed of troops up the railroad had the desired effect of causing me to withdraw from Allatoona. That is the truth, and it was, I might say, the sole reason why I left the place. It subordinated all others. When I reached Allatoona my information was that there were but three regiments and a half forming the garrison, and I very properly demanded a surrender. Major D. W. Sanders waited at the works over twenty minutes for an answer; none was given him, and he returned. I never received any reply.

The depot of stores was in my possession, and would have been

destroyed during the fight, had it been deemed desirable to have done so then; but no one doubted the place would be taken. When withdrawing, however, I directed that they be burned, and, strange as it may at this day appear, only three matches could be found in the possession of all persons present, and those General F. M. Cockrell had, if I remember rightly, and not one of them would ignite.

The enemy, no doubt, did capture a good many small arms, as they relate, for our men exchanged many inferior muskets for fine Springfield rifles, not being able to carry two to the man; others were left with the killed and wounded. The enemy appeared to have a regiment armed with what is now known as the "Winchester rifle." A few of them were captured.

The statements made in a number of Federal accounts that my command was "driven off," or even repulsed at Allatoona, by the forces there, is entirely erroneous.

Very respectfully, S. G. FRENCH.

Official Report of the Battle of Allatoona.

HEADQUARTERS FRENCH'S DIVISION,
TUSCUMBIA, ALA., November 5, 1864.

GENERAL:—Some time since I had the honor to submit to you a brief preliminary report of the battle of Allatoona. As the reports of the Brigade Commanders are now in, I have the honor to forward one embracing some of the details of the battle. About noon on the 4th of October, when at Big Shanty, the following order was handed me by Lieutenant-General Stewart, it being a copy of one to him:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF TENNESSEE,
7:30 A.M., October 4, 1864.

GENERAL:—General Hood directs that later in the evening you move Stevenson back to Davis's ⋊ Roads, and that you bring two of your divisions back to Adams's, and between Adams's and Davis's ⋊ Roads, placing them in such way as to cover the position at Adams's now occupied by Stevenson; and that your third division (say French's) shall move up the railroad and fill up the deep cut at Allatoona with logs, brush, rails, dirt, etc. To-morrow morning, at daylight, he desires Stevenson to be moved to Lieutenant-General Lee's actual left, and that two of your divisions, at *that time* at Adams's, to draw back with your left in the neighborhood of Davis's ⋊ Roads, and your right in

the neighborhood of Lost Mountain, and the division that will have gone to Allatoona to march thence to New Hope Church, and on the position occupied by your other troops—that is, that the division shall rejoin your command by making this march out from the railroad and *via* New Hope.

General Hood thinks that it is probable that the guard at the railroad bridge on Etowah is small; and when General French goes to Allatoona, if he can get such information as would justify him, if possible, move to that bridge and destroy it.

General Hood considers that its destruction would be a great advantage to the army and the country. Should he be able to destroy the bridge, in coming out he could move, as has been before indicated, *via* New Hope. Yours, respectfully,

(Signed) A. P. MASON, A. A. G.

Official—W. D. GALE, A. A. G.

Major-General FRENCH, Commanding Division.

Soon after an order, of which the following is a copy, was sent me:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF TENNESSEE,
OFFICE CHIEF OF STAFF, October 4, 11:30, A.M., 1864.

GENERAL:—General Hood directs me to say that it is of the greatest importance to destroy the Etowah railroad bridge, if such a thing is possible. From the best information we have now, he thinks the enemy cannot disturb us before to-morrow, and by that time your main body will be near the remainder of our army. He suggests that, if it is considered practicable to destroy the bridge when the division goes there and the artillery is placed in position, the commanding officer call for volunteers to go to the bridge with lightwood and other combustible material that can be obtained, and set fire to it.

Yours, respectfully, A. P. MASON, Major and A. A. G.

Lieutenant-General STEWART, Commanding.

General Stewart's Corps had struck the railroad at Big Shanty on the evening of the 3d, and all three of his divisions had worked all night in destroying the railroad from near Kennesaw up to Acworth Station. As we had been informed at Big Shanty that the Allatoona pass or cut was fortified, and that the enemy had there a garrison of three regiments, and had accumulated a considerable amount of provisions, it was considered a matter of importance that the place should

be captured; and, after the orders were handed me, General Stewart sent with me Major Myrick, with twelve pieces of artillery.

It would appear, however, from these orders, that the General-in-Chief was not aware that the pass was fortified and garrisoned that I was sent to have filled up.

Under these orders I left Big Shanty about 3:30 P.M., and marched to Acworth, a distance of six miles, arriving there before sunset. There I was detained, awaiting the arrival of rations, until 11 o'clock at night. As I knew nothing of the roads, the enemy's works or position, it was important to procure a guide, and at last a young man, or rather a boy, was found, who knew the roads, and had seen the position of the fortifications at Allatoona, he being a member of a cavalry company. At Acworth Captain Taylor, of Pinson's Regiment of Cavalry, with twenty-five men, reported to me for duty. He was immediately directed to send fifteen men, under a trusty officer, to strike the railroad as near the Etowah railroad bridge as possible, and to take up rails and hide them, so as to prevent trains from reaching Allatoona with reinforcements, as well as to prevent any trains that might be there from escaping. From an eminence near Acworth the enemy could be seen communicating messages by their night signals from Allatoona with the station on Kennesaw, and to the east of us were the fires of a large encampment of the Federals, and apparently opposite Moon Station.

Citizens residing here informed me that there was a block-house, with a garrison of about one hundred men, at the Allatoona bridge; that at Allatoona there were two small redoubts, with outworks, defended with four pieces of artillery, and garrisoned with three and a half regiments of infantry.

About 11 P.M. the march was resumed. The night was very dark, and the roads bad.

After crossing Allatoona Creek, Colonel Adair, with the Fourth Regiment of Mississippi Volunteers and one piece of artillery, was left near the block-house, with instructions to surround it, capture the garrison, and destroy the bridge over the creek.

Continuing the march, the division arrived before Allatoona about 3 A.M. Nothing could be seen but one or two twinkling lights on the opposite heights, and nothing was heard except the occasional interchange of shots between our advanced guards and the pickets of the garrison in the valley below. All was darkness. I had no knowledge of the place, and it was important to attack at the break of day.

Taking the guide and lights, I placed the artillery in position on the hills south and east of the railroad, and the Thirty-ninth North Carolina Regiment, under Colonel Coleman, and the Thirty-second Texas were left as a supporting force, both under command of Colonel J. A. Andrews, commanding the latter regiment.

This being done, I proceeded with the guide to gain the heights or ridge crowned by the works of the enemy. Without roads or paths the head of the line reached the railroad, crossed it, and began the ascending and descending of the high, steep and densely-timbered spurs of the mountains; and, after about an hour's march, it was found we were directly in front of the works, and not on the main ridge. The guide made a second effort to gain the ridge and failed, so dark was it in the woods. I thereupon determined to rest where we were, and await daylight.

With dawn the march was resumed, and finally, by 7:30 o'clock in the morning, the head of the column was on the ridge, and about six hundred yards west of the fortifications, and between those he occupied and an abandoned redoubt on our left.

Here the fortifications, for the first time, were seen, and, instead of two redoubts, there were disclosed to us three redoubts on the west of the railroad cut, and a star fort on the east, with outer works, and the approaches defended to a great distance by abattis, and nearer the works by stockades and other obstructions.

The railroad emerges from the Allatoona Mountains by crossing this ridge through a cut sixty-five feet deep.

Dispositions for the assault were now made by sending General Sears's Brigade to the north side or rear of the works; General F. W. Cockrell's Missouri Brigade to rest with center on the ridge, while General W. H. Young, with the four Texas regiments, was formed in rear of General Cockrell. Major Myrick had opened on the works with his artillery, and was ordered to continue his fire until the attacking force should interfere, or until he heard the vollies of musketry. General Sears was to commence the assault on the rear, and when musketry was heard, General Cockrell was to move down the ridge, supported by General Young, and carry the works by (as it were) a flank attack.

So rugged and abrupt were the hills that the troops could not be got in position until about 9 A.M., when I sent in a summons to surrender. The flag was met by a Federal staff officer, and he was allowed seventeen minutes to return with an answer. The time expired without any

* Corse gives a copy of the letter of summons, which I say, five minutes.

answer being received, whereupon Major D. W. Sanders, impatient at the delay, as bearer of the summons, broke off the interview and returned.

No reply being sent me, the order was given for the assault by directing the advance of Cockrell's Brigade. Emerging from the woods and passing over a long distance of abattis, formed of felled timber, and under a severe fire of musketry and artillery, nobly did it press forward, followed by the gallant Texans. The enemy's outer line and one redoubt soon fell. Resting to gather strength and survey the work before them, again they rushed forward in column, and in a murderous hand-to-hand conflict, that left the ditches filled with the dead, did they become masters of the second redoubt. The third and main redoubt, now filled by those driven from the captured works on the west side of the railroad, was further crowded by those that were driven out of the fort on the east side of the road by the attack made by General Sears. They had to cross the deep cut through which our artillery poured a steady and deadly fire. The Federal forces were now confined to one redoubt, and we occupied the ditch and almost entirely silenced their fire, and were preparing for the final attack.

Pending the progress of these events, I had received a note from General F. C. Armstrong, dated seven A.M., asking me at what time I would move toward New Hope and pass Acworth; informing me also that the enemy had moved up east of the railroad above Kennesaw, and encamped there last night. I had observed this movement when at Acworth. But, at 12:10 P.M., I received another dispatch from him, written at 9 A.M., saying: "My scouts report enemy's infantry advancing up the railroad. They are now entering Big Shanty. They have a cavalry force east of the railroad."

On the receipt of this second note from General Armstrong I took my guide aside and particularly asked him if, after the capture of the place, I could move to New Hope Church by any other route than the one by the block-house at Allatoona Creek, and thence by the Sandtown road to the Acworth and Dallas road, and he said I could not.

Here, then, was General Sherman's whole army close behind me, and the advance of his infantry moving on Ackworth, which changed the whole condition of affairs. Ammunition had to be carried from the wagons, a mile distant, at the base of the hills, by men, and I was satisfied it would take two hours to get it up and distribute it under fire before the final assault. I had learned from prisoners that before day-

light the place had been reinforced by a brigade under General Corse. I knew the enemy was in Big Shanty at 9 A.M. By noon he could reach Acworth, and be within two miles of the road on which I was to reach New Hope Church. I knew General Stewart had been ordered to near Lost Mountain. My men had marched all day on the 3rd; worked all the night of the 3rd destroying the railroad; that they had worked and marched all day on the 4th; marched to Allatoona on the night of the 4th; had fought up to the afternoon of the 5th; and could they pass the third day and night without rest or sleep, if we remained to assault the remaining work?

I did not doubt that the enemy would endeavor to get in my rear to intercept my return. He was in the morning but three hours distant, and had been signaled to repeatedly during the battle. Under these circumstances I determined to withdraw, however depressing the idea of not capturing the place after so many had fallen, and when, in all probability, we could force a surrender before night. Yet, however desirous I was for remaining before the last work and forcing a capitulation, or of carrying the work by assault, I deemed it of more importance not to permit the enemy to cut my division off from the army.

After deliberately surveying matters as they presented themselves to me, I sent word to General Sears to withdraw his men at once, moving by the route he went in, and directed General Cockrell to withdraw at 1:30 o'clock P.M.

Before the action commenced, it was foreseen that it would be impossible to carry any wounded on litters to the road where the ambulances were placed, owing to the steepness of the hills, the ravines and the dense woods. Accordingly, the wounded were brought to the springs near the ridge. All that could be moved without the use of litters were taken to the ambulances. The others were left in charge of surgeons detailed to remain with them.

The troops reformed on the original ground west of the works, and marched back to the south side, near the artillery, and, at 3:30 o'clock P.M., commenced the move toward New Hope. After the troops engaged in the assault had left, I rode on down to Colonel Andrews' position in front of the works, and directed him to remain until 5 o'clock P.M., and then withdraw and move on in our rear.

Before I had determined to withdraw the infantry from the captured works, but after the guide said I would have to return by the way I

came, I sent orders to Major Myrick to send two of his batteries and his caissons to a point beyond the block-house on the Sandtown road, to act in concert with the troops left there.

Having been informed by Colonel Adair that the block-house at the Allatoona bridge had not been captured, I directed Captain Kobb, with his battery that had remained with Colonel Andrews, to move on and report to General Cockrell for the purpose of taking the block-house.

Shortly after 4 o'clock P.M., and when not a person could be seen in or around the forts, I left the command of Colonel Andrews and overtook the Division near the block-house. Colonel Adair had burnt the railroad bridge over the Allatoona Creek (over two hundred feet long), and the duplicate of the bridge already framed to replace the older structure. Under an increased artillery fire the garrison of the block-house surrendered.

We captured two hundred and five prisoners, one United States flag and the colors of the Ninety-third Regiment of Illinois, a number of horses, arms, etc., and killed and wounded seven hundred and fifty of the enemy—being, with the garrison of the block-house, over a thousand.

History will record the battle of Allatoona one of the most sanguinary conflicts of the war; and when it is remembered that the enemy fought from within their strong redoubts, the desperate deeds of daring performed by our troops in overcoming so many of the foe, a meed of praise is due to their heroic valor. The artillery opened about 7 o'clock in the morning, and except when the flag of truce was sent in, continued till 2 o'clock P.M. The assault, commencing about 10, continued unremittingly till 1:30 P.M., and the rattle of musketry did not cease entirely till near 3 o'clock P.M., when it died away, and a silence like the pall of death rested over the scene, contrasting so strangely with the previous din of battle.

I cannot do justice to the gallantry of the troops. No one faltered in his duty, and all withdrew from the place with the regret that General Sherman's movements, closing up behind us, forbid our remaining longer to force a surrender of the last work.

After leaving out the three regiments that formed no part of the assaulting force, I had but a little over two thousand men. My entire loss, in killed, wounded and missing, was seven hundred and ninety-nine: killed, 122; wounded, 443; missing, 234; as follows: Cockrell's Brigade—killed, 42; wounded, 182; missing, 22. Sears' Brig-

ade—killed, 37; wounded, 114; missing, 200. Ector's Brigade—killed, 43; wounded, 147; missing, 11; and one member of my staff captured.

Among the killed from Sears's Brigade is Colonel W. H. Clark, Forty-sixth Mississippi. He fell in the advance, near the enemy's works, with the battle-flag in his hands. He was an excellent and gallant officer. Also were killed Captain B. Davidson and Lieutenants G. C. Edwards, J. R. Henry and G. D. Davis.

Colonel W. S. Barry, Thirty-fifth Mississippi, and Major Parton, Thirty-sixth Mississippi, were wounded, together with Captains R. G. Yates and A. J. Farmer, and Lieutenants J. N. McCoy, G. H. Bannerman, J. M. Chadwick, J. Coopwood, R. E. Jones, E. W. Brown, G. H. Moore, and Ensigns G. W. Cannon and A. Scarborough.

Texas will mourn for the death of some of her bravest and best men. Captain Summerville, Thirty-second Texas, was killed, after vainly endeavoring to enter the last work, where his conspicuous gallantry had carried him and his little band. Captains Gibson, Tenth Texas, Bates, Ninth Texas, Couley, Twenty-ninth North Carolina, and Adjutant Griffin, Ninth Texas; Lieutenants Alexander, Twenty-ninth North Carolina, and Dixon H. Wetzel, Ninth Texas, were killed, gallantly leading their men. Brigadier-General W. H. Young, commanding Brigade, was wounded. Most gallantly he bore his part in action. Colonel Camp, commanding Fourteenth Texas, one of the best officers in the service, was seriously wounded. Also Majors McReynolds, Ninth Texas, and Purdy, Fourteenth Texas. Of Captains wounded, were Wright, Tyles, Russell, Vannoy and Ridley; and Lieutenants Tunnell, Haynes, Gibbons, Agee, Morris, O'Brien, Irvin, Reeves and Robertson.

In the Missouri Brigade were killed or mortally wounded, Majors W. F. Carter and O. K. Waddell; Captains A. J. Byrne, A. C. Patton and Jno. F. Holland; Lieutenants Thomas R. Shelly, James F. Yancy, G. R. Elliott, R. I. Lamb, G. T. Duvall and W. H. Dunnica; and Ensign H. W. De Jarnette—men who had behaved well and nobly during the whole campaign. Among the wounded are Major R. J. Williams; Captains Thompson Alford, G. McChristian, G. W. Covell and A. T. Burns; Lieutenants Joseph Boyce, S. H. Hornback, I. L. Mitchell, A. H. Todd and N. Y. Anderson; and Ensign Wm. A. Byrd.

I have named the killed and wounded officers in this report. The

names of the private soldiers who fell or were wounded will also be filed with this as soon as they are received. It is due to the dead—it is just to the living—that they who have no hopes of being heralded by fame, and who have but little incentive except the love of country and the consciousness of a just cause to impel them to deeds of daring, and who have shed their blood for a just cause, should have this little tribute paid them by me.

For the noble dead, the army mourns—a nation mourns. For the living, honor and respect will await them wherever they shall be known as faithful soldiers who have, for their dearest rights, so often gone through the fires of battle and the baptism of blood. It would, perhaps, be an invidious distinction to name individual officers or men for marked or special services or distinguished gallantry, where all behaved so well, for earth never yielded to the tread of nobler soldiers.

I am indebted to Generals Cockrell, Sears and Young for their bravery, skill and unflinching firmness. To Colonel Earp, on whom the command of the gallant Texans devolved, and to Colonel Andrews, who commanded on the south side, and Major Myrick, commanding the artillery, I return my thanks for services.

Major D. W. Sanders, A. A. Gen.; Lieutenant Wiley Abercrombie, Aid; Captain W. H. Cain, Vol. Aid; Captain Porter and Lieutenant Moseby, Engineers, were zealous in the performance of their duties, and E. T. Freeman, Assistant Inspector-General, was conspicuous for his gallant conduct. I commend the last named to Government for promotion. Colonel E. Gates, First and Third Missouri, Major E. K. Hampton, Twenty-ninth North Carolina, and Adjutant W. J. Sparks, Tenth Texas, and Lieutenant Cahall, of General Stewart's Staff, are named for gallant services.

Lieutenant M. W. Armstrong, Tenth Texas, seized the United States standard from the Federals, and, after a struggle, brought it and the bearer of it off in triumph. In the enclosed reports of brigade commanders will be found the names of many officers and soldiers that I know are entitled to commendation and all marks of distinction that the Government can award.

The cavalry officer who was sent to cut the railroad and failed to perform that duty, is, in my opinion, much to blame. Had he taken up the rails—and there was nothing to prevent it—reinforcements could not have been thrown in the works, and the result would have been different.

After events showed that a cavalry force of the enemy arrived at Allatoona as we were withdrawing.

Very respectfully submitted.

S. G. FRENCH, Major-General Commanding.

To Lieutenant-General A. P. STEWART, Commanding Corps.

DIARY OF PRIVATE W. J. DAVIDSON.

(Continued.)

EMPIRE HOSPITAL, ATLANTA, GA., Oct. 4th.

SINCE the 20th of August, I have had little opportunity, and less inclination, to write in my diary. About the 10th of September, Gregg's Brigade received orders to take the cars for Atlanta, Ga., and we were soon on our way *via* Mobile, where mean whisky upset some of the boys. At Montgomery, I went to the theatre and witnessed a very poor play. On the way from this place to Atlanta, a soldier was killed by falling between the cars while running. On arrival at Atlanta, we camped two days near the city, and then took the train for Resaca, on the road to Chattanooga, where we again rested for two days. In leaving Atlanta, I became separated from the regiment, which left at 7 o'clock P.M., and did not get off until the next morning, when I succeeded in getting aboard of the train carrying the Fiftieth Tennessee, General Gregg and Staff, and the brigade commissary stores. Three miles north of Marietta, the car containing the subsistance broke down, and had to be thrown off the track; consequently, about twenty-five of us had to walk back to Marietta and wait for the next train. The order turned out to be a piece of good fortune for the party, as the train we left was run into by a down train that night and completely demolished—eighteen men being killed and seventy-five wounded, mostly of the Fiftieth Tennessee. This accident occurred on Sunday night, September 13th. On Monday, I got on board the passenger train, and, after a run of a few miles, the rear coach ran off, but no one was seriously injured, though the escape was miraculous. This accident occurred at Big Shanty, and here I had to remain until the following day, when I was enabled to get through to my regiment at Resaca without further delay. Wednesday morning,

we were again *en route* to Ringgold, and reached the burnt bridge, two miles below that town, just at night-fall. Soon after, the Forty-fourth Tennessee came up and camped near us. In this regiment we found many friends and acquaintances. Thursday morning, we had orders to cook two days' rations, but our supplies being behind, we could not do so. Saw where General Forrest had whipped the enemy a few days before. During the day we heard that a battle was expected every day between Bragg and Rosecrans, and that we were now in seven miles of the enemy's advance. General Bragg had increased his army by reinforcements from Virginia and Mississippi, and was supposed to have about sixty-five thousand men wherewith to match Rosecrans' one hundred thousand hitherto victorious and well-armed troops. Thursday evening, a courier announced to General Gregg that the enemy's cavalry had driven in our pickets beyond Ringgold, and were then in possession of the place. In a short time, the brigade was under arms and on the march. Had to wade the Chickamauga three times in going one-half a mile. Heard artillery firing ahead, but, after taking position on a hill overlooking the town, learned that Bushrod Johnson's Brigade had driven the enemy off. The brigade was then marched back to camps and ordered to cook four days' rations, which consumed the greater part of the night.

At 4 o'clock Friday morning, the march was resumed, with the understanding that there was to be a vigorous pursuit of the enemy. Gregg's and Johnson's Brigades were formed into a division under command of the latter—Colonel John S. Fulton succeeding him in command of the brigade. By daylight the troops were fairly in motion, and, passing through Ringgold, took a westerly course, which, in seven miles, brought us up with the enemy. Our line of battle was quickly formed in an open field, and ordered forward to the edge of the woods in which the enemy was supposed to be covered; but, after advancing some four hundred yards it was halted, and skirmishers were thrown forward. No hostile force was found, and, after a vigorous shelling of the woods, the brigade was moved by the left flank some distance and again ordered forward. The Chickamauga Creek was waded and the steep acclivities beyond were climbed in vigorous pursuit of the enemy, who showed no disposition to come to an engagement. The line of battle kept pushing ahead for several miles, through thickets and dense woods, until more open ground was reached, when a short halt was made to rectify the alignment; after

which the advance was resumed, passing through a Yankee camp which had been abandoned a short while before. Just about dark our brigade came up with the enemy's skirmishers, and, the whole division joining in the yell with which the Thirtieth Tennessee opened the ball, these were quickly driven in. Night now being at hand, a halt was made and the men were ordered to sleep upon their arms. A general silence seemed to pervade both lines, in view of the prospect of a heavy battle on the morrow. The night was remarkably cool for the season of the year, and before morning we were allowed to unsling blankets for comfort. At sun-rise, September the 19th, our brigade was thrown into position on a rocky ridge along the west bank of the Chickamauga, and skirmishers thrown out in readiness for the attack which we had reason to believe the enemy would make during the morning; but it was near 10 o'clock before the battle opened with artillery and heavy musketry on the right. In our front every thing was quiet except the rattling of artillery-wagons, as they were being moved up to where the fighting was going on. The engagement gradually extended along the line until at midday it had reached the right of Johnson's Division, and the roar of conflict had been continuous. We could hear Cheatham's men cheering as they charged and drove the enemy, and the feebler cheer of the other side as it took the offensive, and, in turn, drove Cheatham back.

About 2 o'clock, being on the skirmish line, my attention was drawn to matters more directly in our own vicinity by the whizzing of a few minnie bullets at the front. I then saw a brigade of "blue coats" approaching in splendid order at a double quick, and I apprised Lieutenant Chafin, the officer in command, of the fact; but every one said they were our own men, and it was concluded not to fire at any event until they came closer. When they were within two hundred yards or less, we saw they were Yanks, and no mistake, and firing one round we ran in, according to orders. I took deliberate aim at an officer on horseback, but never learned the effect of my shot. As we reached the main line it was kneeling and at a ready, and perfectly cool. The retiring skirmishers had hardly time to get into their places before the enemy appeared and opened fire with a heavy volley. Our boys now opened with a will, and a severe combat of thirty minutes ensued without any relative change on either side, when our opposers fell back out of range. Bledsoe's Missouri Battery aided materially in the repulse by its splendid firing, which it kept up after the enemy was be-

yond the range of musketry. About this time General Gregg rode up to Colonel Tillman, commanding the Forty-first, and told him to "move forward and see what those fellows are doing down there in the heavy timber." The command was given to forward along the whole brigade, and forward we went in splendid order. At the foot of the hill a halt was called, while skirmishers were thrown out. Colonel Tillman ordered Lieutenant Chafin to detail some of his best men and deploy them as skirmishers at least three hundred yards in advance of the brigade; the three first files of company C were called for, and we went forward, deploying at a double quick, and firing as a "blue coat" came in view. We found the enemy lying down in line of battle waiting for us, and reported the fact. I heard General Gregg's stentorian "Forward!" and a wild yell, as the boys came on at a charge. We waited until they came up, and fell into our places. The whole division was yelling and firing as it went; the bushes were too thick to allow good order or much execution. The yell seemed to have done the work, for the enemy gave way, leaving their dead and wounded and throwing down their guns and knapsacks. The charge was kept up for a half mile, when progress was stopped by a heavy battery in front of Johnson's Brigade, and which we had to give them time to take, the order being for us to preserve line. While waiting here we learned that our gallant General Gregg had been severely, if not mortally, wounded. Colonel Walker, of the Third Tennessee, took command of the brigade. At this stage word was passed along the line that the enemy was moving up in our rear, and we were ordered to fall back, which was accomplished just in the nick of time. After reforming, a half wheel to the right was made to protect the flank, and this position was maintained the rest of the evening. Captain Feeney's Company was thrown forward as skirmishers as night was coming on. The fighting in front of our brigade was over for that day, but was still heavy on the left wing. Of the casualties in the brigade I knew nothing. In the Forty-first the loss was very light, considering that, for a time, we were exposed to a heavy cross fire. We had killed and wounded a great number of the enemy, and captured a few prisoners, besides a number of guns and knapsacks. Three-fourths of a mile of ground had been gained since morning. Of individual acts of heroism on the part of officers and men I will not speak, nor of the few who showed arrant cowardice at the first fire.

At dark, Company C was relieved from skirmish duty by a company

from the left of the brigade. James Wilson and myself, being detailed to go for water, set out with the canteens of the company, and walked about two miles before obtaining a supply.. On our return we wandered about in the woods, completely lost, for about two hours, when we accidentally stumbled upon the line, just as we were about broken down and had given up in despair. During the night, logs and rocks were piled up as protection against bullets. The atmosphere was again quite cool and foggy. General Gregg was in advance of the line when he was wounded, and was left in the hands of the enemy for awhile, who rifled him of his sword, money and watch, and were taking him off the field when he feigned death and was left on the ground. His wound is in the neck, and not considered dangerous. Colonel Granberry, of the Seventh Texas, received a painful wound during the day. All of the other regiments suffered more than the Forty-first. Colonel Sugg, of the Fiftieth Tennessee, was wounded, but, after being attended by the surgeon, came back and took command of the brigade, which, in the meantime, had devolved upon Colonel Walker, of the Third.

[To be Continued.]

EARLY WESTERN HISTORY.

BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN.

[From the Tennessee Historical Society Papers.]

THE following account of the Battle of King's Mountain was found amongst the papers of James Campbell, deceased. It was written by Robert Campbell, an Ensign in Captain Dysant's Company, who, upon Captain Dysant being wounded early in the action, commanded the company afterward. The scene is not within the limits of our State, but as we were then a portion of the Territory of North Carolina, and as many of our families had relatives engaged in it, I have thought proper to transcribe it, to be filed with the other historical documents of our Society. JOHN R. EAKIN.

Nashville, Tenn., 1848.

In the fall of the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty, when the American cause wore a very gloomy aspect in the Southern States, Colonels Arthur and William Campbell, hearing of the advance of Colonel Ferguson along the mountains in the State of North Carolina, and that the Whigs were retreating before him, unable to make any effectual resistance, formed a plan to intercept him and communicated it to the commanding officers of Sullivan and Washington counties, in the State of North Carolina. They readily agreed to cooperate in any expedition against Colonel Ferguson. Colonel Arthur Campbell immediately ordered the militia of Washington co., Virginia, amounting to near four hundred, to make ready to march under command of Colonel Wm. Campbell, who was known to be an enterprising and active officer. Colonels Shelby and Sevier raised a party of three hundred, joined him on his march, and moved with forced marches toward Colonel Ferguson. At the same time Colonels Williams, Cleaveland, Tracey, and Branon, of the States of North and South Carolina, each conducted a small party toward the same point, amounting to near three hundred. Colonel Ferguson had notice of their approach by a deserter that left the army on the Yellow Mountain, and immediately commenced his march for Charlotte, dispatching at the same time different messengers to Lord Cornwallis with information of

his danger. These messengers being intercepted on their way, no movement was made to favor his retreat.

These several corps of American volunteers, amounting to near one thousand men, met at Gilberttown, and the officers unanimously chose Colonel Campbell to the command. About seven hundred choice riflemen mounted their horses for the purpose of following the retreating army. The balance, being chiefly footmen, were left to follow on and come up as soon as they could. The pursuit was too rapid to render an escape practicable. Ferguson, finding that he must inevitably be overtaken, chose his ground and waited for the attack on King's Mountain. On the seventh of October, in the afternoon, after a forced march of forty-five miles on that day and the night before, the volunteers came up with him. The forenoon of the day was wet, but they were fortunate enough to come on him undiscovered and took his pickets, they not having it in their power to give an alarm. They were soon formed in such order as to attack the enemy on all sides. The Washington and Sullivan regiments were formed in the front and on the right flank; the North and South Carolina troops, under Colonels Williams, Sevier, Cleaveland, Tracey, and Branon, on the left. The two armies being in full view, the center of the one nearly opposite the center of the other—the British main guard posted nearly half way down the mountain—the commanding officer gave the word of command to raise the Indian war-whoop and charge. In a moment, King's Mountain resounded with the shouts, and on the first fire the guard retreated, leaving some of their men to crimson the earth. The British beat to arms and immediately formed on the top of the mountain, behind a chain of rocks that appeared impregnable, and had their wagons drawn up on their flank across the end of the mountain, by which they made a strong breast-work. Thus concealed, the American army advanced to the charge. In ten or fifteen minutes the wings came round, and the action became general. The enemy annoyed our troops very much from their advantageous position. Colonel Shelby, being previously ordered to reconnoitre their position, observing their situation and what a destructive fire was kept up from behind those rocks, ordered Robert Campbell, one of the officers of the Virginia Line, to move to the right with a small company to endeavor to dislodge them, and led them on nearly to the ground to which he had ordered them, under fire of the enemy's lines and within forty steps of the same; but discovering that our men were repulsed

on the other side of the mountain, he gave orders to advance and post themselves opposite to the rocks and near to the enemy, and then returned to assist in bringing up the men in order, who had been charged with the bayonet. These orders were punctually obeyed, and they kept up such a galling fire as to compel Ferguson to order a company of regulars to face them, with a view to cover his men that were posted behind the rocks. At this time, a considerable fire was drawn to this side of the mountain by the repulse of those on the other, and the loyalists not being permitted to leave their posts. This scene was not of long duration, for it was the brave Virginia volunteers and those under Colonel Shelby, on their attempting rapidly to ascend the mountain, that were charged with the bayonet. They obstinately stood until some of them were thrust through the body, and having nothing but their rifles by which to defend themselves, they were forced to retreat. They were soon rallied by their gallant commanders, Campbell, Shelby and other brave officers, and by a constant and well-directed fire of their rifles, drove them back in their turn, strewing the face of the mountain with their assailants, and kept advancing until they drove them from some of their posts. Ferguson being heavily pressed on all sides, ordered Captain Dupoister to reinforce some of the extreme posts with a full company of British regulars. He marched, but to his astonishment when he arrived at the place of destination, he had almost no men, being exposed in that short distance to the constant fire of their rifles. He then ordered his cavalry to mount, but to no purpose. As quick as they were mounted, they were taken down by some bold marksman. Being driven to desperation by such a scene of misfortune, Colonel Ferguson endeavored to make his escape, and with two colonels of the loyalists mounted his horse, and charged on that part of the line which was defended by the party who had been ordered round the mountain by Colonel Shelby, it appearing too weak to resist them. But as soon as he got to the line he fell, and the other two officers, attempting to retreat, soon shared the same fate. It was about this time that Colonel Campbell advanced in front of his men and climbed over a steep rock close by the enemy's lines, to get a view of their situation, and saw they were retreating from behind the rocks that were near to him. As soon as Captain Dupoister observed that Colonel Ferguson was killed, he raised a flag and called for quarters. It was soon taken out of his hand by one of our officers on horseback, and raised so high that it could be

seen by our line, and the firing immediately ceased. The loyalists, at the time of their surrender, were driven into a crowd, and being closely surrounded, they could not have made any further resistance.

In this sharp action, one hundred and fifty of Colonel Ferguson's party were killed, and something over that number were wounded. Eight hundred and ten (of whom one hundred were British regulars) surrendered themselves prisoners, and one thousand five hundred stand of arms were taken.

The loss of the American army on this occasion amounted to thirty killed and something over fifty wounded, among whom were a number of brave officers. Colonel Williams, who has been so much lamented, was shot through the body, near the close of the action, in making an attempt to charge upon Ferguson. He lived long enough to hear of the surrender of the British army. He then said, "I die contented, since we have gained the victory," and expired.

The third night after the action, the officers of the Carolinas complained to Colonel Campbell that there were among the prisoners a number who had, previous to the action on King's Mountain, committed cool and deliberate murder and other enormities alike atrocious, and requested him to order a court-martial to examine into the matter. They stated that if they should escape, they were exasperated and they feared they would commit other enormities worse than they had formerly done. Colonel Campbell complied, and ordered a court-martial immediately to sit, composed of the field officers and captains, who were ordered to inquire into the complaints which had been made. The court was conducted orderly, and witnesses were called and examined in each case. The consequence was that there were thirty-two condemned. Out of these, nine who were thought the most dangerous and who had committed the most atrocious crimes were executed. The others were pardoned by the commanding officer. One of the crimes proven against a captain that was executed was that he had called at the house of a Whig and inquired if he was at home, and being informed by his son, a small boy, that he was not, he immediately drew out his pistol and shot him. The officers on that occasion acted from an honorable motive to do the greatest good in their power for the public service, and to check those enormities so frequently committed in the States of North and South Carolina at that time, their distress being almost unequaled in the annals of the American Revolution.

THE SOLDIER'S WAR-BAG.

Colonel Clanton's Adventure near Shiloh.—During the march of General Albert Sidney Johnston's Army to Shiloh, Colonel Clanton, commanding the First Alabama Cavalry, had an adventure which has never become a matter of history. As he was proceeding along the road in the neighborhood of Mickey's, some fifty yards ahead of his regiment, with a guidon in his hand, he was suddenly confronted by a mounted Federal officer who rode out of the bushes and demanded his surrender. The Colonel instantly drew his sword and made at his opponent with his weapon ready for a thrust. The latter was so taken back by the danger he had provoked that he wheeled his horse and retreated along the road some paces, when he turned off into the words with the irate Confederate in close pursuit. A few paces back from the road, and concealed in the bushes, lay several Federal regiments in line of battle, and into the first interval between them the retreating officer dashed for safety, hoping thus to shake off his pursuer. But Clanton's blood was up, and, instead of drawing rein at discovering his perilous situation, he spurred forward into the interval, also, in a more determined pursuit of his enemy, who proved to be the Major of one of the regiments. The Major ordered his men to fire, as he again doubled, taking down the rear of his line, in the endeavor to get rid of his pursuer; but the latter's sabre was still at his back and gave him no rest. Clanton was a man of commanding figure and a perfect demon in appearance when aroused, and his adversary realized from his manner at the outset that he was doomed to death if he came in reach of his arm. The chase had now become exciting to the last degree, for the line of battle faced to the rear and fired hundreds of shots at short range at the audacious intruder; but he heeded nothing but his self-appointed adversary, and, with his little flag still flying in his bridle-hand and sword poised in the other, he dashed recklessly ahead in pursuit. When the end of the line was reached, the Major was being pressed so hardly that he could make no turn, and was forced to keep on his course, which, unluckily for him, now led in the direction of the Confederate lines. Clanton, who had escaped the fire of the whole line, though his guidon was riddled and its staff splintered by bullets, being now sure of his man, after driving him beyond reach of aid, called upon him to surrender, which he did at discretion. Thus ended a chase, the like of which, probably, never occurred before, partaking of the marvellous in a high degree. There was, doubtless, never another prisoner taken under such circumstances, and nobody but Clanton could have performed this feat. It was madness, and fortune alone saved him. But, as far as the Major is concerned, there is a side to his subsequent story which places him in more honorable and less equivocal light. He was carried to General Hardee several miles back, and while the General was pumping him for information, the head of a long column of infantry and artillery appeared in view. The prisoner's eyes opened to the widest extent, and he realized, at a

flash, that the Confederate Army was marching to attack his friends, then resting in fancied security at Shiloh and unsuspicious of impending danger and disaster. Every consideration of patriotism aroused him to action, to make one supreme effort to save his country's cause. Acting under this impulse, he wheeled his horse in the direction of his camp, and, plunging the spurs into his sides, dashed away at full speed. Pistols and guns were quickly made ready to fire upon the heroic rider, but General Hardee sternly ordered that not a shot was to be fired, as it might alarm the enemy at camps and put them on the alert. He himself joined in the pursuit, shouting to the men to capture the fugitive, but on no conditions to fire upon him. Away went the chase, at a break-neck pace, through the woods and over logs, the contest being narrowed down now to a test of the horses' speed and mettle. Vast interests to both parties hung on the issue, and it is needless to say that every nerve was strained in the struggle. The excitement grew to a great pitch, when it became evident that the gallant Major was gaining on his pursuers, and would, barring bad luck, make his escape; but this was in store for him. As he was crossing a piece of low ground his faithful horse sank to his haunches in the mire, and the race was at an end. The heroic officer was almost heart-broken at his misfortune, but was kindly and generously treated by General Hardee, who sought to console him, and commended, in the highest terms, the honorable and patriotic spirit he had exhibited in the cause of his Government.

The Killing of William Quinn.—At the battle of Murfreesboro, as Polk's Brigade was advancing to attack a force of the enemy, William Quinn, of Company K, Second Tennessee, pushed ahead of the line, and in a loud voice dared any two of his opponents to step out and fight him. The reply to this challenge was a volley, which Quinn returned and continued his advance. At length, he paid the penalty of his hardihood, and fell with a bullet through his brain in a few paces of the enemy's line. Quinn was a stranger to fear at all times, but on this occasion he cast aside all prudence, in the belief that he was invulnerable. At the battle of Perryville, Ky., he had performed an equally daring feat, but with better fortune. While on the skirmish line, he advanced along a road to within short range of a hostile battery and opened fire upon it amid a shower of missiles large and small. The contest between one man and several pieces of artillery was something unique, inasmuch as he had provoked it and now stood in the middle of the road disdaining any shelter. A number of rounds was fired by both sides without injury to Quinn, when, by a peremptory order from the officer in command, he quit the place, though begging to remain. He declared that every shot he fired took effect, and that he would finally have silenced the guns if left undisturbed.

Considerate.—Corporal, afterward Lieutenant, John E. Randolph, of the Forty-fourth Tennessee, while seperated from his company at Murfreesboro, captured seven of the enemy in a sink-hole, without any assistance. As he was taking them to the rear, a Captain in a reserve line stepped out and offered to assist him. "No," replied the Corporal, "I captured them by myself, and think I can get them to the rear without assistance. Just go up to the front there, and I expect you can capture some, too."

EDITORIAL.

OWING to unavoidable causes, the issue of the October number of the ANNALS has been greatly delayed; but the patience of subscribers will be rewarded with an excellent number in the variety and value of its contents. The November issue will contain valuable reports from Generals French, Wheeler and Churchill, and the usual amount of interesting sketches of minor events.

We are gratified to find that a deep interest is being awakened in the direction of collecting and preserving Confederate History in the West, and we trust that it will not flag until every item of value is rescued from neglect and decay. In the main, our people are not ready writers, but they can commit to paper their recollections of events, and thus preserve them for all time. If care is taken to make these accounts accurate—reproducing scenes that came under actual observation—they will have the stamp of the highest value, even though their construction and style may have some faults. The testimony of every witness to a given event has its value, and is necessary to a full and complete summing up of the result.

We again ask our friends to exhibit a little more *zeal* in aiding the circulation of the ANNALS. If this work is properly supported now, it will be able to accomplish a valuable mission in transmitting to other generations materials of history that would otherwise be lost forever.

BOOK NOTICE.—*Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography.* Philadelphia: Publication Fund of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania; 1878; Nos. 1 and 2 of Vol. II.

Through oversight, we have neglected to notice the reception of this valuable and deeply interesting publication. It deals only with questions of old American History, of which it furnishes a rare treat in the many able and carefully digested articles which fill its pages. It is a large quarterly, of over one hundred pages, and is gotten up in a style in keeping with the character and dignity of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. It should be a matter of deep concern to every State of the Union to be "furnished forth" with such an organization as this, to preserve its records and perpetuate its history.

The subscription price is $3.00 per annum; to be sent to Townsend Ward, Secretary of Publication Fund, 820 Spruce st., Philadelphia.

THE
ANNALS OF ARMY OF TENNESSEE
EARLY WESTERN HISTORY.

VOL. I. } NASHVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER, 1878. { No. 8.

FRENCH'S DIVISION.

Official Report of Its Operations In and Around Atlanta, Ga.

HEADQUARTERS FRENCH'S DIVISION,
Near Nashville, December 6, 1864.

Captain W. D. Gale, A. A. General.—Sir:

IN compliance with orders, I have the honor to report the operations of my division in and around Atlanta from the time General Hood was placed in command of the Army of Tennessee until we left Lovejoy's Station.

On the morning of July 17th, when the change of commanders was announced, my division formed the extreme left of the army. General Ector's Brigade was stationed on the Chattahoochee River at the railroad bridge, its right extending up the river to the mouth of Peach Tree Creek, and thence up the creek to where it joined Adams' Brigade of Loring's Division. General Sears' Brigade rested with its left on the Marietta and Atlanta Road near Montgomery Chapel, about a mile from the river, its right extending toward the Pace's Ferry Road. General Cockrell's Brigade was on the right of General Sears. On the 18th and 19th, I intrenched my line. On the 20th, at 12 o'clock M., I received orders to move to the right, leaving Sear's Brigade at the railroad bridge, where it had been sent to relieve Ector's Brigade. Proceeding as far as the Pace's Ferry Road, we were halted and formed line of battle with Ector's Brigade on the left. General Walthall's Division was on my right. About 4 o'clock P.M., I received orders to advance in echelon of brigades, keeping about four hundred yards in rear of General Walthall.

The order of battle was that the right of our army should attack the enemy, cross his line, swing to the left, and, as the enemy was forced down the creek, the brigades to attack in front in succession. A report of this battle has been forwarded.

July 21st.—The army fell back to Atlanta, and during the night this division went into position on the west side of the city: Cockrell's Brigade on the left of the Turner's Ferry Road, and Sears's and Ector's Brigades on the right, occupying a front of about three thousand yards, and at once commenced fortifying the line. On the 22nd, the enemy advanced and slight skirmishing occurred on my right. Heavy firing was heard on the east side, which continued till dark, it being an engagement of forces under General Hardee and the enemy.

On the morning of the 23rd, under orders from General Stewart, my division made a demonstration on the whole of its front, causing the enemy to open fire from his batteries there in position. But few casualties occurred. All night the enemy fired occasional guns.

On 24th.—Artillery firing on the line all day by the enemy, which at 10 o'clock P.M. became rapid and continuous. Heavy skirmishing on my right.

On 25th and 26th.—The usual artillery firing and skirmishing on the line. Men busily engaged on the works.

On 27th.—This morning, when I was on the line, the enemy opened fire on Ward's Battery, which was responded to on our part. As it was about ceasing, a shell exploding over the work severely wounded General Ector in the left thigh, rendering amputation necessary, and wounding Captain Ward, of the artillery, mortally. Captain Ward was a fine soldier, and his loss was severely felt. General Cockrell is now absent wounded, Ector wounded and Sears absent sick.

On 28th.—This morning, Loring's Division moved to my left to join those already there. Enemy was also seen moving to my left. At 1 o'clock P.M., rapid firing commenced on my left and front. Opened on the enemy with artillery. Soon discovered that a general engagement was taking place. Heard that Generals Stewart and Loring were wounded. Received a note from General Walthall, to send a brigade to him if I could, and I sent General Ector's, under command of Colonel Young. He joined the forces on the Lickskillet Road at the close of the battle. I continued an enfilading fire all night on the enemy from Hoskins' Battery.

On 29th and 30th.—Some artillery firing and a little skirmishing on the picket line.

On 31st.—It being Sabbath, the firing on all sides appeared to cease, out of respect to the day.

August 1st.—In the afternoon, enemy opened a rapid fire of artillery all along my front, killing a man at my headquarters, breaking a wagon, wounding Captain Henderson's horse, and striking out-houses and trees several times.

From 2nd to 5th, nothing unusual occurred on my front till about 4 o'clock P.M. on the 4th, when the enemy advanced on my *vidette* line, which had been maintained at a distance of five hundred yards in front of my *skirmish* line; and attacking it in force, it was driven in. Colonel W. H. Clark, Forty-sixth Mississippi, in command of the line, advanced with about five hundred men and attacked the enemy vigorously, and drove them back and re-established his videttes, capturing twenty-one prisoners and a number of small arms, killing and wounding many of the enemy. Their own papers stated their loss to be between three and four hundred. We had seven killed, twenty-five wounded, and one missing.

I had now some twenty-five pieces of artillery in position, four of them being thirty-two-pounders (when smooth bored) that had been rifled, and, had ammunition been abundant, could have annoyed the enemy very much; as it was, subsequent information showed they suffered severely.

The enemy had in my front about thirty pieces of artillery: among them was a battery of four and a half inch Parrot guns, from which they kept up to the close of the siege an almost uninterrupted fire day and night—not at my lines, but on the heart of the city. They made every effort with *hot shot* to set the city on fire.

On 6th.—Received orders to make a demonstration on the enemy's works in my front, to aid General S. D. Lee on the left. For this purpose, three of the Missouri regiments and one Mississippi regiment and the skirmishers on the line moved forward, under command of Colonel E. Gates, to feel the enemy's position and develop his strength. The enemy was driven from his skirmish line on our left and center and forced into his main works. At the same time, Colonel W. H. Young, now in command of Ector's Brigade, advanced on the right with a strong force, attacked and drove the enemy from his rifle-pits, but could not advance far, owing to the nature of the ground.

Colonel Gates halted his troops after they had moved forward about three-fourths of a mile, and only when he encountered the fire from

the enemy's main line of works. Finding the enemy was reinforcing his line, I directed the troops to withdraw and return to our lines.

The loss of the Federals on this occasion could not be ascertained. We sustained a loss of one officer (Lieutenant Mothershead) killed; four privates killed, and thirty-nine wounded. Also Major Redwine, of the Texas Brigade, was wounded. The demonstration caused the enemy to bring up several batteries of artillery in addition to those in position, for in the afternoon they commenced a rapid fire of artillery from all along their line in my front and continued it until after dark.

On the 7th and 8th, there was less firing than usual, except on the skirmish line. That never stops day or night; there the work of death never ceases.

On the 9th.—As soon as the fog rose this morning, the artillery of the enemy opened and continued for seven hours without intermission, but from all this we sustained but little damage. On several occasions, over two thousand rounds of artillery ammunition have been expended in a day on my front by the enemy. It makes my house an unpleasant residence and annoys the soldiers a little.

From 10th to 25th.—During this period—as, indeed, ever since we have been here—the work of fortifying and strengthening my front has been continued, often all day and night. The main line was made very strong, and the whole front obstructed by a double line of sharpened stakes firmly set in the ground at an inclination of about sixty degrees. In addition to this, abattis were placed in front. The advanced skirmish line was a continuous rifle-pit, made very strong with a stockade in front throughout nearly its whole length. A reserve line of rifle-pits was also constructed for a second skirmish line. Redoubts were built on the main line, and several batteries were casemated with great care and vast labor. At intervals, interior lines were also constructed.

From time to time, the enemy would continue to press in my videttes, until at last the skirmish line of the enemy was established by gradual advances in a few places to within two hundred yards of mine.

In one vidette rifle-pit (for one man) on the extreme right, twenty-one men were killed or wounded before it was given up. Along the main skirmish lines the firing now was incessant to the end; and so severe was the fire that all the ordinary timber between them of moderate size was killed and the foliage dried up and withered. In one small field in front of my line the expended balls covered the ground like hail, and from this field, I believe it was, over ten thousand

pounds of rifle balls were picked up by my soldiers and sold to the ordnance department. By thus maintaining my skirmish line so far in advance, the troops on the main line were generally free to move where they pleased in camp, unmolested from the fire of musketry.

The fire of the artillery of the enemy continued to the last, both day and night, except, however, it sometimes ceased from the batteries operating on our lines, but from those erected to shell the city there was no cessation for darkness. A careful examination of the enemy's line showed that the fire from our artillery, especially from the thirty-two-pounders, rifled, and in battery on my front, had been very destructive.

On 26th.—This morning at daylight information was brought me that the enemy had abandoned their works in front of the right of my skrimish line, and an immediate advance disclosed that the enemy had withdrawn his troops from his works around the city, except on the west side. They were this morning in force on my extreme left and thence in front of General Loring. In making the enemy disclose his force this afternoon, Lieutenant-Colonel D. T. Samuels, of the Missouri Brigade, was killed. It showed that the Federal left rested on the Lickskillet Road.

On 27th.—This morning I found the enemy had withdrawn entirely from my left. Under orders, I moved out, with Ector's and Sears's Brigades, on the Turner's Ferry Road, and did not encounter any resistance until I approached the Chattahoochee. I there halted the brigades and formed line of battle, and advanced two of the regiments of Ector's Brigade as skirmishers—the one under command of Colonel Coleman, and the other under Colonel Camp—while Hoskins, following on, came into position with a section of artillery on the brow of the high plain that overlooked the valley of the river. After a spirited contest, these two regiments—the Thirty-ninth North Carolina and the Fourteenth Texas—drove the enemy from their rifle pits on the skirmish line, and advanced until they received the fire from the enemy's main intrenched line, and his artillery from well constructed works. Prisoners captured informed me that the Twentieth Army Corps was there in position, and the appearance of the long continuous works corroborated their statements, which proved to be true. Being now satisfied that the Twentieth Army Corps was on the Turner's Ferry Road and at the railroad crossing of the Chattahoochee, I returned to Atlanta and reported the result of my reconnoisance.

On 28th, 29th and 30th.—Nothing of importance occurred on my line. It seemed strange, this silence after so long and continuous booming of artillery.

On 31st.—My division and the State troops were the only forces in the works immediately around the city. General Stewart having informed me that the enemy had advanced a party of about three hundred men on the railroad to near Atlanta, he directed me to endeavor to capture them. I ordered Colonel W. H. Young, commanding Ector's Brigade, to take four regiments and move out on the Turner's Ferry Road, and thence by the cross-roads gain the railroad in their rear. On reaching the railroad near the river, he discovered they had gone back to their lines on the river.

September 1st.—To-day the order for the evacuation of the city was received. I caused preparations to be made to spike the heavy guns on my line, and to have their carriages burned, when the skirmishers should be withdrawn at 11 o'clock P.M., but to my astonishment they were set on fire, without my knowledge, by order of the Chief of Ordnance of the army during the afternoon, which I could not but consider rather a premature signal. After dark, and after Generals Loring and Walthall, and the State troops—when all were gone but the stragglers—my division moved out of the city, forming the rear guard. Taking the McDonough Road, we marched all night, all day of the 2nd, and came into camp late at night.

On 3d.—Resumed the march this morning. From the sound of guns in front, we knew that General Hardee alone was still holding the enemy in check, for we had passed the corps of S. D. Lee on the road. On arriving at Lovejoy's Station, on the railroad, my division was detached and sent to relieve General Bate's Division, in line of battle in the center of Hardee's Corps, and after dark it was ordered to relieve his left division, which held a miserable line and salient that was enfiladed by the enemy's artillery on both faces. Did not, however, make the change.

On 4th.—Considerable artillery firing on the line to-day. Labored all night on a new line to cut off part of the salient, which improved it very much.

On 5th.—My division is now on the line of the division of Hardee's Corps which it has relieved, and so completely is the old part of it enfiladed that about forty men were killed and wounded from shells.

On 6th.—At 4 o'clock A.M., information was sent me by the officer of the day that the enemy had left my front. I directed the skirmishers to advance and occupy the works of the enemy, and reported the facts to Lieutenant-General Stewart. General Cockrell asked permission to follow up the enemy, which was granted, and he pursued them beyond Jonesborough. Coming up with the Federals south of the village, he drove them to their works just this side the town. From these works they were driven by a charge of four companies, under the command of Captain Canniff, to their main lines on the north side of Jonesborough, where they were discovered in force. A number of prisoners were captured and many killed and wounded. My casualties were two officers—Lieutenants Welsh and Strong—and eight privates wounded. The enemy falling back toward Atlanta afforded some rest to our forces. I will here state that my division, from the day I joined the Army of Tennessee until the fall of Atlanta, was, with one single day's exception, constantly under the fire of the enemy. The labor they performed, their gallantry, and the privations they endured are lasting evidence of their valor and patriotism.

During the operations *in and around the city*, though my division was not engaged in either of the battles of the 22nd of July or of the 28th, it sustained in the various conflicts with the enemy a loss of sixty-four killed, two hundred and ninety-six wounded, and fifty-three missing; or an aggregate loss of four hundred and thirteen. Among the slain, we have to lament the loss of Lieutenant-Colonel James K. McDowell, a most valuable officer; Lieutenant-Colonel D. Todd Samuels, Captains Bradford Keith and Samuel A. Kennerly; Lieutenants J. R. Mothershead, J. B. Carty, J. B. Ferrill, L. Deboard, F. M. Sherrell, J. Harman, D. R. Balding, W. J. West; also Captain Ward, of the artillery, a most estimable gentleman and gallant officer. Among the wounded were Brigadier-General M. D. Ector and Colonel Elijah Gates, both too well known to need commendation.

To Generals Ector, Cockrell and Sears, to Colonels Gates, Buny, and Young, each a long time in command of brigades, I am under obligations for valuable services. Majors Saunders, Shingleur, Morey, Dearing, and Captains Danner and Kent, members of my staff, were zealous in the performance of their duties. My aids, Lieutenants James R. Yerger, Wiley Abercrombie and W. H. Cain, rendered me valuable assistance in the performance of my duties. Major Storrs and Captain Hoskins and Lieutenant A. W. Harris, of the artillery,

Captain Henderson, Provost Marshal, and Lieutenant E. T. Freeman, Acting Inspector-General, were noted for distinguished gallantry in the presence of the enemy.

I must here also express my thanks to Dr. Wm. B. Harrison, Chief Surgeon, for his untiring care of the wounded and sick during this arduous campaign.

During the siege of forty days, the officers and soldiers composing the division were, generally, vigilant and faithful in the performance of their duties and conspicuous for their gallantry.

Along with this I send the reports of the brigade commanders.

Respectfully snbmitted,

S. G. FRENCH, Major-General Commanding.

WHEELER'S CAVALRY.

Memoranda of the Strength and Operations of Major-General Joseph Wheeler's Cavalry Corps, Army of Tennessee, during the Year 1864.

JANUARY, 1864.—The effective total of the cavalry, under General Wheeler's command, was 2,491 men.

March.—Roddy joined early in March with 1,317, making General Wheeler's force 4,096.

April.—Early in April Roddy was detached and sent to Mississippi with his brigade, and in addition thereto, taking with him a regiment and detachment, in all amounting to 1,996 men. General Martin joined about the same time, from East Tennessee, with 1,531; making the effective force under General Wheeler's command, April 10th, 4,016.

May 6th.—We had increased this force to 4,299.

June.—After May 6th, Dibrell's and Harrison's Brigades joined, with 1,415 men, making General Wheeler's force, on June 6th, 5,714.

July 20.—Early in July General Humes was detached, with two brigades, and sent to report to General Jackson, on the left of the army, with 1,431 men, and Colonel Anderson joined with a regiment of 500 men, making General Wheeler's force, July 20th, 4,746. On July 27th Sherman sent over 9,000 cavalry to our rear, which, after three days' fighting and very rapid and severe marching, we defeated, in-

flicting a loss of fully half the force of the enemy, including 3,200 prisoners. These operations shattered our command very much.

August.—Early in August General Wheeler was ordered to leave two brigades with the army, and with five brigades to move upon the enemy's rear. General Wheeler started, August 9th, with 3,300 men, and ordered General Williams, then at Athens, with 700 men, to march directly to Spring Place. The capture of 1,700 beef cattle made it necessary to send a brigade, under Colonel Hannon, to escort them back to our army. General Williams joined General Wheeler at Spring Place, but on reaching the vicinity of Knoxville he (Williams) detached himself without authority, taking with him another brigade and the best part of General Wheeler's artillery, which fell under his orders, to take a route which should have never taken him more than three miles from General Wheeler's command; and his orders given him (Williams) in person that morning, and repeated in writing three times during the evening, were that he should camp with Wheeler that night. These troops remained absent until late in November, after General Williams had been arrested by the War Department, and the brigade ordered to return to General Wheeler. Colonel Dibrell was ordered by General Wheeler to a special service with his regiment. He fell in with Williams after complying with the duty, and did not return to General Wheeler at once. On August 20th, General Wheeler's force left for the raid in Tennessee was, therefore, but 2,241.

September 20.—Our Tennessee troops increased their ranks by recruits during the raid, but General Wheeler's force was reduced by three regiments being detached with General Forrest, and on September 20th Wheeler's force was but 2,643. With this force General Wheeler destroyed the railroad near Dalton and Resaca, and returned to the army then just moving north from the Chattahoochee.

October 10.—General Wheeler's force was 2,530. After operations around Dalton, General Hood marched to North Alabama with one brigade of General Wheeler's Cavalry. General Iverson had been in command of two brigades and some detachments of cavalry, near Jonesborough, Georgia, but about the last of October he ordered most of them to Blue Mountain, General Hood's rendezvous for detachments and army supplies.

November 6.—General Wheeler started to Jonesborough, Georgia, reaching there on November 13th, and found General Iverson with Lewis's Kentucky Brigade, recently mounted, numbering but 241

effective men, together with some small detachments. The Tennessee Brigade and Colonel Russell's Regiment had been detached and sent to General Hood.

November 20.—Sherman's columns were all in motion southward on November 15th, and General Wheeler was able to oppose him with but about 1,500 men, and he hurried on his troops *en route*, and was joined by General Ferguson's Brigade, with 525 men, and on November 20th, near Macon, General Wheeler's force was 3,026. Near Augusta General Wheeler was joined by troops from East Tennessee—1,131 men—and his force on December 20th was as follows: Allen's and Humes's Divisions, composed of the brigades of Crews, Hagan, Anderson, Harrison, Breckinridge and Dibrell, with General Wheeler, amounting to 4,083; and detached from him (General Wheeler) were the brigades of Lewis, Hannon and Ferguson, 1,092.

December 20.—Total cavalry force in that section was 5,173. It must be borne in mind that Lewis's Brigade had but about 250 men. Hannon's, consisting of one regiment and a small battalion, was about the same, and the other brigades were little more than a regiment in size.

Our deficiency of infantry was such that General Wheeler's command was used dismounted, fighting the enemy's infantry during most of the campaign from Dalton to Atlanta. We frequently were withdrawn from the lines for other more appropriate service, but as soon as such service was completed we were again spread out on the line of works, opposing the solid lines of two or four ranks of Federal infantry.

We were in breast-works, opposed by Howard's Army of Tennessee (formerly McPherson's), on July 27th, when Sherman started his raid of over 9,200 men to our rear. Troops had to be marched to occupy our lines before we could move to oppose them.

General Wheeler marched rapidly about seventeen miles and attacked the column of Stoneman and Garrard. While fighting Garrard, Stoneman withdrew, stealing away eastwardly. After warm fighting we drove Garrard back toward the left wing of Sherman's army. General Wheeler's scouts informed him of McCook's movement on our left. Being aware of the danger of McCook's column, General Wheeler gave Iverson three brigades—his own, under Colonel Crews, and Allen's and Breckinridge's—and wrote him orders as follows: "Stoneman, with about 2,000 men, has gone east toward Covington. You will take your own

brigade, and General Allen's and Colonel Breckinridge's Brigades, and pursue him as rapidly as possible. Your force will justify it, and you must attack him warmly when you overtake him. The moral is all on your side. The Yankee troops are weak when away from their main army, and can be easily defeated."

General Wheeler ordered General Kelly to watch General Hood's right flank, and prevent any thing aggressive from General Garrard, and with the balance of his troops started to meet McCook, who had crossed the Chattahoochee, and was turning the left of our army, with 3,500 men. While *en route* General Wheeler was joined by some 200 men, under General Ross. We struck McCook about dark, and kept up a fight almost continuously for the distance of fifty miles, and until 1 o'clock the next day, when we brought him to a stand and completed his defeat, after a very severe engagement.

General Roddy was at Newnan, with his brigade dismounted. General Wheeler ordered him to the field, a distance of four or five miles, but the crisis was over before he arrived, but nevertheless he assisted greatly in guarding our numerous prisoners. We captured most of McCook's field-officers, and Federal reports stated he returned with but 500 men.

The column against Stoneman was also successful, capturing him and some 600 of his men. General Wheeler immediately pursued the fugitives, who were seeking escape in disorganized bodies, and overtook and captured a number of them, making our entire captures about 3,200 men, including one major-general and five brigade commanders, and all the artillery, teams, pack-trains, etc., of the enemy. The arms captured were turned over to the ordnance officer, except the pistols, which were distributed among the men. When this operation commenced our horses were feeble, having received but about one-tenth full rations for several days, and the numerous horses captured were also in very bad condition.

General Hood conceived that in the enemy's rear we would feed upon their rations, destroy their communication, and at the same time draw back much more force than that sent on this duty. About the 6th of August General Hood ordered General Wheeler to leave two brigades on the right of his army, and move into North Georgia and Tennessee with the balance of his command. General Wheeler started on the 10th with 3,300 men, and directed General Williams, with the Kentucky Brigade of 700 men, who was at Athens, Ga., to join him

at Spring Place. This he complied with, but soon after, while marching on a road but three miles from General Wheeler's line of march, with his own and Anderson's Brigades and most of Wheeler's artillery, instead of complying with his instructions to camp with him that night, he (Williams) diverged off, and though repeatedly ordered in writing for seven days to rejoin, he failed to do so. He was arrested by the War Department, and the two brigades were ordered back, reporting to General Wheeler, near Augusta, on November 28th. Our first capture was a train and 1,700 beef cattle, which were sent to General Hood, escorted by a small brigade under Colonel Hannon. In one week General Wheeler had torn up the railroad at various points from Marietta to Chattanooga, had taken Dalton, and destroyed the stores there accumulated.

The extreme weakness of General Wheeler's horses made it necessary to withdraw to the Conestoga farms for forage. He selected six detachments of thirty men each, all familiar with the country, with orders to constantly strike the railroad, and in every manner possible interrupt the communications. Finding it impossible to procure food near the railroad, in Georgia, General Wheeler determined to cross the Tennessee, and effectually destroy the railroads north of the river. Unfortunately a heavy rain raised the river to a torrent, necessitating going up some distance to effect a crossing. The East Tennessee road was thoroughly destroyed, to prevent Sherman's use of the abundant supplies from that section.

The events above mentioned reduced General Wheeler's force, to accomplish his work in Tennessee, to 2,241 men; and, to add to this, for the first seven days he was embarrassed by expecting General Williams to join him (Wheeler) every hour, and his failure to do so caused an hourly disappointment and an hourly derangement of his plans of operations.

We were successful in holding our own against the enemy, and destroyed the railroad and several bridges, and finally was concentrated upon by a force four times General Wheeler's strength, under Major-Generals Rosseau and Granger.

General Wheeler dropped down and crossed the river at Muscle Shoals, in the hope that we could get the troops from General Williams and return and keep the roads constantly interrupted. General Wheeler then learned of Williams's return to East Tennessee, and General Hood sent him (General Wheeler) orders to turn certain regi-

ments over to General Forrest, and to strike the railroad at Dalton. This General Wheeler complied with, and then moved South, tearing up the road at various points, constantly fighting until we joined General Hood, near the Chattahoochee.

In the operations of General Hood around Dalton, General Wheeler commanded the cavalry under his direction until October 22nd, when General Hood moved to North Alabama, taking one of Wheeler's brigades, and left him with 2,500 men to watch and hold Sherman's army in check. General Wheeler reported daily to General Hood of Sherman's movements, and on October 28th, and daily until November 7th, reported the southerly movement of Sherman's army.

The following are some of General Wheeler's dispatches, and the others were to the same effect, possibly giving more detail:

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY CORPS, October 28, 1864.

GENRRAL J. B. HOOD—Scouts and prisoners all report Sherman with his main army between my position and Gaylesville. Fourth Corps has gone toward Chattanooga; Twenty-Third Corps (Schofield's) at Cedar Bluff; Twentieth Corps still at Atlanta. Prisoners say Sherman will mareh to Savannah or Mobile.

J. WHEELER, Major-General.

General Wheeler having become convinced, by the combined information obtained from his scouts, spies and captured prisoners, that Sherman intended returning to Atlanta, and not going in person to Tennessee, wrote and telegraphed General Hood daily after October 28th to that effect. On the 2nd, 3rd and 4th of November, General Wheeler's dispatches were all of about the same tenor, and were as follows:

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY CORPS, November 2, 1864.

GENERAL J. B. HOOD—Best information from all sources places enemy as follows: Blair's (Seventeenth) Corps and Logan's (Fifteenth) Corps, with Kilpatrick's Cavalry, marching toward Marietta; Schofield's Corps and Garrard's Cavalry marching toward Chattanooga; Stanley's Corps probably at Chattanooga; Slocum's (Twentieth) Corps at Atlanta; Fourteenth Army Corps, under Davis, went to Rome—destination not yet determined. Prisoners and scouts now say Sherman will march to Savannah, *via* Augusta.

J. WHEELER, Major-General.

These dispatches were also sent to General Taylor, at Selma.

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY CORPS, November 6, 1864.

GENERAL J. B. HOOD—Latest information reports position of enemy as follows: Blair's and Logan's Corps, with Kilpatrick's Cavalry, under Howard, near Marietta. Schofield's Corps, with Garrard's Cavalry, marching toward Chattanooga; Stanley's Corps went to Chattanooga a week since. Slocum's Corps at Atlanta.

J. WHEELER, Major-General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF TENNESSEE,
Gadsden, Alabama, October 22, 1864.

GENERAL—General Hood desires to shift the calvary force of the army as follows: You will take command of Iverson and the force now under your command, and take charge of the line from Iverson's right to the Tennessee River. You must endeavor to keep the Atlanta and Dalton railroad constantly cut, and should the enemy evacuate Atlanta you must destroy all the road north of the Chattahoochee, and constantly concentrate toward your left. Be prepared to join at any time the main body of the army. Should the enemy advance anywhere, you will drive off all the stock in their front and destroy all the mills within ten miles of their line of march, retarding them as much as possible.

I am, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

A. P. MASON, Major and A. A. General.

General Hood had spies and scouts sent out from his headquarters, from whom he obtained information which rather cast doubts upon the southerly movement of General Sherman; and it seems General Wheeler's dispatches were, for the first few days, not fully credited. After the receipt of General Wheeler's dispatches of October 28th and 30th, General Hood telegraphed to him as follows:

TUSCUMBIA, November 3d.

MAJOR-GENERAL WHEELER—The enemy appears to be moving toward Chattanooga. It is important that your force should be employed in the best manner possible in keeping their communications cut between Atlanta and Chattanooga. J. B. HOOD, General.

And after receiving General Wheeler's dispatches of November 3rd, he sends the following:

TUSCUMBIA, November 6th.

MAJOR-GENERAL WHEELER—Should the enemy move as you sug-

gest in your letter of October 31st, Clanton's force will be sufficient to leave on the flank you mention; but remember that it is important to keep his communications cut, to keep him from accumulating supplies at Atlanta, and to prevent him from reinforcing in Tennessee from Atlanta. Let me hear from you often and by telegraph.

J. B. HOOD, General.

TUSCUMBIA, November 6th.

MAJOR-GENERAL WHEELER—Your dispatch of November 4th, from Blue Mountain, received, and your disposition of your command therein mentioned is approved. Concentrate all your forces to oppose, in every possible manner. any southerly advance the enemy may make. Be sure that his communications are damaged in every way possible, communicating frequently and fully with me by telegraph, sending your couriers to the nearest telegraph stations.

J. B. HOOD, General.

The following was received from Lieutenant-General Taylor:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT ALABAMA,
MISSISSIPPI AND EAST LOUISIANA, Selma, November 8, 1864.

GENERAL—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 3rd and 4th insts., for which be pleased to accept my thanks. It is very necessary that I should be kept posted as to your movements in the present crisis of affairs, and will be glad if you will advise me of the nature of your present orders and of any change that may hereafter be made therein; also, from time to time of your movements and those of the enemy.

I remain, General, most respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. TAYLOR, Lieutenant-General.

Major-General JOSEPH WHEELER, Commanding Cavalry Corps.

General Iverson had Lewis' Brigade, 241 strong, and some detachments stationed at Jonesborough, Georgia, which, the last of October, he ordered to join General Wheeler at Blue Mountain. On November 7th, General Wheeler put his troops *en route* for Jonesborough, and endeavored to intercept those sent by General Iverson, but they had taken a too southerly route, and their services were lost for some days, and some of them for some weeks. General Wheeler had endeavored to keep all officers informed of the state of affairs. On November 13th,

General Wheeler reached Jonesborough. The dispatches he sent were as follows:

JONESBOROUGH, GEORGIA, November 13, 1864.

GENERAL J. B. HOOD—On arriving here I find General Iverson in doubt regarding force in Atlanta. An escaped prisoner from Kingston informs me that several trains of cars, loaded with troops, passed up to Chattanooga on the 7th. Enemy have been burning something in Atlanta for the last two days. J. WHEELER, Major-General.

General Wheeler sent same dispatches to General Howell Cobb, Macon, and General R. Taylor, Selma.

General Wheeler immediately moved up toward Atlanta with some scouts, and during the night, from citizens and prisoners, he obtained information, which he telegraphed, as follows:

JONESBOROUGH, GEORGIA, November 14, 1864.

GENERAL J. B. HOOD—Sherman, with Fifteenth and Twentieth Corps and Kilpatrick's Cavalry, is in Atlanta. Prisoners and citizens say camp rumors are that they will march to Augusta and Savannah. Scouts and prisoners report Sherman destroying railroad from Atlanta to Allatoona. J. WHEELER, Major-General.

General Wheeler sent the above dispatch to the following: General Braxton Bragg, Richmond; Lieutenant-General Hardee, Charleston; Lieutenant-General R. Taylor, Selma; Major-General Cobb, Macon; Major-General G. W. Smith, Forsyth; Governor Joseph E. Brown, Milledgeville; Colonel M. H. Wright, Columbus.

Being uncertain as to the roads which would be traveled by the various corps, General Wheeler placed pickets upon all lines of travel leading to Augusta, Milledgeville, Macon and Columbus; and, as extra precaution, he also placed under observation the roads by which a raid could have struck toward Montgomery.

General Clanton had been left in command at Blue Mountain, and to him General Wheeler dispatched as follows:

NEAR ATLANTA, November 14, 1864.

GENERAL J. H. CLANTON, Blue Mountain—The enemy's cavalry may move through Carrollton, toward West Point and Montgomery Railroad. Keep it well watched.

JOSEPH WHEELER, Major-General.

General Wheeler's orders of October 22nd, about destroying supplies, were impracticable. Corn was so abundant that the combined

efforts of Wheeler's and Sherman's entire armies could not have destroyed it. Vast fields of ungathered corn were on either side of our path; or, what was often the case, corn lay gathered in the fields waiting for wagons to haul it to the crib. Sherman had struck through the rich counties of Georgia, which then had in them grain enough to supply the Confederacy a year. The vast fields, which usually made cotton, had that year made corn. It was ready for harvest, or had just been harvested. If Sherman had had no provisions, nothing we could have done would have caused him even an inconvenience; but, as it was, he started with provision for the trip, so that any attempt at destruction of supplies by us was useless. The first day, and before General Wheeler had informed himself of the state of affairs, he attempted a compliance. Considerable corn was destroyed, two mills were burned, and some stock was driven off. To accomplish this, half his force was occupied, leaving him less than one thousand men to fight the enemy.

On the 15th, Sherman marched out briskly, pushing General Wheeler before him. Wheeler attacked with a small force and fought warmly as he could, giving good and repeated blows to their advance. The infantry at Jonesboro and Forsyth had already started to Macon, and Wheeler did not see it until he reached that place.

General Wheeler sent the following dispatch:

NEAR JONESBORO, GA., NOV. 15, 1864.

GENERAL J. B. HOOD—Enemy advanced with infantry, cavalry and wagons early this morning. Have driven our cavalry back to this place. Enemy have burned many houses in Rome, Marietta and Atlanta; also destroyed railroad, and burned railroad bridge over Chattahoochie.

J. WHEELER, Major-General.

General Wheeler also sent this dispatch to the following: General Braxton Bragg, Richmond; Lieutenant-General Hardee, Charleston; Lieutenant-General R. Taylor, Selma; Major-General G. W. Smith, Forsyth; Governor Joseph E. Brown, Milledgeville; General G. T. Beauregard, Tuscumbia; Colonel M. H. Wright, Columbus.

During the day and night of the 15th, General Wheeler had learned fully regarding Sherman's organization, force and intentions, and sent the following telegrams:

NEAR JONESBORO, GA., NOV. 16, 1864.—Daylight.

GENERAL J. B. HOOD, Tuscumbia—Fifteenth, Seventeenth and

Twentieth Corps, with Kilpatrick's Cavalry, left Atlanta yesterday morning in two columns—one on Jonesboro and the other on McDonough Road. Fourteenth Corps has reached Atlanta, giving Sherman four Corps—fully sixty thousand men.

J. WHEELER, Major-General.

The above dispatch was also sent to General G. T. Beauregard, Tuscumbia; General Braxton Bragg, Richmond; Lieutenant-General Hardee, Charleston; Lieutenant-General R. Taylor, Selma; Major-General Cobb, Macon; Major-General G. W. Smith, Forsyth; Governor Joseph E. Brown, Milledgeville; Colonel M. H. Wright, Columbus.

On the 16th, after some severe fighting, General Wheeler checked the enemy at Bear Creek. He (General Wheeler) sent the following dispatch to the above-named persons:

NEAR GRIFFIN, GEORGIA, NOV. 16, 1864—11:45 P.M.

Enemy checked this morning at Bear Creek. Enemy evidently marching upon Macon. J. WHEELER, Major-General.

With the small cavalry force at General Wheeler's command, no material check could be given to Sherman's force of infantry. He soon saw he could expect no infantry support. He therefore determined, 1st. To continually harass and, when practicable, to impede the enemy's columns. 2nd. To attack and defeat exposed detachments. 3rd. To keep enemy's foragers as near his main column as possible. 4th. To keep all proper officers fully informed of Sherman's movements. 5th. And, above all, to defend all cities along the lines of railroad, and to protect depots of stores, arsenals and government and other important works.

General Wheeler directed Major-General Cobb and General G. W. Smith to concentrate their militia and reserves at Macon and prepare the fortifications and the city for a vigorous defense.

General Wheeler soon saw that Columbus was not in danger, and therefore felt that all our efforts should be directed to saving our military stores and public works at Macon and Augusta.

Milledgeville was not a point of importance to us, and General Wheeler early determined not to attempt its defense, if approached by infantry. It would have given him pleasure to have saved it from desecration, but he feared that the attempt might jeopardise both Macon and Augusta, either of which were so vastly more important.

The hundred or more prisoners captured in the engagements corrob-

orated our information that Sherman's wagons carried a full supply of rations, and General Wheeler felt justified in publishing the following order, which he had printed for the guidance of his troops:

HEADQUARTERS WHEELER'S CORPS, Nov. 15, 1864.

Circular:

I. All orders heretofore issued, regarding destroying supplies and removing stock before the enemy, are modified as follows:

II. All mills near the enemy's line of march will be rendered useless to the enemy by breaking the machinery, and, when practicable, by drawing off the water.

III. No mill-building, corn-cribs, or any other private property, will be burned or destroyed by this command.

IV. All horses, mules and other stock, which citizens have left on the enemy's line of march, will be driven off and proper receipts left for the same. When no owner can be found, accurate accounts will be kept, so that the stock can be reclaimed by the owner.

V. Commanders of troops, in falling back before the enemy, will send reliable officers and men at least one day in advance, to instruct citizens in which direction to drive their stock.

By order of Major-General WHEELER.

M. G. HUDSON, First Lieut. and A. D. C., A. A. A. G.

At Griffin, a large amount of stores had been deposited. On the morning of the 17th, Kilpatrick attempted to enter, but, after a warm fight, we repulsed his attack and saved the city from his ravages.

The infantry columns, each preceded by a regiment of mounted infantry, were all to the east of the cavalry.

General Wheeler sent the following dispatches:

NEAR GRIFFIN, GEORGIA, Nov. 17, 1864.—11 A.M.

GENERAL BRAXTON BRAGG:—Enemy are turning main column or shortest route to Macon and Milledgeville. Scouts from enemy's rear report that Fourteenth Corps is moving up.

J. WHEELER, Major-General.

NEAR GRIFFIN, GEORGIA, Nov. 17, 1864.—2:20 P.M.

GENERAL BRAXTON BRAGG:—Enemy turning column shortest route to Macon. I have no orders regarding the holding of any city, should enemy besiege or assault. Please give me wishes and intentions of Government, or send some one who knows the course they desire pursued. J. WHEELER, Major-General.

The above dispatches were sent to Generals G. T. Beauregard, J. B. Hood, W. J. Hardee and R. Taylor.

On the 18th, after a series of severe, but successful, engagements with Kilpatrick's Cavalry, we turned him off from his march upon Forsyth, saving that place also.

General Wheeler received the following dispatches:

SELMA, ALA., Nov. 16, 1864.

MAJOR-GENERAL WHEELER:—Please keep me advised of enemy's movements. I have your dispatches of yesterday and day before. Should enemy move east, better telegraph General Hardee and Richmond direct. R. TAYLOR, Lieutenant-General.

CORINTH, MISS., Nov. 18, 1864.

MAJOR-GENERAL WHEELER:—Employ your cavalry to best advantage, retarding advance of Sherman's Army and destroying supplies in his front. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

Finding Sherman was crossing the Ocmulgee, General Wheeler sent General Anderson and Colonel Crews to Macon, with orders to move up toward Clinton, and watch the approach from that direction.

(Concluded in next Number.)

BATTLE OF RICHMOND, KENTUCKY.

Official Report of General E. Kirby Smith, Commanding Army of Kentucky.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF KENTUCKY,
LEXINGTON, KY., Sept. 16, 1862.

General S. Cooper, Adjutant and Inspector General, Richmond, Va.—General:

IN my short letter of the 30th ult. I gave you the results of my actions of that day, of which I have the honor now to make a more detailed report.

Before leaving Barboursville for this part of Kentucky, I wrote to you, fully explaining the reasons that prompted me to take that step. Until my advance descended the Big Hill, I met with no opposition from the enemy. Here, on the morning of the 29th, the enemy was dis-

covered to be in force in our front, and a bold reconnoisance of the cavalry, under Colonel Scott, in the afternoon, indicated a determination to give us battle. Although Churchill's Division did not get up until quite late in the afternoon, and then in an apparently exhausted state, I determined to march to Richmond the next day, even at the cost of a battle with the whole force of the enemy. The leading Division, under General Cleburne, was moved early next morning, and after advancing two or three miles they found the enemy drawn up in line of battle in a fine position, near Mount Zion Church, six miles from Richmond. Without waiting for Churchill's Division, Cleburne at once commenced the action, and when I arrived on the field—7½ o'clock—the fire of artillery was brisk on both sides. As my force was almost too small to storm the position in front, without a disastrous loss, I sent General Churchill, with one of his brigades, to turn the enemy's right. While this move was being executed, a bold and well-conducted attempt, on the part of the enemy, to turn Cleburne's right, was admirably foiled by the firmness of Colonel Preston Smith's Brigade, who repulsed the enemy with great slaughter. It was about this time, while he was riding from his right to his left, that General Cleburne was badly wounded in the face, and thus at a critical moment I was deprived of the services of one of the most gallant, zealous and intelligent officers of the whole army.

The command of this division then devolved upon Colonel Preston Smith. In the meantime General Churchill had been completely successful in his movements upon the enemy's right flank, where, by a bold charge, his men completed a victory already partially gained by the gallantry of our troops on the right.

In this action our loss was quite heavy on the right, but in comparison with that of the enemy was small.

It was reported that the enemy had taken up a new position on White's farm, two miles in front. I ordered Churchill, with one brigade, to again turn his right, intending to bring up Preston Smith on the other flank; but a desperate attempt on the part of the enemy to crush Churchill caused the action to commence before the arrival of Smith's Division, and so this gallant brigade (Colonel McCray's) of Texans and Arkansians had to fight the battle alone. Although the odds opposed to them were fearful, yet, by reserving their own fire, under the deafening roar of the enemy's guns, and by a well-timed and dashing charge upon the advancing lines, they completely routed and

put to flight the hosts of the enemy, just as the cheers of Smith's Division announced his arrival in the field. The loss of the enemy here was very great, including one piece of artillery; ours, almost nothing. Scott's cavalry having been sent around to our left by another road, to get in the rear of Richmond, I felt during the whole day much in need of cavalry to follow upon different successes. It was then that, in this second repulse of the enemy, I ordered Captain Nelson, commanding a company of partisan rangers, to charge the retreating masses of the enemy. This was promptly and admirably obeyed, the results being the capture of numerous prisoners. In passing a deserted camp of the enemy, I found from some of the wounded that General Nelson, with reinforcements, had arrived after the second battle. A march of two miles brought us within sight of the town, in front of which, and on a commanding ridge, with both flanks resting upon woods, Nelson had determined to make a firm stand. For a time Churchill, with a brigade (McNair's), was sent to the left, when a deafening roar of musketry soon announced the raging of a furious combat. In the meanwhile Preston Smith, bringing up his division at a double-quick, formed, with wonderful precision and rapidity, in front of the enemy's center and left. Almost without waiting the command of the officers, this division coolly advanced under the murderous fire of a force twice their number, and drove them from the field in the greatest confusion, and with immense slaughter. Owing to the open character of the country, our loss in the last fight was quite heavy, including some valuable regimental officers. The exhausted condition of my men, together with the closing in of night, prevented the pursuit of the enemy more than a mile beyond Richmond; but the timely arrival of Colonel Scott, with his cavalry, upon their two lines of retreat, enabled him greatly to increase the fruits of the hard labors of the day, by capturing large numbers of prisoners, including General Manson and staff, as also eight pieces of artillery and a number of wagons; and whilst my whole force was not more than five thousand, that of the enemy was more than ten. In this last engagement we took prisoners from thirteen regiments. Our loss in killed and wounded is about four hundred; that of the enemy is about one thousand, and his prisoners five thousand. The immediate fruits of the victory were nine pieces of artillery and ten thousand small arms, and a large quantity of supplies. These latter were greatly increased by the capture of this place and Frankfort, the whole number of cannon taken being

about twenty. I regret that I am unable to forward with this the reports of all the different commanders of the forces engaged.

Those enclosed (General Churchill's and Colonel Scott's) will show how much cause the Confederacy has to be proud of her sons. I almost fear to particularize, lest I do not full justice to all; but I cannot close this report without expressing my admiration at the promptness and intelligence with which Generals Churchill and Cleburne and Colonel Preston Smith executed the orders given them. My thanks are due to the following members of my staff, who were with me on the field, for their active assistance to me during the day, viz.: Colonels Pegram and Boggs, Lieutenant-Colonel Brent, Majors J. A. Brown, McElrath and Thomas, Captain Merse; Lieutenants Cunningham and Pratt, and Captains Walworth, Hammond and McFrevet, Volunteer Aids. Too much praise cannot be given to the Medical Director, Surgeon S. A. Smith, and to his assistants, for their untiring devotion to the arduous labors that devolved upon them.

As regards the intrepid behavior of the true patriots—the men in ranks—I can only say, that as long as the destinies of the South remain in such hands, we need never fear Northern subjugation. But even more than their noble courage before the enemy, are we called upon to admire that higher courage, which enabled them to undergo, without murmur, the fatigues and hardships of one of the most difficult marches of this war. For several days, and parts of the nights, through a country almost without water, over stony roads, with their almost bare feet, and with green corn and beef, without salt, as their only food, did these gallant men trudge along, inspired only with a desire of being led against the invaders of their homes and the oppressors of their liberties.

I refer you to the reports of the division and brigade commanders, only a part of which I am now able to forward, for notice of special cases of good behavior.

I remain, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

(Signed) E. Kirby Smith.

Official Report of Brigadier-General T. J. Churchill, Commanding Third Division.

HEADQUARTERS THIRD DIVISION, ARMY OF KENTUCKY,
CYNTHIANA, KENTUCKY, September 8, 1862.

To Major-General E. Kirby Smith—General:

I HAVE the honor to report that on the morning of the 30th ult., according to instructions, I moved my division, composed of the First and Second Brigades, commanded by Colonels McCray and McNair, respectively, up the road in the direction of Richmond. When I arrived in the neighborhood of Kingston, I heard the artillery open on our right, showing that General Cleburne had met the enemy.

It was now about 8 o'clock A.M. It was at this time you arrived on the field and ordered me to hold one of my brigades in reserve, while with the other I was to make a flank movement on the enemy's right. In accordance with these instructions, I left Colonel McNair, with his brigade, as a reserve force, and proceeded with Colonel McCray's Brigade, composed of Arkansas and Texas troops, to execute the movement on the enemy's flank, and, by proceeding cautiously through a corn-field and a ravine, had almost perfected the move, when the enemy, pressed by our forces on our right, commenced to give way; but, after falling back some distance, they formed in a skirt of timber, when my forces fired and charged upon them. Then, for the first time discovering my position, they commenced a precipitate retreat, but not before we had killed a great many and taken a number of prisoners.

I was again ordered to move up on the left with the same brigade, while General Cleburne was to move on the right. After proceeding some two miles in the direction of Richmond, I found the entire force of the enemy, numbering eight or ten thousand, in a strong position on the left of the road, concealed by a corn-field and a skirt of timber. I then sent General Cleburne word to move up—that I was ready to engage the enemy. I then placed one section of Captain Humphrey's Battery, under command of Lieutenant ———, on my right, about two hundred yards from the enemy, to more effectually rake his lines. Before General Cleburne's Division came up, the fight had commenced in earnest.

The fire of the enemy's artillery and musketry was most terrific, while we replied only with artillery. I then ordered my command to

lie down, protected by a fence and ditch, and, for full five minutes, we did not fire a gun in response to their terrible fire.

The enemy were, at this time, advancing in heavy force, and when they had arrived within fifty yards of my line, the order was given to rise, fire and charge, which order was promptly and gallantly obeyed. The enemy could not withstand the desperate courage of my men; but still for a while they contested every inch of ground as they were driven from it, until finally, finding it impossible to check this gallant charge, they gave way in every direction.

The victory was complete. The field was covered with the dead and wounded of the enemy, and some (though comparatively few) of the gallant sons of Arkansas and Texas fell martyrs to the cause of liberty. Here we captured a large number of prisoners, guns and equipments of all kinds. In this charge, one splendid rifle cannon was taken. This was, perhaps, the most severely contested fight of the day. Finding this brigade worn down by incessant fighting, I ordered up Colonel McNair to follow in pursuit of the now flying enemy. After pursuing them some two miles, we found them again drawn up in line near the outskirts of Richmond, having collected their whole force for a last and final struggle.

Here I took position on the right of the enemy's line. Soon my skirmishers engaged those of the enemy, which was soon followed by a general engagement of my forces. I was driving back the enemy's right wing when I heard firing on my right, showing that General Cleburne had engaged the enemy on their left. The engagement then became general throughout the entire line. For a time, the contest was sharp and the rattle of the musketry almost deafening; but, again, for the third and last time, the enemy fled, in great confusion, through the streets of Richmond, as night closed upon our victorious army.

I captured in this engagement a large amount of ordnance and ordnance stores, together with four or five hundred prisoners.

I cannot speak too highly of the gallantry and coolness displayed by Colonels McNair and McCray throughout the entire day, and I have to thank them for the promptness and skill with which they executed orders. Of the two batteries in my division, the one commanded by Captain Douglas was ordered the evening previous to report to General Cleburne for orders. The other, commanded by Captain Humphreys, was with my division during the whole day, and it gives me great

pleasure to say that his pieces were handled with surprising skill and ability, and did great execution in the ranks of the enemy.

My loss during the entire day, in killed, wounded and missing, was two hundred and twenty-four.

Before closing, I must particularly mention the daring bravery and gallant bearing on the battle-field of the following members of my staff: Captain B. S. Johnson, Adjutant-General; Captain B. F. Blackburn, Inspector-General; Captain John Renwick, Vol. Aid; Captain Jones, Signal Corps; and Lieutenant J. M. Rose, Ordnance Officer. These officers were ever seen bearing orders through the thickest of the fight, and at times in the front of the battle, cheering on my men to victory.

My Division Surgeon, Dr. C. H. Smith, in addition to his professional services upon the field to the wounded, rendered me many valuable services. The officers and men of my entire division always met the enemy with unflinching gallantry, and were the proud victors of every field; and for the privations, hardships and almost unequalled marches—all of which they have borne without a murmur—they deserve the thanks of their country.

I have the honor to be, general, your most obedient servant,

(Signed) T. J. CHURCHILL, Brigadier-General,
Commanding Third Division Army of Kentucky.

BATTLE OF BENTONVILLE.

Official Report of the Battle of Bentonville, fought March 19, 1865, *near Bentonville, North Carolina.*

HEADQUARTERS BATE'S DIVISION,
IN THE FIELD (NEAR SMITHFIELD, N. C.), March 28, 1865.

Colonel:

IN obedience to orders from Headquarters of the Army of Tennessee, I have the honor to submit the following as the official report of the participation of that portion of Cheatham's Corps under my command in the battle of Bentonville on the 19th instant.

Cheatham's Division did not arrive until after the battle. Cleburne's, under Brigadier-General James A. Smith, and Bate's (my) Division, un-

der command of Colonel —— Keenan, of the Florida Brigade (neither of them complete, however, in strength), constituting that part of the corps present and under my command, left camp, near Smithfield Depot, on the 18th instant, and, after an exhausting march of fifteen or twenty miles, went into bivouac, after night, near Bentonville. On the morning of the 19th, the corps resumed motion about 9 o'clock, and, some three miles distant from Bentonville, went into position on the extreme right of the army and in prolongation of Lee's Corps. While forming my line, my extreme left—Govan's Brigade—(commanded by Colonel V. P. Green, of —— Arkansas Regiment), was suddenly and fiercely assaulted. The enemy, with vigor, pushed up within thirty yards of this part of the line, which, fortunately, had been established; but, after a sharp engagement, was repulsed and precipitated from the field, leaving his dead and wounded. My lines were soon adjusted and breastworks constructed. I received orders from Lieutenant-General Hardee, in person, early in the afternoon, to advance and attack the enemy in my front. Having just returned from a close and accurate reconnoisance, in which I ascertained that the left of the enemy's line—at least his front line—did not extend, connectedly, at all beyond my right, and, there being a Division (Talliaferro's) lying in reserve in my immediate rear, I urged that it make a detour, passing beyond my extreme right, and be thrown upon the left flank of the enemy. This was adopted, and the time of our advance deferred half an hour, that the flanking division might get into position before the front attack was made. At the designated time, my command was promptly moved off, Cleburne's Division composing the first and my division the second line of battle. In front of the right of the line there was an open field, and fronting the center and left a pine forest. The right brigade (Smith's) of the front line in advancing obliqued too far to the left, in order to get under cover of the timber, and caused a momentary confusion in this line just as it received the first volley from the enemy behind his defences, which, in my immediate front, was only a few hundred yards. This line staggered and delayed for a few moments under this fire, whereupon the second line, being ordered, approached in such fine spirit and order as to reassure the first and excite an emulation which caused the first to move rapidly forward directly on the works. His strong defenses were carried with a shout and a bound, and he rapidly driven in confusion. These defenses were continuous and well constructed,

located about eight hundred yards in front of our breast-works on a slight eminence, with a small creek in rear. Without delay, he was steadily pursued. The left oblique movement on the right of the front line at the start exposed that flank to a right oblique fire (as Taliaferro's Division had not got around), which necessitated my moving the second line and forming it on the right of the first, and in continuation thereof. My whole command (with double line of skirmishers thrown forward) in one line advanced in incomparable style, driving the enemy from his second line of works and other chosen places. He made an obstinate stand in rear of a road parallel to and more than a mile distant from his original line, repelling and driving us for a short distance. Our line of battle being readjusted, the advance was ordered, and, though his resistance was determined, he was driven back beyond a slough, which served, for a time, as a kind of breast-work to our persistent pursuit. Our line cleared it, however, with but little delay, and was still advancing when I was ordered by General Hardee, through a staff officer, to halt and await further orders before moving. My command, when halted, was some distance in advance of our main line of battle. The left of the flanking division having been driven back, my right was again exposed. To guard against a flank movement in that direction, and in order to relieve it from isolation and connect with main line on my left, I retired it and placed the Second Tennessee Regiment in advance, with its right thrown back as a guard to the exposed flank. The enemy was in view, and, taking advantage of this retrograde movement, turned and advanced upon us, but, after a sharp contest, was driven back again; which repulse we, in turn, followed up until reinforcements came to his assistance, by the aid of which he drove us back a short distance and formed a strong line, which our single line was too weak, from casualties and exhaustion, to successfully attack. The two opposing lines, being in easy rifle-range, kept up a constant fire. These facts I made known, and renewed my application for reinforcements, to enable me to advance. McLaw's Division, after sundown, passed through my lines and halted a few paces in its front. Had these fresh troops been thrown in an hour earlier, our victory would have been more complete, and more fruitful of advantage. The firing continued until dark. My lines remained stationary until about 9 o'clock that night, when, in obedience to orders, we buried our dead, cared for our wounded and returned to our entrenched lines.

In this battle, there were but few stragglers from my command, and not a man stopped to plunder the knapsacks of the enemy, which were lying in numbers behind his breast-works.

I am much indebted to officers and men of the corps for their prompt and gallant conduct. Though entering this fight after a long and venturesome trip, a retreat from a disastrous field, few in numbers, without the complement of officers, and much embarrassed for the want of efficient reorganization, the corps not only exhibited the innate metal of its material and maintained its ancient battle-prestige, but encircled its brow anew with laurels gathered from the Atlantic Slope. I cannot confer too much commendation upon my division commanders, Brigadier-General James A. Smith and Colonel —— Keenan, of the —— Florida Regiment, both of whom were equal to every emergency, and inspired their commands by the proper examples. Colonel Keenan lost a leg at the close, in the thickest of the fight, which deprives the country of the services of a most gallant and efficient officer. I am doubly grieved to mourn, in conjunction with other casualties, the loss of the young, gallant and lamented commander of Tyler's Brigade (Bate's Division), Major W. H. Wilkinson. For four years, under my eye, he has borne himself with modest grace, becoming dignity and marked gallantry. He fell at the head of his brigade, leading the last charge of the day. I am indebted to Colonel Moore (of North Carolina), for assistance, as volunteer aid, on this occasion. To no one of my command am I more especially indebted than Captain J. Cobbs, of the —— Alabama Regiment, who was on duty with me as Assistant Adjutant-General. When his horse was killed under him, he promptly took his place on foot and continued the discharge of his duty with persistent energy and peerless resolution. Lieutenant Bradford Nichol, acting ordnance officer for the corps, merits special notice in this report for the incomparable energy and efficiency in getting, under embarrassing circumstances, transportation for and furnishing timely supplies of ammunition. To Doctor George M. McDowell, Chief Surgeon, I tender my acknowledgements for the skill, energy and success displayed in his department. A list of casualties has heretofore, as per order, been forwarded to your office. It exhibited a loss of little more than twenty-five per cent. of the number engaged. For further particulars, allow me to respectfully refer to the reports of my brigade commanders.

I am, most respectfully, your obedient servant,

WM. B. BATE, Major-General, Commanding.

DIARY OF PRIVATE W. J. DAVIDSON.

(Concluded.)

SUNDAY MORNING, Sept. 20th.

WE were up and ready for battle at an early hour, and, after day-light, were allowed to build small fires.

Under the dense fog, no demonstration was made on either side until a late hour in the morning, and the opportunity was improved by our generals to make a better disposition of their forces than had existed on the preceding day. Gregg's Brigade was moved to the right where the heaviest fighting had been, and was expected to take place again. It formed the second line, of which there were three, and was not expected to make the first charge. As soon as the fog cleared away, the battle opened on the extreme right and gradually came on down to the left, the artillery firing being much heavier than it was the day before. Between 10 and 11 o'clock, the enemy's batteries at one point opened and shelled us furiously for some time, our line lying down and taking it easy until the command "Forward" was given, when it advanced steadily and in splendid order until it overtook the brigade in front, which, after capturing the first line of works, had halted in the face of a terrible fire of artillery and musketry from across a field. There were said to be sixteen pieces disputing our advance here, supported by lines of infantry. The brigade in our front being sheltered by a shallow ravine, seemed loth to quit its vantage-ground, and Colonel Sugg, commanding Gregg's Brigade, asked permission of its commander to pass over it, which was granted. We sprang forward at the word with loud yells, and in a few seconds were under the play of the enemy's batteries in an open stubble-field. Our line made no halt or waver, but dashed ahead, and in a brief time had captured the guns, shooting down some of the gunners and clubbing others as they stood at their posts. The second line of fortifications, just in rear, was carried by the same assault—the infantry flying in disorder before us. This brigade being now ahead of every thing, was halted to allow other parts of the line to come up, when, if it had been pushed forward a couple of hundred yards, it could have captured, almost without resistance, a large train of wagons and ordnance. Its advanced position created some apprehension

of a flank-fire, and, to meet this contingency, it was filed to the right, and skirmishers were thrown out to find out the situation. I was again called upon for this duty, though very tired and thirsty. We advanced, cautiously, from tree to tree, and sprang the game a half mile off, posted in a strong position among the hills. While on this duty, a solitary horseman came dashing through the woods from the front, and, not knowing our whereabouts, found himself in unexpected range of our rifles. Every man in the line fired upon him except myself. He looked so fine, on his gray charger, with fancy trappings, that I had n't the heart to do so. Only one shot took effect, and this was fired by John Jobe, just as he was in the act of escaping over the hill. Moving forward to the top of a ridge, we found the enemy's skirmishers on the other side, but Captain Feeney's Company soon drove them back on the main body. The brigade now came on, and took position on the ridge, and waited for the enemy's attack, which, from the signs at the front, was momentarily expected. It had not long to wait. With a feeble cheer, a heavy force advanced through the woods and opened a furious fire. The brigade to our right—the same over whose heads we had charged at the opening—gave way and left us exposed to a heavy cross-fire. The colonel now ordered us to retire a short distance, until the other brigade could be rallied, when we moved forward again. Now ensued the hardest and closest engagement we ever had, the enemy being in heavy force; but, notwithstanding that our line was thinned by the casualties of battle already, we held our ground against the odds for two hours before reinforcements came to our help. These came under the same withering fire to which we were exposed, and suffered heavily. The fire was kept up obstinately by both sides, and it was not until a little before sunset that the enemy showed signs of weakening, when we made a charge, driving them over the hill, which they contested to the last inch. Again they rallied, but this time for a few minutes only, when they gave way and quit the field in disorder. Night and the tired condition of our troops prevented any further pursuit. Just before the enemy retreated, and as I was in the act of ramming down the last out of sixty cartridges, I was struck in the hip and rendered *hors du combat.*

Our loss this day was heavy, both in officers and men, though my company was comparatively favored. Doc. Conway had his shoulder shattered; Robert Fulton, flesh wound in arm, which proved

fatal; Charley Bagley, in the shoulder; Billie Hill, in the shoulder, severe; and Tom Pinkerton, in the chest. Other companies in the regiment lost heavily, and other regiments in the brigade lost more than ours. Colonel Tillman was wounded in the shoulder; Major Robinson, in the groin; Colonel Beaumont was killed; Captain Wm. March, of the Forty-first, fell while leading his men in a charge. I was carried off the field, after the fight, by Lieutenant Chafin and Mathew Hathcock, and reached the Field Hospital during the night.

The hospitals were all crowded with our own and the enemy's wounded, and the surgeons could not attend to half of them. I remained there nearly a week, when I was so much improved that I could assist my friends who were worse hurt. Thos. Halbert was wounded in his good arm, but I don't think he will lose it. Doc. Conway is badly hurt, but we are keeping his arm cool with water, and hope to save it. We came to this place (Empire Hospital) last Tuesday, and are comfortably situated. I intend returning to my command to-morrow.

CAMP NEAR CHATTANOOGA, Oct. 8th.

Arrived in camp this evening. My wound is not yet well, but I prefer doing duty to staying in a hospital. The boys are doing well, and in fine spirits. I was greatly disappointed in not getting a letter from home, which came in my absence and was destroyed, under the impression that I would be away for some time. We hold the river above and below Chattanooga, leaving Rosecranz but one outlet—through Sequatchie Valley. There seems to be no danger of his attacking us, or of our attacking him. His position has been made very strong. Our siege-guns on Lookout can reach the city at long range.

President Davis is expected every day.

Oct. 10.—Had orders last night at 12 o'clock to cook rations and be ready to move at 4 A.M., but this morning nothing farther is said about it. The order was given in anticipation of an attack, in consequence of some demonstrations made by the enemy last night.

It is now three weeks since the great battle, and I understand that a great many of the enemy's dead are yet unburied. I found, four days after the fight, some of their wounded still unattended to. One of them, belonging to the Sixth Ohio, I made as comfortable as possible, by filling his canteen with water and furnishing him some matches.

11th.—All quiet. Mr. John March arrived last night, and was

shown the grave of his son, Captain Wm. March. President Davis rode along the line to-day, and was cheered by the brigade.

19th.—Cannonading in the direction of Bridgeport. The President is making speeches to the soldiers—telling them that they will be in the heart of Middle Tennessee in two weeks. Captain Feeney has sent in his resignation, which, if accepted, will deprive us of one of the best officers in the regiment.

THE RETREAT FROM MURFREESBORO.

Letter of Major-General J. M. Withers in Defense of General Bragg.

CHUNCHULU, ALA., January 17, 1863.

THE report being circulated that the retrograde movement of our army at Murfreesboro was ordered by the commanding general, in opposition to the advice of corps and division commanders, is not sustained by the truth. The movement was suggested by two division and sustained by a corps commander, after 12 o'clock on the night of the 2nd instant, and was then rejected by the general commanding. On the morning of the 3rd instant, the general ascertained that all the corps and all of the division commanders concurred in the opinion that the army should be withdrawn, and not, in its then worn condition, be put to the hazard of another general engagement. He, about the same time, learned the fact of reinforcements having been received by the enemy. It was then that he yielded his opposition and ordered the movement. Suppose that the general had adhered to his first determination, and disaster had been the result, what would have been his position then? If this movement did not command the approval of every brigade, division and corps commander *then present with the army*, I have to hear of the exception. I cannot believe the army numbers among its generals one of those creatures who is wise after the fact, and bold when there is no danger. A man who has given his all to his country should at least have justice.

J. M. WITHERS.

EARLY WESTERN HISTORY.

THE ATTACK ON BUCHANAN'S STATION.

(From Original MSS. of the Tennessee Historical Society.)

THERE is a tradition current in this country that Tecumseh was present at the attack upon Buchanan's Station in this neighborhood. I think the authenticity of that tradition may well be doubted. I have never known any attempt made to trace it to its origin, or conversed with any person on the subject who pretended to know any thing more about it than merely to have heard it. I never heard the subject mentioned until since the last war with Great Britain, and am strongly inclined to believe that the celebrity which Tecumseh acquired in the course of that war, together with the fact that there were some Shawnees understood to have been engaged in the assault upon Buchanan's Station, constitute the whole foundation of the tradition in question.

The attack upon Buchanan's Station, as Mr. Tannehill informs me, was made in September, 1792. Since I heard that this subject was under investigation by this Society—that is, within three or four weeks past—I wrote to Constantine Hardeman, of Rutherford County, requesting him to inform me of the date of said attack. Constantine Hardeman is a son of the late Thomas Hardeman, who was the owner of the place at which Hardeman's Station was established (it being the place owned by the late Robert C. Foster), and situated within one mile of Buchanan's Station. Mr. Hardeman did not answer my letter, but he called upon me in a few days after its reception and stated that he could not undertake to give the exact date of the said attack on Buchanan's Station; that he remembers the event perfectly well; was in Hardeman's Station at the time; heard the firing of arms when it commenced and throughout its continuance; thinks that he was then about fifteen years old, and says that he was born in the year 1778—which, if correct, would place the date of the attack in the year 1793. Mr. Hardeman says, further, that, although he was then old enough to be capable of shooting a rifle at squirrels, etc., he was considered too small to be of any service in defending Buchanan's Station, and was left at Hardeman's Station, while he mentions a number of others who went from the latter station to the relief of the former, all of whom are now dead. He refers me to Benjamin Bashan, of this

county, as being a man who can probably assist me in ascertaining the date of the attack upon Buchanan's Station; and, also, to the widow of the late Thomas Buchanan, a sister of the said Benjamin Bashan, whom he describes as being a woman of remarkable memory. He also says that he never heard of Tecumseh's being present at said attack until since the last war with England.

I state that some time during that war (it might have been in the year 1812 or 1813 or 1814—I cannot pretend to be precise as to the time, but it was after the name of Tecumseh had become very notorious), I met, in Gallatin, with the late Colonel Sparks, of the U. S. Army, who was then on his way, accompanied by his wife, to East Tennessee from the South, where he had been stationed. Mrs. Sparks was a daughter of the late Governor Sevier, and a very intelligent, good-looking woman. Colonel Sparks, himself, was almost illiterate: so nearly so, that he could scarcely execute any other writing than merely the signing of his name. I learned from him, on that occasion, that his wife was in the habit of making out his returns for him, and of carrying on his correspondence at his dictation. The reason which he assigned to me for the deficiency of his education was, that, when a small boy, he was captured by the Indians and taken to the Northwest, where he was adopted into the family of Tecumseh's parents, and grew up with Tecumseh and his brother, the prophet. I do not remember when nor where his capture took place; but I think it was in Kentucky, or, perhaps, in Virginia. Neither do I remember how long he was detained among the Indians, but several years, and during that portion of life in which an education is commonly acquired; and long enough for him to acquire Indian habits and tastes. I remember his telling me how great a calamity he considered it to be taken away from the Indians; and of his revolving in his own mind, for some time after his return, various schemes for making his escape and returning to them. He also stated to me that he had frequently wrestled and run foot-races with Tecumseh and the prophet; and my impression is that they were all boys of nearly the same age. I know he stated that he was stouter or stronger than Tecumseh, but that Tecumseh was swifter of foot. He also described the prophet as being of a graver disposition than Tecumseh; and Tecumseh as being more restless, daring and enterprising. In fact, he spoke of him as being what is termed a bad boy, who was frequently flogged by his mother.

Colonel Sparks, according to his said narrative, was released from captivity by virtue of some treaty—I think it was the treaty that followed Wayne's victory, but am not certain of that fact. Wayne's victory was achieved in the year 1794, and the Treaty of Grenville, which followed it, bears date on the — day of ——, ——. That victory had the effect of bringing about a general pacification between the United States and all the Indian tribes. We had no Indian wars in Tennessee after the year 1795. I do not know the age of Colonel Sparks, but, probably, some of the elder members of the Sevier family can give information on that point, and relate the circumstances of his capture and detention more in detail than I have done. Neither do I know the age of Tecumseh when he fell in the battle of the Thames, but I have always considered him as being then in the full vigor and maturity of manhood—say from thirty to forty years of age. My impression in regard to that I have received I cannot tell how, but most likely from the current impression of the day, or from some fugitive publication.

General Cass, whom I consider, since the death of General Harrison, as the best informed man upon the subject of Indian character, Indian history and Indian affairs in the United States, in a very able and lucid article, written by himself and published in the January No., for the year 1826, of the *North American Review*—the object of which was to expose the mendacity of the author of a certain book, purporting to have been written by one John Dunn Hunter, on the subject of the Indian Tribes—says (page 95):

"Now, we happen to know that Tecumseh did not leave Detroit for the Mississippi country in 1812. We happen to know that, on the 27th of September, 1811, he arrived in Vincennes, and sought an interview with General Harrison. At the discussion which took place during the interview, he displayed the most hostile spirit, and, the result being unsatisfactory to him, he descended the Wabash, with a small party, in a canoe. He was himself a half Creek—his father being of that tribe—and between them and the Shawnees a friendly intercourse had long subsisted. His object was to excite the Creeks to hostilities against the United States, and, eventually, to form a general Indian Confederacy, under the protection of the British."

Here, then, was a very fit occasion for General Cass to have mentioned that Tecumseh had been present at the attack on Buchanan's Station, if the fact had been so; or, that he had previously been

among the southern tribes; had co-operated with them in their wars, and had acquired distinction in arms. But he does not even allude to any such thing. And, in connection with his project of forming a general Indian Confederacy, it is most natural to suppose, if he had been favorably known to the Cherokees, and associated with them in any of their military enterprises, that he would have calculated as much upon his influence with them as upon the ties of blood between himself and the Creeks; and that he would, at least, have been induced to extend his visit, in 1811, further than it seems he did.

Again: In the same article, at page 97, in answer to an assertion of the reviewer of Hunter's narrative, contained in the *London Quarterly Review*, that Tecumseh was in the battle of Tippecanoe; that many of the Shawnees were killed in that action—in consequence of which his band was very weak when he subsequently joined the British—General Cass, after stating that there was but one Shawnee killed at Tippecanoe, and three others wounded, whose names he gives, adds:

"The loss fell on the Kickapoos, Winebagoes and Potawotamies. We happen to know why Tecumseh's party are so weak, and we will communicate the cause for the benefit of the author of the next tirade upon this subject in the *Quarterly*. Tecumseh was a disaffected man, and had seceded from the legitimate authority of his tribe. All the chiefs and almost all the warriors were opposed to his plans. They saw that these were fraught with ruin to their people, and believed them to have originated in a system of self-aggrandisement. Tecumseh was a *novus homo*, not entitled to any hereditary authority; and he regarded with jealousy the influence of the lawful chiefs. The great body of the tribe adhered, with unshaken fidelity, to the cause of the United States during the whole contest, and time has proved the wisdom of their measures. They are now living, comfortably, upon a large reservation secured to them in a fertile part of Ohio, while Tecumseh fell in a cause in which he had no interest, and his son and brother are outcasts from their people, receiving no aid from the British Government, and anxious to rejoin their connexions.* Like al other Indians who have placed their faith in the same trust, when their services ceased to be useful, they ceased to be regarded or rewarded.

* In a note subjoined at this place, General Cass says: "Since the above was written, they have left Canada, and removed to the Shawnees reservation in Ohio, radically cured, if we may credit their own declarations, of their Anglo-mania."

"We are the less apprehensive of leading our readers, or being ourselves led, into error on this topic, or on any other connected with the history or objects of Tecumseh, as the prophet (his brother) and his son are sitting with us while we are writing these remarks, and as they have freely disclosed to us their past history and present situation. We have been not a little amused at the shrewd observations of the prophet respecting the ignorance of the reviewer in the article which we have caused to be explained to him.

"Tecumseh has obtained a celebrity such as has fallen to the lot of few of his countrymen. For this he was indebted not less to adventitious circumstances than to his own physical and mental endowments. He was a man of more enlarged views than are often found among the Indian chiefs; a born warrior and a skillful leader; politic in his measures and firm in his purposes. But he was jealous and ambitious—one prepared to sacrifice the happiness of his people to his own impracticable projects. His connection with the British contributed, however, more than any other circumstance, to the celebrity he enjoyed. He was an instrument in their hands, and it was their interest to give him an importance, true or false, by which they could wield the savage force which they had collected. With this view, he was invited, as the *Quarterly* states, to the British general's table, and with this view he was made the distributor of the presents lavished upon the Indians. One of the British armed vessels was named the Tecumseh, and another the Nanash. This Nanash was an Ottowa, elevated to importance by the same system and with the same object. He has long since ceased to be useful, and now lives in utter insignificance among his tribe upon the Miami in the Michigan Territory."

At page 96 of the same article, General Cass says: "Tecumseh returned from his tour in December, and remained with his party during the winter of 1811–12. In the spring of 1812, as the note of preparation become louder and louder, he was invited to Malden. He left Fort Wayne for that place on the 2nd of July, and arrived there about the 8th or 9th. He was in most of the engagements upon that frontier during the two succeeding campaigns, and never was again further west than the Tippecanoe."

Now, what is there in this sketch from the pen of General Cass but the delineation and history of a restless, ambitious and aspiring man, without previous distinction or authority, and seeking to gratify his passion for self-aggrandisement at whatever sacrifice to friends or

foes it might cost? I have no doubt that the picture here drawn of Tecumseh is true to the life. Then, taking that as proved, upon the authority of General Cass, and assuming also that Tecumseh was present at the attack on Buchanan's Station, in the year 1792, how are we to account for his inactivity and total obscurity during the whole of the intermediate period between that event and the breaking out of the war with England—a period of some twenty years?

If Tecumseh *was* present at the attack upon Buchanan's Station, the presumption is that he was then about twenty years old, or thereabouts; as he was not of the tribe that carried on the expedition, but an adventurer, belonging to another tribe, situated at a great distance, that, then, would make him about forty years old at the commencement of the war with England, at which time, according to General Cass, he was a malcontent and *novus homo*, possessing little or no influence; and having seceded, with a few partisans, from the legitimate authority of his tribe, was very ambitious of distinction, which he had not yet acquired, but was ready to involve his people in ruin in order to do so. Now, does not all this indicate that he was then, comparatively at least, a young man? Previous to the age of twenty, the probability is that he had not experienced that disaffection towards his own tribe of which General Cass speaks; because, at that age, men are commonly buoyant and hopeful, and, besides, Tecumseh not having been born to any hereditary honors, would not have felt himself neglected or injured by not having been yet advanced to a high rank in his tribe. Therefore, if he was present at the attack upon Buchanan's Station, he must have been prompted merely by the love of adventure; and, if his merits displayed on that occasion were adequately rewarded, it constituted no cause of complaint against the Shawnees. There are demagogues in savage life, as well as in civilized life; and wherever that propensity exists, no matter what the organization of society may be, it is sure to manifest itself upon the first suitable opportunity. The disaffection under which Tecumseh labored before the war of 1812 probably arose from his vain efforts, exerted between the period of his attaining manhood and that time, to obtain the authority and consequence to which he thought himself entitled with his own tribe. But, being disappointed and unable to repress his restless spirit, and, withal, being a "man of more enlarged views than are often found among Indian chiefs," he naturally thought of calling in foreign aid, and "*eventually* of a general Indian confederacy, under the protection of

the British." Now all this strongly indicates that his natural character, as given by General Cass, operated upon by the circumstances with which he was surrounded, was just developing itself at some early age, and not that he had lived an humble and quiet individual for twenty years, after having evinced the most warlike traits, and then suddenly become fired with the ambition of accomplishing the most extensive scheme of resistance to a formidable nation, and even of conquest, that ever was formed by savage chieftain, however brilliant and successful might have been his former career. The truth is, no doubt, that the British had their emissaries among all the Indian tribes of the Northwest, bordering on Canada, for some time before the war, tampering with them, and endeavoring to seduce them from their allegiance to the United States; and that these emissaries, finding Tecumseh that disaffected man which General Cass describes him to have been, and ready to engage in any desperate enterprise, inspired him with fresh ardour, and infused into his mind those vast schemes of aggrandisement for which he afterward became so celebrated. The hostility of the Creeks, while the other southern tribes all remained at peace, may possibly be imputed, not to the direct agency of the British, but to the influence of Tecumseh, exerted among them upon the tour which he made in the fall of 1811.

The facts here adduced, and the reasoning upon them here submitted, it is conceded, do not conclusively establish the negative of the proposition that Tecumseh was present at the attack upon Buchanan's Station. But, in my opinion, they tend strongly, if not satisfactorily, to show that the affirmative cannot be maintained. In addition to which it may be said that there is not a solitary fact in his whole life that is well ascertained which can be even remotely connected with that event; but the proposition rests altogether for its support upon vague and uncertain rumor.

There is also a rumor prevalent that Tecumseh and his party passed through Nashville on his said southern tour. And one of our most respectable fellow-citizens, Elisha S. Hall, Esq., asserts that he saw him on the occasion, and that he lodged at Talbot's tavern. Now, it is not likely that the transit of a small party of Indians through our town attracted much notice at the time; and the identity of one of them with the chief who afterward became so celebrated, taken in connection with the fact, which was subsequently discovered, that he was then on so important a mission, may, very probably, have been the origin of

the tradition in question. In the lapse of time, by which the distinctness of the memory is obliterated, and in the confusion that is apt to arise from the passing of information through innumerable channels, strange anachronisms will take place, and both scenes and actors become strangely distorted. Then, also, the chances of detection are diminished, if any one should be disposed to embellish, or to magnify, or to fabricate, or even to amuse himself with the credulity of his hearers in listening to marvelous legends.

I have stated above, that I do not know the age of Colonel Sparks, which is true; but it may be expected that I should advance some opinion as to what his age was at the time I learned from him the facts which I have communicated, as indicated by his appearance. It is very difficult, at such a distance of time, to call up an accurate recollection of a man's appearance in reference to that which itself is not an object of sense; and, even if my recollection of his personal appearance should be accurate, it might still be a very poor criticism for determining his age, without taking all other circumstances into consideration. I never saw Colonel Sparks before the time alluded to, nor since. He sojourned several days in Gallatin, for he was in bad health. I should say, however, that his appearance at that time, according to my best recollection on the subject, indicated that he might be fifty years old or upward. But it is to be remarked that he had led a frontier life of great hardship and exposure, and was somewhat intemperate in his habits. I can say, with confidence, that he was much older than his wife, and that they were as much mismatched in that respect as in many others. She, like Desdemona, must have "seen his visage in his mind," and been moved to tenderness and love by the recital of his hair-breadth escapes, his stirring adventures, and his peculiar and striking destiny. Fixing his age at fifty, and that of Tecumseh also, and the latter would have been thirty years old at the date of the attack upon Buchanan's Station—old enough to have acquired some laurels, and to have connected his name more definitely with that event than he seems to have done—and too old, at the commencement of the war with England, not to have been more distinguished in his own tribe, than, according to General Cass's account of him, he then was; or, than to have been animated still by that restless, fiery and indomitable spirit which led him first to secession, and then to the formation of the most magnificent and perilous schemes of self-aggrandisement.

I will observe, in conclusion, that General Cass uniformly spells the name of this celebrated savage warrior, Te-cum-the, with the French mark of the acute accent over the final e, signifying that the latter is to be pronounced with strong emphasis. I have adopted, however, the orthography which is in common use, and which makes the sound of his name as generally pronounced. THOS. WASHINGTON.

NOTE.—Since the above was written, I have seen and conversed with Colonel Moses Ridley, of Rutherford county, on the subject of the attack upon Buchanan's Station. He is a son of the late George Ridley, of this neighborhood, and a brother-in-law of Major John Buchanan, after whom and at whose residence the station was called and situated. Colonel Ridley says that he was between ten and eleven years old when the attack was made, having been born in June, 1782. That he remembers the event perfectly well, and grew up among those who were in the station at the time; that it was a prominent event in the history of the country, and that he has heard its incidents so often narrated, that they have almost become identified with his own existence. Colonel Ridley says that his impression is that his sister's son, George Buchanan (his sister being in the station at the time of the attack), was born from ten to fourteen days after the attack; that, recollecting that fact, he made search for the family Bible of Major John Buchanan, in order to ascertain his son George's age, and found a copy of that part of the Bible where the ages of the children are recorded in the possession of Henry Buchanan, another son of the said Major John Buchanan. According to that copy, which I have seen, George Buchanan was born on the 11th day of October, 1792. And in the same copy the exact date of the attack on Buchanan's Station is given, as being set down among the ages of Major Buchanan's children; and, according to that record, it was the 30th of September, 1792. Colonel Ridley also produced to me a copy, as taken from a copy of said family record kept by Thomas Everett, a son-in-law of Major Buchanan, in which the birth of George Buchanan is set down as having occurred on the 11th day of October, 1792. Colonel Ridley also says that he recollects that the attack was made on a Sunday night, and during the full of the moon, it being a very bright, beautiful moonlight night. Colonel Ridley also states that the original family Bible of Major John Buchanan, after his death, went into the possession of his daughter, Mrs. Jane Goodwin, the mother of the

present keeper of the Nashville jail, from whom it can probably be obtained.

Colonel Ridley also states that some time in August preceding the date of the attack, Findleston, a half-breed Cherokee, and one Joseph Durat, a Frenchman, brought information to Nashville—being, as they stated, direct from the Indian Nation—that the Indians were preparing an expedition against Nashville and the settlements in the neighborhood, and intended to make their attack at the next full moon. Findleston had been about Nashville before as a trader, and was acquainted with a number of the inhabitants; and, in the course of his visits, had conceived an attachment for a white woman named, as he thinks, Black. So the story went; but, at all events, he afterward married her. He left the Indian Nation, as he stated, in company with Durat, under pretense of acting as a spy, in finding out the situation and strength of the defenses about Nashville, and of returning and giving information. Upon the faith of this information, Abraham Castleman (more familiarly called Abe Castleman), a man of great daring and of much experience in Indian warfare and strategy, was sent out as a spy, to discover whether the Indians were approaching. He returned, after having gone as far as some place between the Black Fox's camp and Duck River, and reported that he had seen the trail of a large body of Indians advancing in the direction of Nashville. A meeting of the heads of families in the settlement was called by General Robertson, immediately after the receipt of the above-mentioned information from Findleston and Durat; and the meeting was disinclined to believe the story, and dispersed. Findleston then offered to General Robertson that he might put him in the Nashville jail, and there keep him until after the next full moon, and if the Indians should not then have arrived, he was willing to be shot. The earnestness of Findleston, as thus evinced, was the occasion of Abraham Castleman's being despatched by General Robertson as a spy, as aforesaid. About two hundred men, however, were assembled and encamped at Rain's Spring, and the families had generally moved in from their residences to stations.

One full moon intervened, and the Indians did not arrive. The men in camp and the families in the stations then began to lose confidence in the truth of the information given by Findleston, and also in that of Castleman's report, and they became very anxious to be disbanded, and to return to their homes. General Robertson, for the sake of

greater caution, sent out John Rains and Abraham Kennedy (commonly called Abe Kennedy) in the direction in which Castleman said he had been, for the purpose of seeing what discoveries they could make. Rains and Kennedy were gone a few days and returned, and Rains reported that he had seen plenty of "bear signs," but no "Indian signs," and swore to it, and that he believed Castleman was mistaken. Kennedy refused to be sworn, and therefore the men encamped at Rain's Spring were discharged. Rains returned, as aforesaid, on Thursday, and the next morning—being the Friday next before the attack—the men were discharged. On Sunday morning, the inhabitants being still unsatisfied as to whether Findleston's story might not be substantially true, sent out from Hardeman's Station, after early breakfast, two spies (Gee and Clayton) upon Taylor's old trace, and they advanced as far as a tract of land then owned by Major Buchanan, but now occupied by his son, James B. Buchanan, which is situated on the Jefferson Road and extends across to the present Murfreesboro Turnpike Road, and beyond it; and on said tract of land, near Neill's Spring, where Beverly Nelson now lives, not far from the old Jefferson Road, it being then Taylor's trace, the said spies were met by the advance guard of the Indians, and one of them killed on the spot. The other fled, and was likely to make his escape, when he was called to by the said advance party of Indians, and told that they were friendly, and that his comrade had been killed by the accidental discharge of one of their guns. He was thus induced to stop, and when the Indians came up with him, he also was killed. That night the attack on Buchanan's Station was made. The circumstances relative to the deaths of the said two spies were afterwards learned from George Fields, a Cherokee half-breed, and others, after peace was restored, the said Fields being of said advance party. And the dead bodies of said two spies were found by the party sent from Buchanan's Station in pursuit of the Indians, after their repulse, lying at some distance apart from each other. The Indian force present at said attack was estimated at nine hundred men. The number of men in the station, at the commencement of the attack, was about twenty, some of whose names are appended by Henry Buchanan to the copy herewith presented, taken from Major Buchanan's family Bible; in addition to which, Colonel Ridley states that Major Buchanan himself was also present, and John Gowen, Thomas Kennedy, Wm. Turnbull, Joseph Crabtree, Wm. Crabtree, Moore Cotton, Henry Gleeson and James

Mulherrin. These names do not quite make up the twenty; but Colonel Ridley, at the interview that I had with him, could not recollect the residue. He says that, after the commencement of the attack, a runner was sent to Nashville, and that Anthony Foster, from Nashville, was the first man that entered the fort, he having arrived just as the Indians were retiring, and while yet they were in sight. That John Rains was next, and close after him; but that a number of others went forward, but did not reach the station until after the firing had ceased. He says that the attack commenced about eleven o'clock at night, and that the assault continued about an hour and a half. There were no men killed in the station, and but one slightly wounded by a splinter from some of the timbers of the station. There was a blunderbuss in the station, of which James O'Connor, an Irishman, took charge, and, in the hurry and confusion that prevailed, thought he had discharged the blunderbuss several times, but had not until he had put in three successive loads; that the piece then went off, and knocked O'Connor to the back side of the house, who was thus very much hurt. Colonel Ridley's impression is that there was a small party of Creeks present with the Cherokees on said occasion, and one chief, whose name he does not recollect, but he was killed. He heard of the difference in council between Watts and said chief, and says there was an extinguished firebrand found the next day lying some ten or fifteen feet from the fort, and near where the said chief lay dead; but that it was Major Buchanan's opinion that said brand had not been on fire so recently as the night before. That said chief was the only man that was found dead; but that, from the quantity of blood that was effused round about, there was much more mortality than that. Colonel Ridley presented me with a rough draft of the fort at the time and the approach to it, which is here presented; and says that John McCrory was the man who fired the first gun into the midst of a group of Indians gathered together just at the fort-gate, from the block-house situated nearest the creek; and that Thomas Kennedy fired the next gun into the same group from the house situated opposite while under a cross-fire. That the Indians then retreated to an open cellar of an unfinished house, the foundation of which was just digged out and walled up, situated outside of the station, and scattered about around the the station, and took advantage of the localities afforded by the place.

(Concluded in next Number.)

THE SOLDIER'S WAR-BAG.

Exploit of Colonel J. W. Starnes.—During the early part of the summer of 1862, Captain Unthank, in command of a force of about eighty Federal cavalry, left Murfreesboro, Tenn., on a reconnoisance in the direction of McMinnville. His march was so rapid and secret that he took the place completely by surprise. A scouting party from Colonel Starne's Regiment, in command of a Lieutenant, was lolling about the streets, unsuspicious of the impending danger, and several of their number were captured before they could mount their horses. The Lieutenant set off on foot to make his escape, and succeeded in reaching a corn-field on the outskirts of the place, when, finding himself closely pressed, he threw off his coat, and, seizing a hoe which was luckily at hand, he began to hoe the corn. The pursuers passed along the road in a few paces of him, but, not suspecting his ruse, paid no attention to his presence. They returned in a short time to town, and, after a brief stay, Captain Unthank started on his return to Murfreesboro, leaving some impudent messages with the citizens for Colonel Starnes, who was a few miles off. The fugitive scouts on reaching camp gave such an exaggerated account of the enemy's numbers that Colonel Starnes decided not to make any movement until he obtained more exact information. He thereupon ordered out a strong reconnoitering party, with instructions to ascertain the truth before it returned. A good deal of time was lost in consequence, and the pursuit was delayed for several hours, thereby giving Captain Unthank a decided advantage in the start. Starnes pushed on at a rapid gait, expecting to overtake the enemy at every turn of the road, but it proved to be a stern chase and a long one. Both parties traveled rapidly, the pursuers making no halt at night, and Unthank stopping only once for a short time to feed his horses. The vicinity of Woodbury was reached at daybreak the next morning, and a staked fence, dimly seen through the morning mist, was mistaken for the enemy's line halted to give battle. A charge was ordered at once and executed in gallant style, but the dumb fence gave no response, and was taken without resistance or loss of blood. Beyond this place an orderly sergeant was taken in the act of prowling a house. Some miles beyond a party of seven, probably feeling secure at this stage, had halted and ordered breakfast at a house near the road. They refused to surrender at first to the small party leading the advance, and William Whitworth, of Winchester, who was the foremost to reach the house, killed two of them with his pistol, when the other five surrendered at discretion. The main body was overtaken at Readyville, some twelve miles from Murfreesboro, where it had stopped and ordered the inhabitants to prepare breakfast. Starnes' column charged headlong into the village, and in a brief time the conflict was over. The entire number was taken with the exception of two or three who happened to be on their horses at the far side of the place. Captain Unthank was greatly

chagrined at the result, as he had just been boasting to some ladies at the table of the success of his raid, and regretting that he was unable to bring Starnes to an engagement, when the latter burst in upon him. The Federal loss here was over 70 in prisoners and 1 killed. The man killed fell in a combat with Thompson Wilson, of Fayetteville, Tenn. The pursuit had been pushed, without halting for food or rest, for two nights and a day, but was well rewarded in the end.

Cruelty Resented.—In disputing Sherman's advance from Fayetteville, North Carolina, the First Tennessee Cavalry was extended as skirmishers along a deep ravine, on the opposite side of which the enemy appeared in line of battle in the open field and advancing to cross, The cavalrymen saw their advantage, and firmly held the ground against the odds. The Federals were pushed up to the brink of the ravine, which had precipitous sides, but could not be induced to cross in the face of the murderous fire poured into them from pistols and carbines at the distance of less than thirty paces. They were freely beaten over the head with the sabre by an officer, but to no purpose. This cruelty was resented by Captain Butler, of Company K, who called out to the officer from across the ravine to stop his conduct or he would kill him. The tyrant was too much engrossed to heed the warning, and fell dead soon after under the aim of Butler's pistol.

EDITORIAL.

We are sorry to confess to another delay in the regular issue of the Annals, but hope our friends will accept our assertion that we are doing the best we can, with a subscription list by no means large, and laboring under the farther disadvantage of giving the public a first class magazine at the low price of two dollars per annum. The price is unreasonably low, as a comparison with other publications of this kind will show, and we have been urged by friends to put it at three dollars; but we find such indubitable evidence of its growth into public favor, and, believing that, at its present rates, it will reach a larger circle of readers, and, therefore, accomplish more good, we have decided to make no change now. It is finding its way into libraries at the North and in Europe, and will thus carry our story of the war in the West to the bar of History in the most enlightened centers of the world, where we ask to be heard and are willing to be judged. But we want a better home endorsement in the shape of a more liberal subscription, which will put the Annals beyond the chances of failure. This we believe is foretokened to it in the many letters received daily, showing that this work is taking a deep hold upon



MAP

OF THE

BATTLE-FIELD IN FRONT OF NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE,

DECEMBER 15TH AND 16TH, 1864.

(Compiled from General Thomas' Map and recent reconnoisance by S. W. Steele, Captain Engineers, U. S. A.)

Engraved for the Annals, by Lovell Eastman & Howell N. Ashville, Tenn.

EXPLANATIONS.

C. S. Army, commanded by General J. B. Hood: Lee's Corps, 4,762; Stewart's Corps, 5,221; Cheatham's Corps, 3,467; Artillery, 1,547; Cavalry, 1,706. Total of all arms, 16,697.

United States forces 55,000 strong, commanded by Major General George H. Thomas.

A—Overton's Hill. B—Shy's Hill.

LEE'S CORPS.

1—Brantley's Mississippi Brigade.
2—Clayton's Division.
3—Stevenson's Division.
4—Ed. Johnson's Division.

STEWART'S CORPS.

5—Loring's Division.
6—Walthall's Division.

CHEATHAM'S CORPS.

7—Bate's Division.
8—Lowry's (Cheatham's) Division.
9 Magiveny's Hill.
10 Govan's Brigade.
11—Cheatham's Gap.
12—Cleburne's Division, (Brig.-Gen. Jas. Smith.)

THE

ANNALS OF ARMY OF TENNESSEE

AND EARLY WESTERN HISTORY.

VOL. I. } NASHVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER, 1878. { No. 9.

THE CAMPAIGN IN TENNESSEE.

Official Report of Major-General William B. Bate of the Operations of his Division at Franklin, Murfreesboro and Nashville.

[GENERAL MARCUS J. WRIGHT, now at Washington, who, by arrangement with the War Department, has access to the Confederate States Archives, has placed us under renewed obligations for several (C. S. A.) reports of battles. Among them that of Major-General Wm. B. Bate, of the Operations of his Division in General Hood's Tennessee Campaign in 1864—including the battles of Franklin, Murfreesboro and Nashville. It is known, as a historic fact, that by orders from the Confederate States War Department, reports of subaltern officers of operations of their commands were not, at the time these took place, allowed to be published, but had to be duly forwarded, through regular channels, to the Adjutant-General's Office in Richmond. Soon thereafter Richmond fell into the hands of the Federals and the war terminated—hence many reports during the latter part of the war have never been published. Indeed, it was for a long time understood that they had been destroyed. It seems, however, they were not, but subsequently turned up in Washington. It is only recently, by permission of the War Department, and through the instrumentality of General Marcus J. Wright, that many of them are coming to light. These reports, now being brought to light, will furnish substantial data for the future historian. We have heretofore published several of them, obtained through the same channel, and, in this issue, present, through the columns of the "ANNALS," the one above mentioned of General Bate.

Our readers will find General Bate's report a most valuable and interesting paper. It tells a story of suffering, fortitude and heroic valor that has few parallels in history. One will read with wonder that men suffering with cold, hunger and every other privation, and in the midst of winter, should stand all day behind slight defenses which crumbled at every shot from numerous batteries, and then, in a single rank that was scarce a skirmish line, beat back two

serried lines of the enemy, only succumbing to a third when their flank and rear were exposed and their clubbed muskets knocked from their hands.]

HEADQUARTERS BATE'S DIVISION,
TUPELO, MISSISSIPPI, January 25, 1865.

Major James D. Porter, A. A. G.:

IN obedience to orders from corps headquarters, I have the honor most respectfully to forward this report of the operations of my command in the late Tennessee campaign.

After an absence of two months, I rejoined the Army of Tennessee and took command of my division, near Cedar Town, on the 10th of October, 1864.

During my absence Lewis' Brigade, of my division, had been taken from me and mounted, leaving Jackson's, Tyler's (commanded by Brigadier-General T. B. Smith) and Finley's (commanded by Colonel Robert Bullock) and Cobb's Battalion of Artillery, composed of Slocum's, Beauregard's and Phillip's Batteries. My command moved from that time in conjunction with Cheatham's Corps until the morning of the 13th of October, when I was sent in advance upon the flanks of Dalton to Mill Creek Gap, with instructions to take the block-house in the gap and destroy the railroad. Having approached within three miles, and hearing a locomotive, I sent forward my escort, with a man mounted behind each, to cut the road and prevent the escape of the trains from Dalton. Upon my arrival I found a formidable work, so commanding the gap as to prevent my passing through it. I soon surrounded it with my infantry, and placed my artillery in two hundred yards on a commanding point, and sent forward a flag of truce to demand its surrender. The flag was fired on, killing the horse of Captain Cheney, my Assistant Adjutant General, who bore it. Thinking it done through mistake, I sent another, of which no notice was taken. I then opened my battery—the Fifth Washington Artillery, Lieutenant Shaleron, commanding—with fine effect, and also had the sharpshooters to keep up a fire at the port-holes. The infantry was put to destroying the railroad, except a part of Tyler's Brigade (Shy's Regiment), which was held as an assaulting party in case the block-house could not be taken otherwise. The block-house was constructed of timber and earth. The timber was compact and four feet thick, with the same thickness of earth thrown up for five or six feet on the outside, and covered with the same depth of timber and earth. It had

forty port-holes, so arranged, both on the outer and inner side, as to afford opportunity for firing in almost any direction. A ditch was dug around the outside and filled with water. The assault was to be made at night, and all preparations made for it; but the artillery had fired with such accuracy and fatality late in the evening that, upon demand after dark, it unconditionally surrendered. The garrison consisted of a captain and lieutenant and fifty men, twelve or fifteen of whom had been killed and wounded.

The block-house was burnt next morning, and the destruction of the railroad continued. I moved Caswell's Battalion of Sharpshooters to Tunnel Hill early in the morning, together with a regiment of cavalry (which had that night reported to me for temporary duty), with a view of watching the enemy at that point. They found that it had been evacuated during the night, leaving many stores, both quartermaster and commissary, most of which were secured to the troops of my command; those which could not be transported were burned. The railroad was destroyed nearly to the tunnel, a distance of three miles, when I received orders to rejoin and bring up the rear of the army, taking the Villanow and thence the Lafayette Road. On arriving at the latter place, my command moved in conjunction with Cheatham's Corps, to which it belonged, to Gadsden, Ala., and thence across Sand Mountain to Decatur, Ala., where, on the morning of the 27th of October, I was ordered on the Courtland Road, and, in the evening of the same day, directed by General Cheatham to press my skirmishers as near as practicable to the fort. I pushed up a detachment from each brigade under Major Caswell during the night, and drove the enemy's outposts and skirmishers into the fort, and built skirmish pits on the same plateau with, and within two or three hundred yards of, the fort. My skirmishers were connected on the left by those of Cleburn's Division. The enemy came out early next morning, turning the extreme left of Cleburn's skirmish line, and passed to the rear of the left of mine, capturing twenty-five of my men. As soon as ascertained, General Jackson, with Colonel Mitchell's Regiment (being on the right), retook and held with much promptness and gallantry the pits, with a loss, however, of eight or ten men. In obedience to orders, I moved my command with the corps that evening on the Courtland Road, thence to Tuscumbia, where we remained for two weeks, and crossed the Tennessee River on the 13th of November. Major Cobb having been sent to the hospital on account of indisposition, Captain Beauregard,

by virtue of rank, took command of the battalion of artillery. I left Florence, Ala., on the 21st of November with my command, moving with its corps, *via* Waynesboro and Mount Pleasant, near Columbia, Tenn., and into bivouac on the 26th of November, on the Shelbyville Turnpike. The succeeding day and night was followed with slight skirmishing on the line around Columbia. At daylight on the morning of the 29th I moved to Duck River, four miles above Columbia, and crossed on the pontoon bridge at 7½ o'clock, which was as soon as I could do so, having to wait for General Cleburn's Division, which had the advance. I moved that day in rear of that division to the neighborhood of Spring Hill, a distance of twelve miles. After moving rapidly for several miles and wading the creek, I deployed my division in line of battle, in obedience to orders from General Cheatham to form and move on Cleburn's left—Jackson on the right, and Smith in echelon on the left of front line; Colonel R. Bullock (commanding the Florida Brigade) supporting the left. Not seeing General Cheatham at the moment of forming my line of battle, General Hood, who was personally present, directed me to move to the turnpike and sweep toward Columbia. General Cleburn, being in advance, formed and moved forward before it was possible for me to do so, and "changed front" without stopping and without my knowing the fact, owing to intervening hills obstructing the view. As soon as ascertained, I conformed to the movement as well as I could, and pushed forward in the direction of the enemy, who held the turnpike. It was now getting dark, and I had moved more than a mile in line of battle. Cleburn had been engaged, with what success I did not know. Procuring a guide, learning the exact locality of the enemy, and the general direction of the turnpike, I "changed direction to the right" again, and was moving so as to strike the turnpike to the right of Major Nat. Cheairs' residence, which I believed would bring me near Cleburn's left. Caswell's Battalion of Sharpshooters, deployed as skirmishers, was in a hundred yards of and commanded the turnpike, checking the enemy's movement along it in my front; and my lines were being adjusted for a further forward movement, when I received an order, through Lieutenant Schell, from General Cheatham, to halt and join my right to General Cleburn's left. My main line was in two hundred yards of the turnpike, when Major Caswell's Battalion fired into the enemy on the pike. He (the enemy) veered to his left, as I subseqently ascertained, and took a road leaving the pike near Dr.

McKissick's. I obeyed the order of General Cheatham, and, with delay and difficulty (it being in the night and near the enemy), I ascertained the left of Cleburn's line, which had retired some distance to the rear of my right. I made known to General Cheatham the fact of the enemy threatening my left, and called for force to protect it. My left brigade was retired to confront any movement from that direction, and during the night, perhaps 10 o'clock, General Johnson's Division, of Lee's Corps, was moved to my left. My command was so disposed as to be an extension of Cleburn's line, with its left retired. I bivouaced between 9 and 10 o'clock for the night.

At daylight there was no enemy in my front. Early in the morning of the 30th of November I was ordered to follow Cleburne, and bring up the rear of Cheatham's Corps. In pursuance thereof I moved down the Franklin Turnpike to the rear of Winston's Hill, three miles from Franklin, where our forces were being deployed and lines formed. About 3 o'clock in the evening I was ordered by General Cheatham to move my command by the left flank, pass a gap in the ridge to the left, circle around a mound which rose in the plain below, and move toward the Carter Creek Turnpike until, in direct advance on the town of Franklin, my left would strike the house of Mrs. Rebecca Bostick. I lost no time in starting, and moved rapidly. This gave me the arc, while the divisions on my right moved on the chord of the circle. I was informed that General Chalmer's Cavalry was ordered to form and advance, in conjunction with me, on my left. My line was formed, with Jackson's Brigade and Tyler's (commanded by Brigadier-General T. B. Smith) in the front—the former on the right, and Finley's Brigade (commanded by Colonel Robert Bullock) supporting. Major Caswell had charge of the skirmish line in front. With these dispositions I moved forward, through the open plain, in good order. My skirmish line drove back that of the enemy, which was located on a line with Mrs. Bostick's house. The center of my line swept by this house; my left, which I had extended, reaching near the Carter Creek Turnpike. The line moved steadily on, not waiting for the cavalry, driving the enemy from his outer works, which covered the right, but not the left of my line. The cavalry (dismounted) not touching my left, nor being on a line with it, exposed that flank to a furious fire. I moved the Florida Brigade to the left and advanced it, two regiments extending beyond the left of the turnpike. My line, now a single one without support, charged the works of the enemy; my right (Jackson's

Brigade) got to the works (the second line), and remained there until morning. The left was driven back. The enemy's works were strong and defiant, constructed on a slight elevation, with few obstructions in front for several hundred yards. The works to the left of Carter Creek Turnpike were not strong, and, with a vigorous assault, should have been carried—a fact, however, not known until next day. A battery was located just to the right of this turnpike, which kept up a fire until late at night. The left of my line was reformed on the branch, between the works of the enemy and Mrs. Bostick's house, but not in sufficient numbers to justify another effort to carry the works, as the command on my left had not come up. A battery, under the conduct of Colonel Pressman, participated most gallantly in the fight, first occupying a position near the house of Mrs. Bostick, and then was run up the turnpike close to the enemy's works, and engaged that battery of the enemy on our immediate front. Many of our men, who had gone into the interior works, held their position until morning, when the enemy had evacuated the town. General Ed. Johnson's Division came in my rear just after dark, passing over that part of my line which had been reformed near the branch, fronting Mrs. Bostick's.

My loss in this engagement was 47 killed, 253 wounded, and 19 missing. Among the killed was Colonel Smith, of the First Confederate Regiment, Jackson's Brigade, who fell most gallantly while putting his regiment into the interior works of the enemy. Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton was badly wounded while pressing forward in handsome style. Lieutenant-Colonel Badger, commanding First and Fourth Florida Regiments, was wounded three times before he left the field. Captain Carter, on staff duty with Tyler's Brigade, fell mortally wounded near the works of the enemy, and almost at the door of his father's house. His gallantry I witnessed with much pride, as I had done on other fields, and here take pleasure in mentioning it especially.

Operations Around Murfreesboro.

COLONEL:—I have the honor most respectfully to submit the following report of the operations of my command near Murfreesboro on the 4th of December, 1864. On the morning of the 2nd of December, as my command was moving from Franklin, Tenn., in the direction of Nashville, I received the following order, made official and inclosed to me by Major-General Cheatham, commanding corps:

HEADQUARTERS, NEAR FRANKLIN,
December 2, 1864—7 A.M.

General Hood directs that you will send Bate's Division, with one battery of artillery, over to Murfreesboro, and direct them to destroy the railroad from Murfreesboro to Nashville—burning all the bridges, and taking the block-houses and burning them. A. P. MASON,
Colonel and Assistant Adjutant General.

Colonel B. J. Hill, who had about one hundred and fifty cavalry, was ordered to co-operate with me. My command consisted of Jackson's, Tyler's (commanded by Brigadier-General T. B. Smith) and Finley's Brigades (commanded by Colonel Robert Bullock) and Slocum's Battery (commanded by Lieutenant Shaleron), all not exceeding in number sixteen hundred men. I moved my command on the direct road from Franklin to Triune; thence on the Nolensville Turnpike to the most practicable road leading across the country to the terminus of the Wilkinson Turnpike, some seven miles from Murfreesboro. I learned here that Murfreesboro, instead of being evacuated as was supposed, and as the nature of my orders led me to believe, was occupied by a strong force, estimated at from six to ten thousand, commanded by Major-General Rousseau, which fact I reported to army headquarters on the morning of the 4th. I received that night the following communication from General Hood:

HEADQUARTERS, OVERTON'S HOUSE,
SIX MILES FROM NASHVILLE, December 2, 1864.

GENERAL:—General Hood directs me to say that citizens report some five thousand Yankees at Murfreesboro. General Forrest will send some of his cavalry to assist you. You must act according to your judgment under the circumstances, keeping in view the object of your expedition, viz: to destroy the railroad. This report is sent you for what it is worth.

Yours, respectfully, A. P. MASON,
Colonel and Assistant Adjutant-General.

MAJOR-GENERAL BATE.

At 7 A.M. I moved my command by the left flank diagonally across the country from the Wilkinson to the Nashville and Murfreesboro Turnpike, striking the latter on the Nashville side of Overall's Creek, five and a half miles from Murfreesboro.

The object of going to Overall's Creek was to get between the enemy

and Nashville, that I might not be cut off by his superior force, and, if pressed, could fall back to the main army. It also put me in position to execute the order which I was cautioned by General Hood to keep in view, viz: to "destroy the railroad." This position also made my force a protection to the right wing of the army.

Colonel Hill's command was ordered to close in as near as possible, and demonstrate on the Salem and Wilkinson turnpikes, and to keep me posted by scouting on my flanks and front.

I here drove in the enemy's scouts, and placed three regiments of the Florida Brigade, commanded by Colonel Robert Bullock (the Sixth Florida being detached, under Colonel Kenan, guarding the wagon train), near the bank of the creek in observation, and to protect Shaleron's Battery, should occasion require, which was ordered to open on the block-house, just across the creek, guarding the railroad bridge. Tyler's Brigade (General T. B. Smith commanding) was held in reserve; Jackson's was immediately put to destroying the railroad. About noon the enemy appeared on the opposite side of the creek, but was dispersed two or three times by a few well-directed shots from the artillery. He returned in the evening, reinforced by infantry and artillery. He moved a skirmish line down near the creek, as if to prevent our crossing, and about sundown turned my left flank with his cavalry and charged my battery. It was anticipated, however, and Tyler's Brigade brought to its support in time to repulse it, in conjunction with the battery, which fired double charges into his lines not fifty yards distant, scattering them in all directions and securing fifteen or twenty of their horses.

Meanwhile, the infantry attacked the three regiments of the Florida Brigade with vastly superior numbers, wounding Colonel Bullock and driving his command back from the creek. Jackson's Brigade was promptly thrown forward to meet this advance, and with one volley repulsed and drove his infantry across the creek. I threw out skirmishers to the bank of the creek and held the field. Slocum's Battery, under command of Lieutenant Shaleron, acted with conspicuous and most effective gallantry. Colonel Ed. Dillon reported with the quadron of cavalry just before night—too late to take part in the ght. I certainly did not suppose this was all the support I was to get om General Forrest, mentioned in the before quoted order. I ordered olonel Dillon to relieve the infantry pickets at 10 o'clock, at which our I withdrew my infantry and artillery across Stewart's Creek,

fearing the enemy might get on my flank or rear, with his superior numbers, during the night, and also that I might begin operations on the road early next morning.

In the fight, my losses were 15 killed, 59 wounded (Colonel Bullock, commanding the Florida Brigade, among the latter) and 13 missing. I have every reason to believe that the losses of the enemy were much greater. We buried some of his dead which he left when driven from the field.

Early on the morning of the 5th dispositions were made to take the block-houses at Stewart's Creek, Read's Branch and Smyrna, which, as we moved upon them, the enemy precipitately evacuated. Each of these was burned, after removing the stores, also the bridges they were intended to guard, and several miles of the railroad destroyed.

While these operations were going on, General Forrest arrived with two divisions of cavalry, followed by two infantry brigades (Sears's, of French's, and Palmer's, of Stevenson's, Divisions), with artillery, and, by virtue of rank, assumed command of the forces near Murfreesboro. The order to keep in view the object of my mission—viz: "to destroy the railroad"—seemed to be revoked, and offensive operations against Murfreesboro assumed, which did not accord with my judgement, as I was satisfied there were eight or ten thousand Federals within, strongly fortified, and with a large amount of artillery in position—not deeming it prudent to attack such works manned with twice our numbers. I, however, readily gave cheerful co-operation. By command of General Forrest, I ceased operations on the railroad and moved back toward Murfreesboro.

On the 6th I closed in my lines and pressed forward skirmishers as near to the works around Murfreesboro as practicable, in doing which I lost 16 men from Caswell's Battalion of Sharpshooters. I dug pits for skirmishers and built defences for my main line. I was ordered by General Forrest to move my entire command at daylight on the 7th to the Wilkinson, and my wagon train to the Salem Turnpike, which was done. My command was ordered to be an extension of the right of Colonel Palmer's Brigade, which occupied a hill fronting the fort and works of the enemy located on the west bank of Stone's River. While the order was being executed, the enemy was observed to be moving a force across Stone's River above the town of Murfreesboro and down the Salem Turnpike. At this juncture I was ordered by General Forrest to make dispositions to move, in conjunction with

Colonel Palmer, on the works of the enemy, which, however, was revoked, by ordering me to take charge of the infantry and put it into position near where the Wilkinson Turnpike crosses Overall's Creek, which I proceeded to do under the personal direction of General Forrest. The main line was established on the southwest side of the turnpike, diagonally to, but not crossing it at any point, with the right toward the creek, in the following order by brigades, beginning on the right: Sears's, Palmer's, Finley's. Jackson's and Tyler's Brigades were placed by me in reserve across the turnpike from main line. Temporary works were constructed of rails and logs. The artillery was placed at the most eligible and advantageous points. While temporary works were being built of rails and logs, the enemy presented himself in our front, but was speedily driven out of view by our artillery. I was ordered by General Forrest to put my entire command in the main line. Jackson was then ordered to the left of Finley's Brigade; Sears brought from the right to the left in prolongation of and retiring the main line toward the turnpike. The enemy soon presented himself again, turning our left flank and advancing diagonally to it. General Forrest ordered the whole line by the left flank. The extent of the enemy's line was not visible. Sears leading and Jackson following, under my order, moved too far to the left. The Florida and Palmer's Brigades were halted in the temporary works just vacated by these two. Smith was immediately brought in between them at right angles with the turnpike and in full front of the enemy, who was in two hundred yards, driving in our skirmishers—the cavalry on the left having fallen back with but slight resistance. The time of the reappearance of the enemy, emerging from the woods, when he was thought to have retired to Murfreesboro (no information being received by me from the cavalry in my front), did not admit of sufficient time to adjust the line before he was upon us; hence there was a space of perhaps seventy-five or a hundred yards between Smith's right and Finley's left. Jackson and Sears were immediately ordered to move under the conduct of a staff officer (Major Shoeff) by the right flank and align on Smith's left, who was now engaged with the main line of the enemy. The enemy's line came diagonally from the left and struck Finley's and Palmer's Brigades, crumbling and driving them from the temporary works. Meanwhile, Smith's (Tyler's) and the right of Jackson's Brigade, which was getting in position, drove back, in gallant style, the right of the enemy's line, which confronted them. I did not

again see the Florida and Palmer's, nor Sears's Brigades, until night, they being under the immediate conduct of General Forrest. I remained in person with Smith's and Jackson's Brigades. The enemy occupied the line vacated by Finley's and Palmer's Brigades on Smith's flank, but did not push up vigorously.

I "changed front to rear" on my left battalion, and formed line in the woods parallel to and near the turnpike, where I remained, without molestation, until ordered by General Forrest to move across the creek and join him (who was then with cavalry, artillery and Sears's, Palmer's and Finley's Brigades), which I did leisurely, moving off the two remaining brigades by the flank. If the cavalry on either flank was seriously engaged I was not aware of it. In this day's fight there were 19 killed, 73 wounded and 122 missing. Among the former was Lieutenant-Colonel Billopps (Georgia Regiment), who fell gallantly at his post. I have to regret the loss of two of the guns of that gallant battery (Slocum's) commanded by Lieutenant Shaleron. The horses being killed, they could not be brought off.

After crossing the creek, about sundown, Smith's Brigade was placed in position to resist, in case of pursuit, and brought up the rear in good order to the bivouac on the Nashville Turnpike. Next day we engaged again in the destruction of the railroad, but little progress was made in consequence of the extremely bad weather. The snow fell rapidly, and the ground was freezing. In consequence of the recent marches, many of the men were barefooted (all were shod, however, when we left Florence). I pressed every pair of shoes that could be found for them, and, in many instances, the citizens gave them second-hand shoes, which but partially supplied the demand. The country afforded us superabundance of rations. While in this neighborhood, I put in operation several mills for the use of the army.

Major-General Forrest gave me an intimation of a probable attack on the main army in front of Nashville, and directed that I be ready to move at short notice. I soon thereafter received an order to move to the right flank of the Army of Tennessee, held by General Cheatham, to take part in the anticipated operations there.

The sleet and severe freezes had made the surface of the earth a sheet of ice. Nearly one-fourth of the men were still barefooted, yet plodded "their weary way" under these adverse circumstances (many with bleeding feet), and arrived in good time to the positions assigned in Cheatham's Corps. This was contiguous to and on the

left of the Nolensville Turnpike, at a point known as Rains's Hill. I remained here in the intrenched line, with the men uncomfortable from the extreme cold and the scarcity of wood, until the evening of the 15th, when I was ordered by General Cheatham to move to the left where the fighting was going on, and, should he not be there, to report to General Hood. When I passed the Franklin Turnpike streams of stragglers and artillerists and horses without guns or caissons—the sure indications of defeat—came hurriedly from the left. I formed my division for battle at once, its right resting near the turnpike, and communicated the situation to General Cheatham, who, meantime, had come up. It was nearly dark. I received an order from General Hood to move straight forward and take a skirt of woods beyond the field in the rear of which I had formed my line, and near which the firing was going on. I did so, and made known that fact to my corps commander and awaited orders.

The firing had now slackened. About 8 o'clock, Major-General Cheatham came to me and took me with him to find the line I was to occupy. He informed me that he was directed by the general commanding to "extend a line of battle from the apex of the hill (now known as Shy's Hill) occupied by Ector's Brigade in the direction of Mrs. Bradford's house on the Granny White Turnpike, so that a prolongation of the same would strike the line then occupied by General Stewart." We went together and found General Sharp's Brigade on left of that corps, in the rear of Mrs. Bradford's house, somewhat parallel to the turnpike, its right resting near the woods in which we were informed the balance of that corps was. A fire was kindled by General Cheatham's order, to indicate the direction of my line from the given point on the left. I moved my command in the position indicated, but with much delay, attributable to the darkness of the night and marshy fields through which I had to pass. The artillery I was unable to get up. The field intervening the turnpike and my position was impassable to artillery. The earth had thawed, and the cultivated low ground was an obstruction through which even the ambulances could not pass with success. Hence the artillery was left in the rear for the night. Having a personal interview with Colonel Coleman, commanding Ector's Brigade, and agreeing upon the point where the right of his line rested, I adjusted mine, as ordered, between that and the point designated on General Sharp's line, taking such advantage of the ground in the exact locality as I could in the night. My left then rested near

the crown on that slope of the hill facing the turnpike, and my right in the cornfield, advanced toward Nashville; hence not quite at right angles with the turnpike. Seeing that my line at its junction with Coleman's made a *right angle*, and the enemy already immediately under the brow of the hill, annoying me with sharpshooters within one hundred yards, and my right unconnected with any one, I went in person to my corps commander and *remonstrated as to the position of my line*. He informed me "*he was not authorized to change it*, and that General Stewart was to connect with my right." I at once put the men to making defences with such tools as I had. They worked with alacrity the balance of the night (nearly all the while under my immediate supervision), and constructed works along my entire front impervious to ordinary shots. Daylight revealed the fact that Stewart's Corps had been moved back several hundred yards from the point toward which I was directed to extend my right. His two left divisions were retired in echelon from my right, Walthall's on the same side of the turnpike with me, and Loring's behind the rock wall on the opposite side of the turnpike, in echelon to him. Ector's Brigade was on my left, occupying that side of the "angle." It was prolonged in same direction by Lowry's (Cheatham's) Division. My line was formed with Jackson's Brigade on the right, then Finley's and Tyler's in succession, with no support. The hill on which my left rested was confronted by a similar one within four hundred yards, and an open field in the intervening valley. On this hill the enemy had planted several rifle pieces during the night. There was a deflexion on the left of this, and then a series of hills, occupied by the enemy, extending to its left and culminating opposite Lowry's left in an irregular range and greater altitude than those held by us, surmounted here and there by a commanding peak. This range of hills, from the point where Lowry's left rested, extended at right angles across the Granny White Turnpike, almost parallel to and in rear of my line of battle, a distance of not more than six hundred yards, with open fields between. At daylight, I found a road skirting the inner border of the hills on my left, over which artillery could pass, but not without difficulty. I ordered Captain Beauregard to send a section of howitzers and place them upon a small plateau making out from the declivity of the hill just in rear of Finley's Brigade, from which they could sweep the front of my right and the entire line of General Walthall. A desultory fire by sharpshooters was kept up during the night and morning until about

8 o'clock, when the enemy began to deploy additional masses, advancing his lines into the woods held by Stewart's Corps the night previous, where he soon planted batteries. He made a feeble charge along my front, and was quickly repulsed. About this time, Ector's Brigade was taken out of the line and put in reserve, and I was ordered to extend to the left. This not only gave me an additional ground to occupy, but necessarily thinned my lines, as I had no reserves. The line established by Ector's Brigade had been located in the darkness of the night, and was, unfortunately, placed back from the brow of the hill, not giving a view and range on the front of more than from five to twenty yards, and the curvature of the hill, as well as the gradual recession of the lines from the "angle," forbid any flank fire, giving protection to the front of the "angle." The works were flimsey—only intended to protect against small arms, and had no abatis or other obstruction to impede the movements of an assaulting party. From the hour this became a part of my line, it was impossible to remedy it. The constant fire of sharpshooters from the neighboring hills made it fatal to attempt to work in front. To advance my line and attack the enemy was the only way to relieve the situation, and to do that was to attack a re-entering angle of breastworks, which, of course, could not be done unless the whole line moved. The enemy opened a most terrific fire of artillery, and kept it up during the day. In the afternoon, he planted a battery in the woods in the rear of Mrs. Bradford's house, and fired directly across both lines composing the angle—threw shells directly in the back of my left brigade; also placed a battery on a hill, diagonally to my left, which took my first brigade in reverse. The batteries on the hill in its front, not more than three hundred yards distant, had borne the concentrated fire of my Whitworth rifles all day; must have suffered heavily, but were not silenced. These rifle guns of the enemy being so close, razed the works on the left of the angle for fifty or sixty yards. Ector's Brigade was withdrawn from its supporting position in rear of the angle, and left me without any support whatever—at which transfer I remonstrated. The enemy was in two lines in my front, and in the afternoon moved by his right flank from direction of the Granny White Turnpike, and massed, by advancing a skirmish line at a time, under the brow of the hill, near the angle. I made this known to General Cheatham by a staff officer (Lieutenant Rogan), and asked for reinforcements. The general informed me that he had nothing

that could possibly be spared, and desired me to extend still farther to the left, as he had to withdraw strength from his front to protect his left, which had been turned. About this time, the brigade on the extreme left (Govan's, I understood) was driven back down the hill into the field in my rear, and the balls of the enemy were fired into the backs of, killing and wounding my men. The lines on the left (as you go into Nashville) of the Granny White Pike at this junction, *were the three sides of a square*—the enemy shooting across the two parallel lines. My men were falling fast. I saw and fully appreciated the emergency, and passed in person along the trenches in the angle built by Ector's Brigade, where I had placed troops who I knew to be unsurpassed for gallantry and endurance, and encouraged them to maintain their places. The men saw the brigade on the left give way and the enemy take their place on the hills in their rear, yet they stood firm and received the *fire from three directions* with coolness and courage.

Anticipating a disaster, I ordered Captain Beauregard, who commanded my artillery, to move his battalion back to the Franklin Turnpike, as the enemy already had the Granny White Pike in our rear, which was my channel for escape, as per order in the forenoon. About 4 o'clock P. M. the enemy with heavy force assaulted the line near the "angle," and carried it at that point where Ector's Brigade had built the light works, which were back from the brow of the hill and without obstructions; not, however, until the gallant and obstinate Colonel Shy and nearly half of his brave men had fallen, together with the largest part of the three right companies of the Thirty-seventh Georgia, which regiment constituted my extreme left. When the breach was made, this command—the consolidated fragments of the Second, Tenth, Fifteenth, Twentieth, Thirtieth and Thirty-seventh Tennessee Regiments—still contested the ground, under Major Lucas (Brigadier-General T. B. Smith being captured); and finally, when overwhelming numbers pressed them back, only sixty-five of the command escaped—not as a command, but individuals. The command was nearly annihilated, as the official reports of casualties show.

Whether the yielding of gallant and well-tried troops to *such pressure* is reprehensible or not, is for a brave and generous country to decide. The breach once made, the lines lifted from either side, as far as I could see, almost instantly, and fled in confusion. Two regiments—the Twenty-ninth and Thirtieth Georgia, then my extreme right, com-

manded by Colonel Mitchell (Jackson's Brigade), and adjoining Walthall's Division—did not "break," but remained fighting until surrounded, and then formally surrendered (General Jackson being personally with them). The section of artillery under Lieutenant Alston was turned on the enemy and fired, after being completely flanked and our lines vanishing. I mention it in compliment to this gallant lieutenant.

I first sought to rally the men and form line in the wooded bottom in rear of Strahl's Brigade, Lowry's right, but found it yielding to the example on its right (there being no pressure of consequence either on its front or that of my extreme left), and hence it was impossible to do so. I was then directed by General Cheatham to form a line at Lee's house, on opposite side of Granny White Turnpike, but found, on getting there, that our lines on that flank had also given way, and the enemy already commanding it with his small arms. The men then, one by one, climbed over the rugged hills in our rear, and passed down a short valley which debouched into the Franklin Turnpike. The whole army on this thoroughfare seemed to be one heterogeneous mass, and moving back without organization or government. Strenuous efforts were made by officers of all grades to rally and form line of battle, but in vain. The disorganized masses swept in confusion down the Franklin Turnpike, amidst the approaching darkness and drenching rain, until beyond Brentwood, when the fragments of commands were in some measure united and bivouaced in groups for the night. At daylight I moved my command across Harpeth River, through Franklin to Spring Hill, and next day crossed Rutherford's Creek, formed line of battle and bivouaced for the night. The enemy's advance appearing on the morning of the 19th, slight skirmishing ensued. I retired with my command, in conjunction with Cheatham's Corps, across Duck River, at Columbia, that evening. My division moved, without separation from its corps, and crossed the Tennessee River, at Bainbridge, on the evening of the 25th of December.

To my senior brigade commander, General H. R. Jackson, I am especially indebted, not only for the prompt and willing execution of orders, but for many practical suggestions, based upon his enlarged experience, for his conspicuous gallantry and resistless energy. General T. B. Smith, commanding Tyler's Brigade, and Colonel Robert Bullock (Finley's) bore themselves with heroic courage both through good and evil fortune, always executing orders with zeal and alacrity,

and bearing themselves in the face of the enemy as became reputations which each had heretofore bravely won. The latter was severely wounded on December 4th, near Murfreesboro, and was succeeded by Major Lash, whose coolness and gallantry was marked. He, together with Brigadier-Generals Jackson and Smith, the two brigadiers, was captured at Nashville, and are yet in prison. Major Ball having arrived, and being ranking officer in Finley's Brigade, assumed command and conducted it at Nashville. Captain Beauregard, commanding my artillery, showed merit beyond his years, managed the battalion not only to my satisfaction, but to the good of the service and to his own credit.

I take pleasure in making my acknowledgements, for their promptness and gallantry, to Major Arthur Shoeff, my Inspector; Captain H. J. Cheney, my Assistant Adjutant General; Lieutenants R. B. McClure, John B. Pirtle and Charles B. Rogan, of my personal Staff, and Captain W. H. Rhea, Paymaster of my division, who participated with us in the fight without obligation to do so. Also to Lieutenant McGruder, my Ordinance Officer. I am also much indebted to my Chief Surgeon, Dr. McDowell, for his skill and unwearying application to his delicate trust; to Major John S. Brown, Commissary, for his success in getting up and distributing supplies under most embarrassing circumstances; and Major E. P. Tyree, Quartermaster, for his promptness, vigilance and success in managing his department, without loss, during the long march and hazardous retreat, of either wagons or supplies.

My Escort Company, under Captain J. N. Buck and Lieutenant J. A. Henderson, merits my especial commendation for gallantry upon the field, and the faithful and cheerful performance of all duty devolving upon them. My excellent Pioneer Company, under Lieutenant Reddick, labored day and night without murmur, for which they will receive my thanks. My Provost Guard was most efficiently managed by Captain Matt. Doyle, for which I am under obligations. My squad of Sharpshooters (with Whitworth rifles), under Lieutenant A. B. Schell, behaved with marked gallantry on every occasion when brought into requisition.

In this report, I have dealt more in particulars for the reason there are no reports from brigade commanders, all three of whom having been captured.

I reserve to myself the privilege of making such corrections as

would appear right and proper when I subsequently have the opportunity to examine their reports.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

WM. B. BATE,
Major-General Commanding.

THE BATTLE OF MURFREESBORO.

Official Report of Lieutenant-General W. J. Hardee.

HEADQUARTERS HARDEE'S CORPS,
TULLAHOMA, TENN., February 28, 1863.

Colonel:

AFTER the campaign in Kentucky, our forces were collected at Murfreesboro, while the enemy gradually concentrated an army, reported seventy thousand strong, around Nashville. Every preparation that forecast could suggest was made by them to crush our army and obtain possession of Central Tennessee. For nearly two months there was apparent inaction, interrupted only by skirmishes, raids, and a successful affair at Hartsville.

The enemy occupied Nashville, their right extending toward Franklin and their left toward Lebanon. Our center was at Murfreesboro, under Lieutenant-General Polk; our right at Readyville, under Major General McCown; and our left at Triune and Eagleville. Such was the situation of the armies when information was received on the 26th of December that General Rosecranz was advancing with sixty thousand men from Nashville against Murfreesboro. The first demonstration was made against Triune by an advance of the enemy on the Shelbyville Turnpike. Cleburne's Division and Adams's Brigade, under my immediate command, were posted in that vicinity.

The Commanding General having decided to accept battle and to defend Murfreesboro, I withdrew my command the succeeding day by his orders, leaving Woods's Brigade and Wharton's Cavalry to skirmish with the enemy near Triune. This was done boldly and successfully, and they rejoined the command on the 28th at Murfreesboro. My corps consisted of Breckenridge's and Cleburne's Divisions, each of four brigades, and Wheeler's Brigade of Cavalry.

Murfreesboro is situated thirty miles southeast of Nashville, in a fertile, gently undulating and highly cultivated country, in the midst of the great plain that stretches from the base of the Cumberland Mountains toward Nashville. The Chattanooga Railroad, the chief line of communication from Tennessee to the South Atlantic States, passes through it, and numerous excellent turnpikes radiate from it in every direction. Stone's River flows about two miles west of the town, through low banks of limestone, steep and, in some places, difficult to pass, and gradually trends to the north as a tributary of the Cumberland. At the time, the stream could everywhere be passed without difficulty by infantry, and at the usual fords was not more than ankle deep; but heavy rains in a few hours swell it to an impassable torrent, and it subsides as rapidly. The road to Lebanon passes nearly due north from Murfreesboro; that to Triune nearly west; that to Salem a little south of west; and the Nashville Turnpike northwest, crossing Stone's River about two hundred yards above the turnpike ford. At four or five hundred yards beyond this, it intersects the Nashville Turnpike at a very acute angle, running between it and the river for about seven hundred yards, where the stream turns to the east by a sharp bend, and then resumes its northern course.

The field of battle offered no peculiar advantages for defense. The open fields beyond the town are fringed with dense cedar brakes, offering excellent shelter for approaching infantry, and are almost impervious to artillery. The country on every side is entirely open, and was accessible to the enemy.

On Sunday morning, the 28th of December, the troops were moved into line of battle. The river separated our right from the left. By order of the Commanding General, the space between the Lebanon Road and the ford on the Nashville Road, making the right of the army, was occupied by my corps. I arranged my troops in two lines—Breckenridge's Division forming the first line and Cleburne's the second. The former was arranged with Adams's Brigade resting on the Lebanon Road, about a mile and a half from town. The line was broken by an intervening field about three hundred yards wide, which was left apparently unoccupied, but was covered by the Twentieth Tennessee and Wright's Battery, of Preston's Brigade, which swept it and the fields in front. The remainder of Preston's Brigade rested with its right in the woods, and extended along the margin of the grove with its left toward the river. Palmer's and Hanson's Brig-

ades completed the line, with the left of Hanson's resting near the ford. Cleburne's Division was posted eight hundred yards in rear of and parallel to that of Breckenridge. Polk's Corps extended beyond the river, with its right near the stream, and about two hundred yards in advance of my left. Withers' Division formed the front line of this corps, and Cheatham the second, while McCown's Division was held in reserve near the town.

No movement of importance occurred until Monday evening. It was deemed necessary to hold a hill situated about six hundred yards in advance of Hanson's Brigade, as it commanded the sloping hillsides toward the river in front, and from it the right of General Polk's line could be enfiladed. In the evening the enemy attempted to take this position, but was vigorously repulsed by a portion of Hanson's Brigade, and the hill was occupied by our batteries.

During Monday night the cavalry of Brigadier-General Wheeler, attached to my corps, was moved from our right by a circuitous route through Jefferson and Lavergne against the communication of the enemy. After making the entire circuit of the enemy's lines, this daring officer, having inflicted severe injury by the destruction of several hundred wagons and many small arms, and by the capture of several hundred prisoners, returned, through Nolensville and Triune, to Murfreesboro.

The next day (Tuesday, the 30th) heavy skirmishing took place on our left, between the right of the enemy and the command of Lieutenant-General Polk. In the afternoon of that day I received instructions from the Commanding General to proceed to the left, to take command of McCown's Division, to place it in position, and to move Cleburne's Division from our extreme right in the same direction. The order was communicated to Cleburne, and I proceeded at once to the left. I found McCown's Division, consisting of three brigades, in two lines—Ector's and Rains's Brigades in the first, and McNair's in the second line, with Rains's Brigade so situated as to be enfiladed by a battery from the enemy. Orders were given to rectify the position of Rains, and to place McNair in the first line. Cleburne's Division was brought forward and placed five hundred yards in rear of McCown as a second line. During the night, the Commanding General having determined to attack the enemy on our left, Brigadier-General Wharton was ordered to report to me, and I was instructed, with the two divisions already mentioned and Wharton's Cavalry, to commence the attack at dawn the next morning.

The new position which my command now occupied is embraced in the angle between the Salem Turnpike and the Triune Road. About half a mile from Murfreesboro, on the Nashville Road, the Wilkerson Turnpike diverges to the left, passing nearly equidistant between it and he Triune Road. Each of these three roads crosses Stone's River about a mile and a half west of the town. The river makes a bend in the shape of a horse-shoe to the west, and the roads cross at the bases of the bends. The enemy's right was about three-quarters of a mile beyond the river, with their line south of the Triune Road, and extending almost northwardly toward the Nolensville Pike and the Nashville Road. The force under my immediate command Wednesday morning was 10,045 infantry and artillery, under McCown and Cleburne, and 2,000 cavalry, under Wharton. I ordered Wharton to make a *detour* of the enemy's right, and to fall upon their flank and rear, while the infantry and artillery moved upon them in front. He dashed forward at a gallop at daybreak, and soon reached the Wilkerson Turnpike, two miles and a half in the rear. With Colonel Cox's command he charged with great impetuosity, and took prisoners the Seventy-fifth Illinois Regiment. Captain Christian, of the Texas Rangers, with four companies, at the same time charged and took a complete battery of the enemy, with all its guns, caisons, horses and artillerists. By these dashes 1500 prisoners fell into our hands. Wharton afterwards swept around towards the Nashville Turnpike, and found the enemy's cavalry in position to defend their menaced trains. Harrison, Ashby and Hardie were ordered to charge. This was met by a counter charge of the enemy—supposed to be the Fourth Regular Cavalry—which was routed in confusion. The entire cavalry force of the enemy was deployed beyond this point. Wharton's entire Brigade was now ordered to charge. Two thousand horsemen dashed forward to the assault. The field was favorable, the charge irresistible, the conflict short. The enemy fled in wild dismay two miles beyond Overall's Creek, leaving in our hands several hundred wagons, four hundred additional prisoners and several pieces of artillery. The conduct of Wharton's Brigade cannot be too highly commended. After a day of brilliant achievements, he covered the left of our infantry at night.

Major-General McCown having failed to get McNair's Brigade on the line of battle Tuesday night, as directed by me,* the brigade was

*General McCown's explanation of this was afterwards forwarded to be annexed to his official report.

moved into position early next morning, and McCown advanced with his division against the enemy about six hundred yards distant, with McNair on the right of Ector, and with Rains's Brigade on the left. The Division of Major-General Cleburne was about five hundred yards in the rear of McCown, as a second line. The two divisions were posted on the left of Lieutenant-General Polk's command. The troops advanced with animation, and soon became hotly engaged. The enemy were broken, and driven through a cedar brake, after a rapid and successful charge by McCown's command, in which Brigadier-General Willich and many prisoners were taken. A signal instance of courage was shown by Captain J. C. Burks, of the Eleventh Texas, who, seeing a Federal flag-bearer endeavoring to rally his regiment, sprang forward, seized the standard, and in the struggle, both were shot down waving their flags with their last breath. The Federal flag was captured.

I had ordered McCown and Cleburne, as they crushed the lines of the enemy, to swing round by a continuous change of direction to the right, with Polk's left as a pivot, while Wharton was to make a diversion on their flank and rear. This was done by Cleburne, but was not so promptly executed by McCown, on account of the position of the enemy in his front.

McCown continued westwardly, fighting towards Overall's Creek, while Cleburne, executing the maneuvre, changed his direction northwestwardly, towards the Wilkerson Pike, which placed him on the right of McCown, and filled the interval between McCown and Polk. The line, now single and without support, engaged and drove the enemy, with great damage, through the fields and cedar brakes which lie between the Triune and Wilkerson Roads. Before this gap in the line was filled by Cleburne, McCown's right flank was exposed; McNair halted his brigade, while Liddell advanced gallantly, filling the interval, covered McNair's unprotected right, and engaged a superior force of the enemy posted behind a rail fence. These two brigades charged the enemy with impetuosity, took their battery, and pursued their broken and flying regiments, before Ector's and Rains's Brigades could be brought into action. General McNair left a sick bed to enter the battle, and, after conducting his brigade with gallantry, becoming exhausted, was ordered to retire from the field. The command then devolved upon Colonel Harper.

By this time Liddell, who was upon the left of Johnson's Brigade,

had become separated from Cleburne's Division, by following the movements of McCown. The command was near the Wilkerson Turnpike, at a point where the enemy had established a hospital. They had driven them nearly two miles. The men were greatly fatigued, and the ammunition exhausted. As soon as this was replenished, I ordered them again to advance. Rains's Brigade, being fresh, was brought forward to the right to attack a battery, while Ector's, McNair's and Liddell's Brigades moved forward in the direction of the Nashville Road. Ector and Harper, though enfiladed by a battery, forced their way through a cedar brake in which the enemy were posted, while Rains advanced upon the battery. Unfortunately, this brave officer and accomplished gentleman fell, shot through the heart, and his brigade recoiled in confusion. Ector and Harper were ordered to fall back under cover, while Humphrey's Battery bravely engaged sixteen pieces of the enemy until our infantry were sheltered.

The Divisions of McCowan and Cleburne, in single line, had now driven the enemy, with great slaughter, for several miles through the cedar brakes, towards the Nashville Turnpike.

Cleburne, originally formed with Brigadier-General Polk's Brigade on the right, Johnson's in the centre, and Liddell's on the left, with Woods's in reserve, had engaged the enemy shortly after McCown commenced the attack. He encountered the first line posted behind fences and dense thickets, a little north of the Triune Road. In the open ground beyond were other lines and batteries. Limestone rocks in the thickets furnished the enemy admirable natural defenses. The division dashed forward, and after a bloody struggle of half an hour, hurled the first line back upon the second, which in turn was broken, and the mingled lines were driven in disorder towards the Wilkerson Turnpike. Woods's Brigade dispersed the One Hundred and First Ohio and the brigade composed of the Twenty-eighth Illinois, the Twenty-first, Eighty-first and Fifteenth Wisconsin. The Seventeenth Tennessee captured a Michigan battery, while the Second Arkansas again routed the Twenty-second Indiana, capturing its colonel. This regiment is the same that the Second Arkansas had routed at Perryville, and which, during the campaign of last year, had behaved with such barbarity to the people of Arkansas. It was in this conflict that Colonel Albert S. Marks, of the Seventeenth Tennessee Regiment, was severely wounded while gallantly leading and encouraging his men. It was also in this conflict that Liddell's and Johnson's Brigades suffered their greatest loss. The

enemy several times attempted to make a stand, but were each time forced back. Our troops were vigorously pressing forward, when a third line, strongly supported by artillery, stood revealed on the south side of the turnpike. The cannonade was fierce, but could not check our advance. After a stubborn combat, the enemy were broken, and fled to the cedar brakes between the Nashville and Wilkerson Turnpikes.

Cleburne was now in advance of Cheatham and Withers, and as he crossed the open ground near the turnpike, he was enfiladed by a battery posted on an eminence directly on his right flank. Captain Hotchkiss, acting Chief of Artillery of Cleburne's Division, placed Calvert's and Darden's Batteries in position near the Wilkerson Turnpike, and boldly engaged some heavy rifled batteries of the enemy. This officer nobly discharged his duty, and was twice wounded. The First Arkansas and Fifth Confederate charged the batteries, and captured four of the guns. Several colors, more than a thousand prisoners, medical stores, hospitals, ammunition trains and caisons were captured in this conflict. The battle at this point was bloody. Here General Sill, of the Federal army, was slain.

Cleburne had now driven back all the forces of the enemy beyond the Wilkerson Road, when another line was displayed in the cover of the cedar woods, between the Wilkerson and Nashville Turnpikes. Wood, Polk and Johnson charged this line, receiving a heavy fire. Here Lieutenant-Colonel McGregor, of the First Arkansas, and Major McReynolds, of the Thirty-seventh Tennessee, two brave officers, fell mortally wounded. Brigadier-General Liddell attacked the enemy near the left of Brigadier-General Johnson, whom he had rejoined, and, after an obstinate conflict, threw them into confusion. Here Colonel Sam. Smith, of the Sixth and Seventh Arkansas, and Colonel Kelly, of the Eighth Arkansas, both gallant officers, were wounded; and here Lieutenant-Colonel Murray, of the Fifth Arkansas, courageously bore the colors of his regiment to the front, while Private J. K. Lester, of the same regiment, captured the colors of the enemy with his own hands. A portion of Cleburne's Division was repulsed, but, after a bloody contest, the enemy were dislodged. On our right, their lines remained unbroken. With our inferior numbers, no further advance could be hazarded until all my forces were collected. Wood having fallen back for ammunition, was detained to protect the ordnance trains. The remaining brigades occupied the cedar brakes and

fields near the Nashville Road. The command of Cleburne was now reformed, and about three o'clock he essayed again to rout a fresh line of the enemy near the Nashville Turnpike. The enemy were again broken, with heavy loss. Johnson's Brigade was conspicuous in the conflict, in which the Brigade of Preston Smith also shared. It was past three o'clock. In moving through the open grounds to drive the enemy from the last positions they held near the railroad, a fierce and destructive enfilading fire of artillery was poured upon the right of Cleburne's Division from batteries masked near the railroad embankments. At this critical moment the enemy brought up a fresh line to oppose our wearied troops. Our ammunition was exhausted. Smith's Brigade recoiled in confusion; Johnson and Polk followed, and the division was repulsed. It was rallied and reformed in the edge of the cedar woods, about four hundred yards in rear of the most advanced position we had won. Brigadier-General Polk in this conflict suffered severely; but while we sustained, we also inflicted great loss.

When I withdrew from the extreme right Tuesday evening, Major-General Breckenridge's Division was left in its original position on the Lebanon Road. Brigadier-General Jackson having reported to me with his brigade, it was posted on the east side of the Lebanon Road, to the right of Adams's Brigade. These five brigades, under Major-General Breckenridge, remained in position from Sunday until Wednesday, without any material event, except a skirmish for an artillery position already mentioned. About eleven o'clock Wednesday, the Brigades of Adams and Jackson were, in obedience to orders of the Commanding General, sent across the rear to the assistance of Lieutenant-General Polk, who was reported to be hard pressed. Crossing the ford about midday, they were formed near the intersection of the Nashville Railroad and Turnpike, with their right stretching to the river, and were moved down the Nashville Turnpike and Railroad against the center of the enemy, passing in the direction of the burned brick building known as the Cowan House. The Brigade of Jackson passed by those of Chalmers and Donelson, in the direction of the Cowan House, while Adams's, extending towards the river, attacked the enemy between one and two o'clock. A desperate struggle for a passage down the Nashville Road ensued. Just before, Cleburne became engaged against their right two miles further on. The force was unequal to the task. It recoiled, after a loss of one-third of the command.

A short time after, Preston and Palmer were ordered to cross the ford, to continue the same movement, and Hanson's Brigade alone remained on the east side of Stone's River. They reached the ground just after Jackson and Adams were repulsed—General Adams having been wounded while gallantly commanding his brigade. They were quickly formed under the immediate command of Major-General Breckenridge, and moved across the plain in fine order, under the fire of the enemy's artillery. Many men and officers were killed along the line, the principal loss falling on Preston's Brigade. The Twentieth Tennessee, of Preston's Brigade, vainly endeavored, near the river, to carry a battery; and after a heavy loss—including their gallant commander, Colonel Smith, who was severely wounded—was compelled to fall back under cover. Palmer being further on the left, suffered but little. The remaining regiments of Preston's Brigade encountered great difficulty in passing the fences and pickets at the Cowan House, and being exposed to an enfilading fire of infantry and artillery at short range, were thrown into confusion. They were soon rallied, and rushing forward with cheers across the intervening space, entered the cedar brakes in front.

At four o'clock our line was almost parallel with the Nashville Turnpike for about two miles, stretching from the point of woods near the Cowan House, towards Overall's Creek. Preston occupied the extreme right of my line, and the Divisions of Cleburne and McCown extended northwest almost parallel with the railroad. Liddell's Brigade formed the extreme left. The enemy occupied the ground northwest of the railroad, lying between it and Stone's River towards Nashville. Here they had massed a vast strength of artillery and infantry. Their right had been completely turned, crushed and beaten back for more than three miles. Great confusion prevailed, but their strength was still such that we could not undertake to force the position without unwise hazard. We had lost nearly a third of the commands engaged. If, at the moment when the enemy were driven from the thick woods north of the Wilkerson Turnpike, a fresh division could have replaced Cleburne's exhausted troops, and followed up the victory, the route of Rosecranz's Army would have been complete. The interval required to collect and reform our lines, now shattered by four successive conflicts, was occupied by the enemy in planting heavy batteries, and massing fresh columns of infantry to oppose our further advance. I sent for reinforcements. The Commanding General

replied, he had none to give me. Hanson's Brigade alone remained fresh and unfought. The enemy lay beyond the range of our guns, securely sheltered behind the strong defense of the railroad embankment, with wide, open fields intervening which were swept by their artillery. It would have been folly, not valor, to assail them in this position. I gave the order to hold the wood, four hundred yards in rear of the advance position we had won, and to bivouac for the night.

During the day, the men and officers of my command had displayed the most splendid courage. Twenty-three pieces of cannon and more than four thousand prisoners, with a corresponding number of small arms rewarded their valor. With twelve thousand men of all arms, we had driven back and utterly routed McCook's Corps, ascertained by his captured returns to have been eighteen thousand strong, and several brigades and divisions which, it was known, were sent to his support.

For three miles in our rear, amid the thick cedars and the open fields where the Federal line had been originally formed, their dead and their dying, their hospitals and the wreck of that portion of their army, marked our victorious advance. Our bivouac fires were lighted at night within five hundred yards of the railroad embankment behind which their disordered battalions sought shelter.

Wednesday night was clear and cold. The armies maintained their relative positions. Some picket skirmishing occurred during the night. No action of importance, nor material change of position occurred until about two o'clock in the afternoon of Friday, the 2nd of January. The Commanding General anxious to secure a position on the east bank of the river, from which he could enfilade the lines of the enemy, ordered Major-General Breckenridge, with his entire division, to seize a hill about sixteen hundred yards in front of the position occupied by Hanson's Brigade. At four o'clock the division moved forward. It swept over the crest of the hill, routing a division of the enemy, who fled in disorder across the stream, after leaving many killed, wounded and prisoners. Our men pursued them with great ardor. A division, reported to be that of General Negley, with a brigade under General Porter, held the opposite side of the river. This fresh force poured a withering fire from an advantageous position upon our men. Breckenridge's Division, after a bloody struggle not exceeding forty minutes, in which at least twelve hundred men were killed and wounded, was

repulsed. Many brave men and officers fell in the attack; among the latter Brigadier-General Hanson, a spirited and intrepid officer, was mortally wounded early in the action. As this movement was made without my knowledge, and under the immediate supervision of General Breckenridge, I refer to his report for details.

Friday night the Commanding General, apprehending an attack on our right east of Stone's River, ordered me to withdraw Cleburne's and McCown's Divisions from the left, and to place them in their original positions: the former in the rear of Breckenridge's line, the latter in reserve. These divisions did not get into position until late that night. Cold and drenching rains set in, and continued throughout the succeeding day. The enemy manifested no disposition to attack, but our troops being worn down by the hardships of their winter bivouacs, and the exhaustion of battle, and the Commanding General having received information that the enemy were being largely reinforced, determined to retire. In obedience to his orders, on the morning of the 4th of January, I withdrew my command by the Manchester road to Tullahoma, in good order and without molestation.

It is worthy of remark that at Murfreesboro, whenever the fight was confined principally to musketry, and the enemy had no advantage in artillery, we were successful. It was only when they had masked heavy batteries under cover of the railroad embankments that we were repulsed. In every form of contest, in which mechanical instruments, requiring skill and heavy machinery to make them, can be used, the Federals are our superiors. In every form of contest in which manly courage, patient endurance and brave impulse are the qualities and conditions necessary to success, we have invariably been successful. Long range cannon and improved projectiles can be made only by great mechanical skill, heavy machinery and abundant resources. The enemy is therefore superior in artillery. Infantry constitutes the great arm of the service; and its appointments and equipments are simple. The Federal infantry, unsupported by artillery, has not in a single instance fought successfully with ours, when the odds were less than three to two.

I herewith enclose a tabular statement (A) which exhibits the losses sustained by the Divisions of McCown, Breckenridge and Cleburne, and the Brigades of Jackson and Wharton, amounting to 5,663 in killed, wounded and missing.

To the officers and men of my command I return my heartfelt

thanks for the ability and striking courage displayed by them at Murfreesboro. The field required that much should be confided to the commanders of divisions, brigades and regiments, and it is to me a grateful duty to acknowledge how well these officers merited my confidence. The men illustrated the day by a discipline, courage and devotion never surpassed. In the reports of my subordinate commanders will be found many instances of individual heroism which the limits of this report will not permit me to record.

My thanks are due to the members of my staff, viz: Major T. B. Roy, Chief of Staff; Captain D. H. Poole, A. A. General; Captain D. G. White, A. A. A. General; Major U. D. Pickett, A. I. General; Captain S. L. Black, A. I. General; Lieutenant T. W. Hunt, A. I. General; Lieutenant W. W. Wilkins, Aid-de-Camp; Major L. Hoxton, Chief of Artillery; Major I. M. Kennard, Chief of Ordnance; Surgeon A. L. Braysacker, Medical Inspector; Major C. W. Gassett, Chief Quartermaster; Major W. E. Moore, Chief of Subsistance, and General W. C. Whitthorne, Adjutant General State of Tennessee, and Captain Thomas Claiborne, C. S. A., who volunteered their services. My thanks are also especially due to Captain S. W. Prestman, and I. W. Green of the Engineer Corps, for active and efficient services, and to Surgeon D. W. Yandell, my Medical Director, to whose good management I am indebted for having both my own and the Federal wounded in the Wednesday's fight rapidly removed from the field, and cared for before midnight.

I am, Colonel, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

W. J. HARDEE, Lieutenant-General.

To Lieutenant-Colonel GEO. W. BRENT, A. A. General.

WHEELER'S CAVALRY.

Memoranda of the Strength and Operations of Major-General Joseph Wheeler's Cavalry Corps, Army of Tennessee, during the Year 1864.

[Concluded.]

ON the 19th General Wheeler had a severe skirmish ,and learned from prisoners and also from the direction of their columns, that all of Sherman's force was crossing the river. He therefore moved to Macon with all his force, arriving there about eleven o'clock at night.

At daylight on the 20th, he (General Wheeler) placed pickets upon all roads by which the enemy could approach Macon, and with the bulk of his command marched rapidly towards Clinton, defeating their cavalry and warmly attacking the flank of the enemy's marching column. This involved a warm engagement, in which several very pretty cavalry dashes were made by each of the contending forces. During this engagement a column moved toward Macon by the Milledgeville Road, which was only guarded by a small picket. General Wheeler marched rapidly by a cross-road and struck this column when quite near the city. He charged upon this force and drove them back in confusion. Its advance guard, of four men, was cut off, and dashed towards our infantry pickets—two of whom surrendered, and the others escaped to the woods. With the exception of this column, no other troops of General Sherman came within six miles of the city of Macon.

General Wheeler received the following dispatches:

FLORENCE, ALABAMA, November 19, 1864.

MAJOR-GENERAL WHEELER:—Your dispatch of the 17th received. It is very important that you should not allow any portion of your mounted forces to be shut up in a besieged city, but keep them constantly harrassing the enemy, destroying his trains and cutting off his forage parties. J. B. HOOD, General.

WEST POINT, MISSISSIPPI, November 20, 1864.

GENERAL WHEELER:—General Hardee will, for the present, give orders for the defense of Georgia east of the Chattahoochie. My views are, that positions should be defended only so long as not to risk safety of troops and materials required for active operations in the field; meanwhile remove to safe locality all government property on line of enemy's march, and consume or destroy all supplies within his reach.

G. T. BEAUREGARD, General.

Late at night General Wheeler moved with most of his command, brushing away the enemy; and, on the morning of the 21st, attacked and drove them out of Griswoldville, capturing sixty prisoners.

On the morning of the 22nd, General Wheeler attacked Kilpatrick, charging over his lines, killing a considerable number, and capturing eighty prisoners and one stand of colors. In the evening we had another engagement with about the same results.

It was now evident Sherman was leaving the vicinity of Macon, and

General Wheeler moved rapidly to cross the Oconee, reaching it on the night of the 23d, and swimming the river on the 24th.

By a rapid march, General Wheeler checked and drove back a force attempting to cross at Ball's Ferry; and, by marching all night, confronted, at daylight on the 25th, Sherman's main army, which had crossed on pontoons at Milledgeville.

After sending pickets to guard all approaches to Augusta, and to the Savannah Railroad, General Wheeler marched through Sandersville on the evening of the 25th, met Sherman's main force, repulsed a charge of their cavalry, and in turn charged upon them, driving a brigade back upon the main infantry force, capturing forty prisoners and the headquarter wagons of a division.

On the morning of the 26th, we were warmly engaged by a corps of infantry, and finally pressed through the town. Toward evening, General Wheeler learned that Kilpatrick had been detached with his entire command of five thousand cavalry, and was rapidly marching on the most direct route to Augusta. With two thousand men, General Wheeler made a rapid night march, and at two A. M. on the 27th, overtook him, and by a night attack, drove a portion of his troops from their camp, capturing over one hundred prisoners, horses, and arms, one stand of colors and his camp equippage. At daylight, General Wheeler found that but a portion of the enemy had engaged him, while the balance had two hours the start on the Augusta Road. Pursuing rapidly, we charged his rear whenever overtaken, and finally brought most of his column to a stand; and after a warm fight, he withdrew and turned from the Augusta Road toward Waynesboro. We fought constantly until dark, when we pushed him through Waynesboro and extinguished the fires which his advance guard had applied to every house in the place. Every house was saved, except a wagon factory which was half consumed when we entered the town. We harassed their camp during the night, and at daylight on the 28th charged his position, but owing to a dense fog he was enabled to withdraw two brigades while the third was engaging us. Pressing close up to him, we charged his main column, capturing one hundred and twenty prisoners and driving half his command in confusion. During the day, we had three more equally severe and successful engagements. At Reynold's plantation, Kilpatrick erected hasty rail breast-works, and attempted again to make a stand; but the ground being favorable, we charged in four columns, sweeping him from the field, killing and

wounding a large number and capturing nearly two hundred prisoners. We pursued him for three miles, driving him back upon the main army, the shelter of which he did not again forsake during the campaign.

General Wheeler here received the following dispatches from General Bragg:

AUGUSTA, November 28, 1864—7 A. M.

MAJOR-GENERAL WHEELER:—Yours of 12:30 yesterday was received last night, and gave me great pleasure. I trust you will be able to keep up with the enemy and press him. As soon as possible let me hear what you can learn of the movements of the main column.

Very respectfully and truly yours, BRAXTON BRAGG.

AUGUSTA, November 29, 1864.

MAJOR-GENERAL WHEELER:—Dispatch received. Press closely upon the enemy and keep me informed.

BRAXTON BRAGG, General.

November 30, 186411:—30 A. M.

MAJOR-GENERAL WHEELER:—Thank your gallant old command in my name for their brilliant services. I promised it in advance to the people of your native city, and nobly have you redeemed my pledge. General Robertson has arrived and is doing well, though he will be long disabled. BRAXTON BRAGG.

During the 29th and 30th, Sherman seemed hesitating whether or not to attack Augusta. Of course we had done all we could to cause him to decide not to do so. We had circulated reports that Bragg and Longstreet had arrived from Richmond with a large force, and letters to the same effect, purporting to be written from Augusta, were dropped so that they were picked up and taken to General Sherman.

Up to this time the general character of the country did not admit of roads being obstructed; in fact, the Federal infantry did not use roads but very little. Their general order of march was for wagon trains and artillery to occupy the roads, while the infantry marched on the flank, in open fields on either side. The swampy lands between Augusta and Savannah afforded an opportunity to impede Sherman by cutting timber. General Wheeler therefore dispatched a regiment with a large supply of axes, who were enabled in favorable locations to quite effectually blocade the roads, and thus retard the enemy's progress.

On December 1st, Sherman, with infantry supporting Kilpatrick, again marched upon Waynesboro. We fought him earnestly, and on the 2nd he again pushed forward; and at Rock Creek Church, after a severe fight, he was checked, and finally returned to Thomas's Station. On the 3d, we attacked him at that place, capturing fifty prisoners.

The night of the 3d we spent in shelling their camp, and on the morning of the 4th, the Fourteenth Army Corps and Kilpatrick, with five thousand cavalry, advanced briskly and attacked us in the barricades we had hastily prepared with rails and timber to aid us in defending the town. The action commenced by a charge of cavalry, with infantry in close support; but our fire was so warm and well-directed that they were repulsed, some of their dead falling close to our lines, and one officer dashed over our obstruction and was made prisoner.

Kilpatrick then concentrated his cavalry on our left, and the infantry, in two long lines, advanced, and, aided by a Federal battery, engaged our dismounted force. While the fusilade was at its height, Kilpatrick advanced, attempting to turn and envelop our left flank with his large force of cavalry. General Wheeler had reserved two regiments mounted for this emergency, and had located them just out of easy observation. At a favorable moment General Wheeler ordered the dismounted men to their horses, and at the same instant charged with the mounted regiments upon Kilpatrick's flank, confusing his entire command and halting the entire infantry line until his men were mounted, and retired to another position, but after some delay turned down the Savannah road.

I have described these engagements in detail, as they are fair examples of our numerous conflicts.

During the 5th and 6th General Wheeler kept his command well up on Sherman's rear, skirmishing continually and sometimes warming up to an action of higher dignity.

On the evening of the 6th, I received the following:

AUGUSTA, December 6th, 1864.

MAJOR-GENERAL WHEELER:—Press well on enemy's left flank, so that if he crosses Savannah River you will know it immediately and advise me. BRAXTON BRAGG.

On the morning of the 7th we passed Sylvania and charged the enemy's rear, capturing 80 prisoners, together with horses, arms, etc.

Pursuant to General Bragg's instructions, General Wheeler kept

the most of his force on the river road. Towards evening the cavalry charged Wheeler's advance of about forty men, which, pursuant to his directions, retreated to the main body, thus drawing the Federal cavalry nearly two miles from their infantry. We here, in turn, charged them, driving the entire force in confusion. We captured 150 prisoners and killed 33, and I suppose wounded four or five times that number. Several hundred were driven off the road into a swamp, from which they escaped during the night by abandoning their horses and arms.

The obstructions placed in the road between Waynesboro and Savannah delayed the enemy's march. During a delay while crossing Ebenezer Creek, we, on the night of the 8th, made a night attack on their camps with our artillery and dismounted men. The enemy were so confused and panic-stricken that they fled to the river. Many were drowned in their attempt to cross. Their knapsacks, accoutrements and, in many cases, arms were abandoned. Eighty prisoners and 2,000 negroes were captured—the negroes being those stolen from planters during the march, many of whom we were enabled to return to their owners. We also captured a courier with the following dispatch, which General Wheeler sent to General Hardee in Savannah:

ARMY OF GEORGIA, HEADQUARTERS LEFT WING
SPRINGFIELD, December 8th, 7 A.M., 1864.

GENERAL JEFF. C. DAVIS:—General Sherman has information that the line of defense around Savannah is about four miles from the city. He desires to take the road from Cherokee Hill through Silk Hope to Litchfield, as our first position. Your Corps should be at or near Cherokee Hill. The Twentieth will be to the left of Pooler; Seventeenth on right of Twentieth, and Fifteenth near Litchfield. The Twentieth Corps will be at Monteith to-night.

Yours, very respectfully,

H. A. SLOCUM, Major-General.

On the 9th and 10th, General Wheeler attacked the Federal rear on the middle-ground road, capturing prisoners, horses, etc., and pressing to within ten miles of the city of Savannah.

From Atlanta to Savannah, General Wheeler kept forces operating on all sides of Sherman's column, which kept him advised of their movements; and also prevented foraging parties from leaving the enemy's main body, thus saving all but a narrow track from spoliation,

and saving from the torch millions of property which otherwise would certainly have been consumed.

During this campaign, General Wheeler's command had captured nearly two thousand prisoners, and placed nearly as many *hors-du combat.*

We had successfully defended every city where government stores and munitions were deposited. We had fought the enemy night and day, capturing property and recapturing animals and negroes stolen from citizens on the line of march—all of which was, when practicable, restored to the owners.

Sherman was now in line of battle before Savannah, his rear being protected by fortifications running along swamps only penetrable on the few causeways the enemy now held with forts and batteries, so strong that less than an army could hardly expect to assail them with success.

General Wheeler left about one-third of his command to watch Sherman's rear, and with the balance crossed the Savannah River, which was accomplished on the 13th, and he moved rapidly to Izard's Plantation, already menaced by a large force of infantry. Before reaching that point, the enemy had crossed a portion of a regiment, which we attacked, capturing 12 prisoners; but the main body succeeded in retreating in boats, being protected by a heavy fire from infantry and artillery stationed on an island but a short distance from the South Carolina shore.

The following dispatch and orders indicate the duties General Wheeler's command was called upon to perform:

HEADQUARTERS, SAVANNAH, GEORGIA,
December 11, 1864—6 P.M.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER, Commanding Cavalry:—Lieutenant-General Hardee is apprehensive that the enemy may cross the Savannah River between the railroad bridge and the city, on flats captured on the island plantations, and get on his line of communications. He considers it important to provide against such a contingency, and desires you to transfer to the left bank of the river a sufficient force to protect his left flank. He also thinks it best that you should cross the river and establish your headquarters at Hardeeville, or some other convenient locality.

Respectfully, General, your obedient servant,

T. B. ROY, A. A. General.

HEADQUARTERS, SAVANNAH, GEORGIA, December 13th, 1864.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER.:—I am instructed by Lieutenant-General Hardee to repeat that he considers it important that a force of your command should be promptly transferred to the vicinity of Hardeeville, for the security of that depot and to protect his line of communication, which may be threatened from New River, as well as from the Savannah.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

T. B. ROY, A. A. General.

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA, December 15th, 1864—10:15 P. M.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER, Commanding Cavalry:—The enemy are reported at Izard's Plantation in considerable force. It is all-important they should be driven from that position without delay. For this purpose, take any portion of the command you destined for this side of the river.

Respectfully, W. J. HARDEE.

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA, December 16th, 1864.

MAJOR-GENERAL WHEELER, Commanding Cavalry:—Your command embraces the country between New River and the Savannah River, and, incidentally, all other points which may be attacked in your neighborhood.

Respectfully, your obedient servant, W. J. HARDEE.

December 17th, 1864—12 M.

GENERAL:—I am informed there is a large canal, known as the Savannah Canal, passing by Cheve's farm and falling into Tunbridge Creek, near the landing. This canal should be thoroughly obstructed, and protected by infantry and artillery. It is possible that the battery and obstructions at Tunbridge's protect the entrance of said canal. There are several bad places in the main road from Hardeeville to your headquarters. They should be drained and corduroyed before a heavy rain.

Respectfully, your obedient servant, G. T. BEAUREGARD.

Major-General JOSEPH WHEELER, Commanding Cavalry.

A considerable force had now occupied the island opposite Izard's Mill, which at any time could have been increased to any number Sherman might desire.

The South Carolina shore was low and flat, so that their artillery could sweep it at all points, and, under cover of a fire of infantry and artillery, Sherman could easily throw over a division or even one of his corps. This was made more practicable from the fact that for two hours after daylight a dense fog rested on the river, which would disguise their movements until actually on the east bank of the river.

To deter them as much as possible, General Wheeler kept up a warm artillery fire from several points, and made all the show of strength and resistance possible; but, notwithstanding this, he (General Wheeler) regarded the situation as critical. His troops were so spread out, defending the vulnerable points, that, had the enemy shown proper energy, they could at any time from the 16th to the 20th have marched twenty thousand men to Hardee's Union Causeway, and thus captured all our material in Savannah; and, unless the pontoon bridge was completed before they reached Scribner's Ferry, most of our troops in the city would have also fallen into their hands. General Wheeler informed General Hardee of the situation, and all hands were pressed on the work of completing the bridge.

General Wheeler promised that he would contest every foot of ground between the river and causeway, and made all preparations possible to attain that object. General Wheeler spent the afternoon in visiting the various parts, and before day endeavored to post himself at the dangerous points where he had reason to expect a crossing to be effected.

On the morning of the 19th, General Wheeler was at Cheve's house, on the causeway, pursuant to the following instructions:

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA, December 18th, 1864.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER:—General Beauregard directs me to inform you that, instead of to-day, he will meet you at Cheve's house about 6 A. M. to-morrow.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

A. R. CHISHOLM, Aid-de-Camp.

General Wheeler here received a dispatch stating that a crossing in force had been effected at the point he had left during the night, and where he had feared the attempt would be made. General Wheeler hastened back and concentrated his force in front of their troops, and fought continually during that and the following day.

The following was received:

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA, December 19, 1864—6:15 P. M.

MAJOR-GENERAL WHEELER, Commanding Cavalry:—The road to Hardeeville must be kept open at all hazards. It is our only line of retreat. The pontoon bridge is not yet completed, but the engineers hope to have it done by to-morrow. Fight the enemy at every step if he attempts to advance, and keep me informed of everything relating to his movements.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

W. J. HARDEE, Lieutenant-General.

POCOTALIGO, December 20th, 1864.

MAJOR-GENERAL WHEELER:—Enemy reported leaving Tullifirma. Be sharply on the lookout for them on New River line, and inform me promptly if they appear.

Respectfully, SAMUEL JONES, Major-General.

The enemy were but three miles from the causeway. General Wheeler determined they should not reach it if it cost three-fourths of his command, and impressed every officer and soldier with the important duty which had devolved upon them.

General Wheeler arranged to reinforce the New River line if it became necessary, and by hard fighting kept the causeway open at all points until everything was quietly withdrawn from Savannah, on the 21st, and the army passed up to Hardeeville without receiving a shot from the enemy.

NAVAL VICTORY OFF SABINE PASS.

THERE were few wars—very few, we might say—where victories were won under such odds and disadvantages as in the naval service of the Confederate States. The exploits of the Confederate navy, so-called, would adorn the annals of any nation, and they signally illustrate what high resolve and courage, bordering on the domain of rashness, can accomplish against superior physical forces. In numerous instances light batteries assailed double and treble their number of the heavy guns of the enemy, and came off victorious. The term "gallant" is too stale and tame to apply to such exploits, especially to the one which is the subject of this sketch, though there are many others which partake of the marvelous in an equal degree. That this impor-

tant engagement should not appear in the Government's official "Summary of Battles" is a singular piece of oversight, to say the least of it. Its omission from the list would not be noticed here were it not for the fact that there are several other omissions of a similar character—so many, indeed, as to excite a suspicion of a want of candor in making up this report. We will instance several engagements on the Cumberland and Tennessee Rivers at different times, in which important captures of vessels were made by the light artillery of Forrest and Wheeler. Again, the affair at the Winston Saltworks, in which the crew of the Morning Light was badly worsted after it had destroyed the place, is not noted. But to our sketch.

Towards the close of the year 1862, General Magruder, commanding the District of Texas, organized two river expeditions to clear Galveston and Sabine Pass, respectively, of the enemy's vessels. He had but few resources at his command in the way of boats or proper armaments; but he was not at all deficient in material of the right kind to man them and execute his daring projects. With an improvised fleet of ordinary river steamboats, which were protected by cotton bales and manned by landsmen, he signalized the advent of the new year, 1863, by a bold attack on the enemy's fleet at Galveston, consisting of six fine vessels—the gunboats Westfield, Harriet Lane, Owasco, Sachem, Clifton and Coryphæus, all of them splendidly armed and fully manned. In an incredibly short time, he captured the Harriet Lane, when the rest of the fleet put to sea in haste, with the exception of the Westfield, which was blown up to prevent her falling into his hands, her commander, Renshaw, and most of her crew perishing in the explosion. The result staggered belief, and startled the North pretty much as the Merrimac's victory in Hampton Roads did the year before, except that the exasperation was greater, perhaps, as in this instance a splendid fleet had surrendered to an attack of three or four steamboats manned from General Magruder's regiments, and facetiously termed by him, "Rangers of the Sea."

The other expedition projected by General Magruder, and already alluded to, was put under the lead and direction of his A. A. General, Major Oscar M. Watkins. The object was to clear Sabine Pass of the enemy's vessels, which were depredating along the coast: one of them—the Morning Light—having destroyed Winston's Saltworks, though her crew was badly punished in the act. The only boats available were two little steamers, the Josiah Bell and the Uncle Ben,

and these were put in as good condition for action as the limited resources at hand permitted. The Bell was armed with a 64-pound rifle gun, and the Uncle Ben with two 18s. The enemy, getting wind of the expedition fitting up against him in the Sabine River, and recalling the recent disaster at Galveston, as an act of prudence, quit Sabine Pass and took post twelve miles out in the Gulf of Mexico, where the chances of surprise were less and of escape better, in case of an attack.

All being in readiness by the 20th of January, Major Watkins, having taken on board detachments from Pyron's, Speight's and Cook's Regiments, numbering three hundred in all, weighed anchor and ran down to the Pass. On the morning of the 21st, the little steamers started for the bar, and discovered two of the enemy's vessels 12 miles out. These were the Morning Light, a brig of war mounting eight thirty-twos and one rifle-piece, and a schooner mounting two splendid Dahlgrens. Here were heavy odds to contend against, both in weight of metal and number of guns, while the action was to be fought by Major Watkins's landsmen, in deep water and many miles from *terra firma*. The prospect viewed in this light was not very pleasant to contemplate, and to men of any other mould would have been appalling. The writer of this was on an expedition of this kind in June, 1861, on the Potomac, intended to capture by boarding the gunboat Pawnee, and he remembers vividly yet his feelings when the infantry force designed to take part in it reached its distination. The river was bayed out ten or twelve miles from shore to shore at that point, and the frail U. S. Mailboat, which Colonel Thomas (Madame Zarvona) had captured during the night and brought into the mouth of Cone River, looked very poorly fitted for a contest with a ship of war. It was an unusual sort of combat and very strange to a landsman's feelings, and he confesses that the prospect was not inviting. As it turned out, the Pawnee had left her station for a point up the river, and Commodore Hollins, who was in command of the expedition, deemed it wise to make no pursuit.

If Major Hawkins's land-lubbers felt similar emotions when they looked across the bar at the black hulls standing in bold and belligerant relief against the horizon, their action gave no evidence of the fact. All steam was put on, and the two little "gunboats" with flying colors struck out into the deep, and headed directly for the enemy. The gauntlet thrown down was not accepted, and it was soon observed

that the brig of war and her consort were hoisting all sail to escape. An animating chase now ensued, and fifteen miles were run before the Bell came near enough to open with her 64-pounder, served by the Davis Guards, at the Morning Light. It was now about 10 o'clock, and as the brig answered, the scene grew more interesting. The Bell, still making all speed, had time to fire ten or twelve shots, some of which took effect, before she came in musket range of the Morning Light, when her riflemen soon cleared the latter's decks. This decided the contest at once, the enemy hauling down his flag before the Bell could get along side of him. The land-lubbers immediately scrambled over the side of the beaten ship and made prisoners of her crew. The schooner continued her flight, but shared the fate of her consort after a short chase. The Bell was never struck once, showing poor practice on the part of the enemy. Besides the guns and ammunition, the vessels contained a large amount of valuable stores, which made the capture one of much importance. We give Major Watkins's report, which is exceedingly brief and modest:

ON BOARD C. S. GUNBOAT BELL, SABINE PASS, TEXAS,
January 21st, 1863.

CAPTAIN:—We met the enemy this morning in the Gulf of Mexico. We whipped them and brought everything to Sabine Pass. I fought them ten guns to our one, my officers and men behaving nobly. We have captured two vessels, one of them a full-rigged ship, and the other a schooner, twelve fine guns, medical stores and ammunition in abundance, together with one hundred and nine prisoners.

Very respectfully, O. M. WATKINS,
Major and A. A. General commanding on the Sabine.

To Captain EDMUND P. TURNER, A. A. General.

REPORT OF ROCK ISLAND PRISON IN 1865.

I SEND the *Annals* a dingy scrap of paper which I brought away from Rock Island. It contains some statistics of this prison, the publication of which may interest your readers. The figures are from the Provost Marshal's report.

F. R. MOORHEAD, Forty-first Tennessee.

Total number prisoners received to February 2, 1865, 12,191; died, 1,881; joined the navy, 1,071; joined the army, 1,779; released, 936; escaped, 45; transferred to other prisons, 71; exchanged, 779; present, 5,629; unwilling to be exchanged, 1,175; to be exchanged, 4,454.

EARLY WESTERN HISTORY.

THE ATTACK ON BUCHANAN'S STATION.

(Concluded.)

(From Original MSS. of the Tennessee Historical Society.)

IN this situation, the two contending parties—the men in the station and the Indians without—kept up a firing, and also a parley: one asking the other who commanded, and Thomas Kennedy telling them that they were a set of damned squaws, and to put more powder in their guns. There were a number of women in the station at the time, and among them Mrs. Sarah Buchanan, who was occupied during the attack in carrying around to the men posted in the different parts of the station ammunition and brandy, giving to each, as she supplied him, a word of encouragement. In eleven days afterward, this same Sarah Buchanan was delivered of her first child, the said George Buchanan. Colonel Ridley states that he never heard of Tecumseh's being present at said attack until since the last war with England. He also states that Wm. Bryant, who now lives near the mouth of Mill Creek, was in the station at the time, and was then a boy about his own age.

The persons mentioned as being in the station at the time are, some from recollection and some from the information contained in letters and other documents which Colonel Ridley has seen. T. W.

LETTER OF CHAS. L. BYRN.

OCTOBER THE 27TH, 1849.

Sir:—Yours of the 17th came to hand the 24th. I will give you a narrative of the transaction as it is impressed upon my mind at this distant period of time, it being fifty odd years ago. In the fall of 1793, Findleston, a half-breed Cherokee, and Joseph Durat, a Frenchman, came to Nashville and informed the citizens that John Watts, a noted Cherokee Chief, with a large party of Indians, was on his way to make an attack upon Nashville. Nearly all the disposable force of the three counties—I think about 700 men, my father and three brothers among the number—was encamped at old John Rains's Big Spring two or three weeks, and the Indians did not come. The men began to be uneasy. Alex Castleman was sent out to spy. He went on horseback as far as Hart's Big Spring. It is a little on the left of the Murfreesboro Pike, just beyond the third gate. When he got there, the Indians had just passed. He hurried back and

told what discoveries he had made. He was not believed. Old John Rains and some other person started off. They went some distance beyond Mill Creek, and came back. Rains swore there was no Indians, and that it was bear signs that Castleman had seen. The next morning the troops were discharged, and that night the Indians made the attack upon Buchanan's Station. The next morning there came a runner for the troops to meet. My father and brothers started, but the Indians were gone. They followed on, and found the two spies (Gee and Clayton) the Indians had killed the day before. There were four of my near neighbors in the fort when the attack was made: Joseph C. and William Crabtree, Moore Cotton and Henry Gleeson. Three of them have been dead long since; the other (William Crabtree) moved to Big Red River, near Natchitoches. When the Indians came near the Station, they held a council. There was an old renegade Shawnee Chief along that commanded a party. Watts was for getting near and lying concealed until the men opened the gate in the morning and come out, and then make a rush for the gate. The old Shawnee said that he was not afraid to die in the night. He had burned one station in the night, and he could burn another; and started with his party, and Watts followed. The old Shawnee came up to one of the block-houses with a chunk of fire and was shot down at the wall, and lay and blowed the fire as long as life lasted. I had the story from my neighbors that were there. Watts was badly wounded.

In '94 the famous Nickajack Campaign was carried on against the Cherokees. I had three brothers there: Stephen, Joseph and John Byrne. Stephen is dead; Joseph and John are living in Sumner county, on the East Fork of Bledsoe's Creek, near the Willow Grove Post-office. When the troops were organizing to start to Nickajack, my brother (Stephen) was a captain, and had a company guarding the frontier stations. He applied to General Robertson to know if he might leave the lieutenant with the men to guard the stations and go to Nickajack. The General said all the men would be wanted that could be got, and if he wished to go, he could do so. He left the lieutenant in command, and went as a private. He died in September, '95.

I know of but two men that were killed by the Indians after that time. One was Colonel John Montgomery. He was killed below Clarksville. The other, Ezekiel Caruthers. He married Moses Oldham's daughter. Oldham lived on the north side of Red River, three miles from Clarksville. Caruthers was on the south side cutting house-logs when the Indians killed him. He had only been married three weeks.

The station that the old Shawnee burned was Sigler's, in Sumner county, above Gallatin. Sigler was killed and three daughters taken prisoners. His wife got out after the fort was on fire, and carried her sucking child in her arms. That child is a worthy citizen of Nashville—a stone and brick-mason. I saw him in Nashville last April. His name is John Sigler. Perhaps you are acquainted with him. His sisters were given up at the treaty at Tellico in '95. If you want to know when Sigler's Station was burned, if you can ascertain John Sigler's age, that will inform you as near as you can obtain it, as I have heard his mother say that he was a sucking child at the time.

I think that Wayne defeated the Northwest Indians in August, '94, and the Nickajack Campaign was in the fall of '94, which brought about general peace with the Indians. That with the Cherokees in the spring of '95. I think the treaty with the Cherokees was held at Tellico.

There was a company out with Captain John Shannon. My brothers were along. They came upon an Indian camp. There was but one man and a boy in camp at the time. They killed the man and took the boy prisoner. They brought the boy in. Shannon kept and sent him on to the treaty with prisoners that were taken at Nickajack. The boy had been so long with Shannon, he would not go with the Indians. He came back. I asked him why he did not go. He said the Indians looked too poor and lousy—he could not go with them. He staid some time, and went off and joined the Creeks. He joined the war-party during the Creek War; was at Talladega, and was wounded there. A nephew of mine was with General Jackson at the treaty at Hickory Ground, and saw him there and conversed with him. He asked my nephew about father and uncle. He told him that they helped to take him, and that he knew his grandfather and all the family.

The statement I made about the council that was held, I learned from men that were at the treaty. I remember a great many of the principal transactions that took place, but, having no records, I cannot give precise dates. All I write is from memory. You cannot expect me to be correct in all the precise time. I am old, and little in the habit of writing.

So no more, but remain your friend, &c., CHARLES L. BYRN.

To THOS. WASHINGTON, ESQ.

FIGHT BETWEEN AN INDIAN AND A PANTHER.

IN the early settlement of Alabama, there lived on the south side of the Tennessee River, in Jackson County, opposite to where Scottsboro now stands, a couple of Creek Indians, who had built a little hut near Coffee's trading store and supported themselves by hunting. One of these, called by the whites Creek John, was an excellent hunter, and always returned from the mountain loaded with peltries. Late one evening he came down the mountain from a hunt, and instead of going directly to his hut, he stooped to get a drink. While in this posture an immense panther leaped from an overhanging rock on his prostrate form, and a desperate struggle ensued at once. The Indian being taken unawares, was placed at a great disadvantage, and the panther inflicted fearful damage on him before he could get out his long hunting knife: this he plied vigorously on his adversary, but it was too late to save his life. His abdomen was torn across by the animal's claws, and the

muscles of his chest stripped to the ribs, while the blood flowed from other wounds. Yet he drove his long knife into the panther so vigorously that it was compelled to let him go and make off the field, leaving him victor of the desperate battle, but mortally wounded. He managed to drag himself to his hut, one hundred yards distant, where his companion, coming in a little later, found him in the agonies of death. The panther was tracked the next morning, by his bloody trail, to a ledge of rocks a short distance off, and found stark and stiff, showing he had been dead some hours. He proved to be the largest specimen of his kind ever killed in that country. Creek John's knife had passed through him in several places from side to side, showing the strength and vigor with which it was plied. With an equal advantage, there is no doubt but that the Indian would have escaped with his life.

THE SOLDIER'S WAR-BAG.

The Death of General Forrest's War Horse, Roderick.—The strong attachment which the horse sometimes exhibits for his master is touchingly illustrated in the incident which follows. General Forrest rarely alluded to it, and then with evidences of deep emotion, which often found vent in tears, belonging, as it did, to that class of memories which, with men of his strong and passionate nature, became more sacred with the lapse of years. During his brilliant and memorable movement against the flank and rear of Colonel Coburn, at the battle of Thompson's Station, General Forrest was mounted that day on his favorite horse, Roderick, and desiring to press the enemy from a strong position across an open field, he appeared upon the flank of one of his regiments as it lay taking the fire, and, in his characteristic words, ordered it to "move up." At the command the men leaped to their feet, and, with loud cheers, dashed forward under a hot fire. The General, attended by his son, Lieutenant William Forrest, accompanied the charge, as was his wont when the point to be gained was of importance. In the brief conflict, which resulted in the overthrow of the enemy, Roderick was wounded in three places. This event gave the General so much concern that he immediatley dismounted, and charged his son to lead Roderick to the rear and have his wants well

attended to by the hostlers in charge of his extra horses. He then mounted his son's horse, which had also been wounded, and pressed forward in pursuit of the enemy. On reaching the hostlers, Lieutenant Forrest had the wounded animal stripped of saddle and bridle for his comfort, supposing that he was too badly hurt to attempt to get out of the way. As soon as he was at liberty, Roderick, still restless under the excitement of battle, began to nose among the group, evidently in search of his master, a habit he had frequently indulged in at camp, where he was rarely put under the restraint of the halter. In the progress of affairs at the front at this stage, General Forrest's voice, clear and unmistakable, was heard in the distance, directing his line in another attack. Roderick instantly pricked up his ears to get the direction, and, neighing eagerly in answer, dashed away before he could be intercepted, guided by the sound of battle, which, at that moment broke out afresh. Lieutenant Forrest, fearing his father's displeasure, immediately mounted, and, with several attendants, gave chase with a view of capturing the wounded horse before he could get far away; but the latter went at such speed that he outstripped his pursuers, and when found was following quietly at the heels of the General, having leaped three fences in his progress, besides getting another wound from which he was bleeding freely. As expected, the General was in great wrath over the supposed negligence; but when the nature of the case was explained, he burst into tears, and, caressing Roderick for the last time, he turned away from the scene, and a short time later received the surrender of Colonel Coburn and two thousand of his men. Truly the cypress was entwined with the laurel for him on that day, in the death of Roderick, which occurred in the moment of victory. By his order, the faithful animal was interred on the field of battle, where his brave spirit passed away, a fitting sacrifice to the God of War, and with a name that will blend for all time with the deeds of his matchless rider.

EDITORIAL.

THIS number has been ready for mailing for some weeks, awaiting the completion of the Chronological Summary, in order that it all might go under one cover to subscribers, thus completing this volume; but the preparation of this matter as to the last year of the war has been greatly delayed, owing to the scarcity of printed records covering this period, and the failure in many instances to get answers to letters sent out asking specific information. This, however, is being rapidly completed, and will be ready for mailing shortly.

The publication of this Magazine has been attended with so much embarrassment, for want of adequate circulation that we have little heart to attempt a further prosecution of it. We did hope that the importance of this work would have enlisted enough interest and support to have paid the expenses of publication at least, but in this we have been disappointed An effort is being made by some of its friends to raise a fund sufficient to keep it at work without depending upon the adventitious support of a subscription list, and they have requested notice of the movement to be made in this connection, so that all who may feel inclined to contribute any sum for this purpose may have the opportunity to do so by corresponding at once with the editor, stating the amount that may be expected in case announcement of continuance is made. The editor is willing to give his services gratuitously to this Magazine, but is not able to do more. . So, unless an ample fund is obtained to insure its prompt and regular issue no attempt will be made to continue it.

THE map of the battle-field of Nashville, Tenn., contained in this issue, though not as full in details as we would wish, will be found, we think, to be topographically and historically accurate, except in one slight particular; the engraver extended the solid line, indicating the Confederate works, too far to the left by several hundred yards. The *works* ended on the left slope of the hill marked "8." The rest of the prolongation in this direction was held by skirmishers without cover. Again, the sites of the numerous batteries bearing on the hill marked "7," are not distinctly shown, especially in front of the

"angle" held by Bate's division which was subjected to a rapid fire at short range, from the earliest dawn until the moment of assault at 4 P. M. There were only two pieces of artillery defending the right limb of the angle—the section of Phillips' Georgia battery, under the heroic boy, Lieutenant Alston, who fired his guns into the backs of the enemy long after they had passed him on either side in pursuit of the retreating Confederates. Parenthetically, we would urge Confederate soldiers to write their own story of this and other battles, from the fact that Van Horne, in his history of the Army of the Cumberland, written years after this event, represents that twenty-seven (27) pieces of artillery were captured on this hill by the assault, where, in truth, there were only about four guns in all, and these were so placed that they had no range upon the assaulting force until it got within a few yards of their muzzles. Van Horne also makes it appear that the angle was held by a heavy force of infantry strongly intrenched, when it seems from Gen. Bate's report that his men were in one rank, separated from three to six feet apart, and the works, besides being light, gave no range of fire on account of their faulty placing and the nature of the ground. This is but one of many specimens of careless writing on the part of Northern historians, who "have had the ear of the world," and whose statements thus far have passed almost unchallenged.

The locations of the troops on the left wing have been recently verified by Generals Cheatham and Bate, Capt. Sawrie of Brigadier-General Govan's staff, by Capt. Rogan of Gen. Bate's staff, and by Hon. J. M. Lea and his son Overton Lea, who reside on this field and were present during the battle. Judge Lea thinks that a force of Federal cavalry and infantry had crossed the Granny White turnpike in General Hood's rear, making in the direction of the Franklin turnpike, as early as 12 M. His attention was particularly drawn to this point, from the fact that he was at Alford's at the time, and in dispatching a messenger to his house (General Hood's headquarters), the messenger had to make a wide detour to the right in order to avoid capture by the Federal force, then taking up position on the hill. It is evident from this that "somebody blundered" or faltered on the Federal side, else the Confederates, outnumbered as they were nearly four to one, would have had little chance to escape capture.

PAPERS, ETC., RECEIVED.—From Colonel T. B. Roy, widely known and remembered as the A. A. General of Hardee's Corps, Lieutenant-

General Hardee's official reports of the battles of Shiloh and Murfreesboro, the latter of which appears in this number of the ANNALS. As an official exposition of one of the most brilliant achievements in the West, it possesses a deep interest, and as a well digested and comprehensive view of events preceding and during the course of this great battle, it will have a literary value of the most enduring kind. The official report of Shiloh was not written until nearly a year after the battle, and did not appear, nor any of the subordinate reports, in the volume of reports published by the Confederate government. With these reports Colonel Roy sends a brief sketch of the last illness of General Hardee, which will appear hereafter under the head of "Confederate Necrology."

Two of Major-General French's official reports of the battle of Allatoona, and operations of French's division around Atlanta, have already appeared, and we are indebted to him for another of equal value and interest, giving a graphic sketch of his defense of Kenesaw Mountain.

From General Churchill we have received his official report of the defense of Arkansas Post, which fully explains the causes of the disaster which befell our arms at that place, and for which he was no way responsible.

From General George B. Hodge, his official report of the battle of Farmington, Tenn., giving a very spirited and creditable account of the action of his brigade in that affair.

From General Wheeler we have received a most valuable summary in chronological order of the battles of his Cavalry command for the years 1862–3–4–5, which will appear in the supplement to this volume.

From General B. J. Hill, his official report of the battle of Richmond, Ky.

From Captain Marshall, a very interesting sketch of the action of his battery with two U. S. gunboats at Bainbridge, Ala., during the passage of the Tennessee river by General Hood on his retreat from Nashville; also a number of interesting sketches from various sources.

From Mr. Frank Porterfield, a large Federal map of the battle-field of Nashville, December 15 and 16, 1864, prepared by Brigadier-General Towler, U. S. A., for all of which we desire to make proper, though tardy, acknowledgements.

An extra edition will be published of the Chronological Summary of battles and engagements in the West, giving lists of regiments engaged in each, and tables of losses on both sides, including General Wheeler's summary of the engagements of his command, making a book of nearly one hundred pages in small type. It has required much labor and research, and extensive correspondence for its preparation, and will be found to be an excellent and as far as we could make it an accurate compend, particularly valuable for reference. It embraces in its pages a Roster of all the Confederate organizations in the West, by regiments, brigades, etc., with a few exceptions. This will be mailed prepaid at 50c. per copy. Address, Dr. E. L. Drake, Nashville, Tenn.

The tables prepared by Gen. Wheeler, showing the battles and affairs of "Wheeler's Cavalry" for the years 1862–3–4–5, and which will be included in the supplement, make a splendid exhibit of the prowess of this command, for which his comrades in arms should tender him a vote of thanks. They will see that he acts on the true principle, that an officer who built his fame upon the blood and services of the men he had the honor to command, should see to it, that they are rightly represented in the pages of history, and that they reap the only reward allotted to the Confederate soldier, a recognition of the valorous service he rendered to his cause.

We have on hand about four hundred sets only of the back numbers for sale, and those who wish to secure the volume in book form should send orders at once. The scarcity of this edition will make it invaluable, in view of the fact that there will be in all probability no reprint.

The full set of back numbers of this magazine will be mailed on order, postpaid, at $2.50 loose, or $3 25 and $4, according to binding. Single numbers of all except the April and June issues can be had at this office at 25c. each.

Errata.—For "Shalaron" in General Bate's report, read "Chalaron."

CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY

OF

ENGAGEMENTS AND BATTLES

IN THE

WESTERN ARMIES OF THE CONFEDERACY.

THE preparation of these tables has been attended with much difficulty, owing to the want of anything like full and systematic printed records from the Confederate side, and they will be found to contain many omissions which we have been unable to supply, even after extensive correspondence and inquiry. We have found more difficulty in getting the true statement of losses on each side than in anythnig else. The tables under this head have been taken mainly from the United States Surgeon General's Report. This Report is a monument of patient work in its fullness; but in many instances, for the want of official data, it has given the statements of newspapers, which often exaggerated the loss inflicted and underrated the loss suffered, according to partisan bias. A heavy loss in killed and wounded is never discreditable to the forces engaged, but, on the contrary, a pretty clear indication of obstinate fighting.

For information as to troops engaged in minor affairs and battles beyond the Mississippi, we are greatly indebted to the volumes of the "Rebellion Record," by Moore. From the clue afforded by this source we have often been able, through aid of Colonel Charles C. Jones' invaluable "Roster of Confederate Officers and Military Organizations" (volumes 1, 2, 3 Southern Historical Society Papers), to get the necessary information with much exactness.

We urge upon all readers who discover errors or omissions in these tables, either as to the troops engaged, losses on each side, dates or localities, to send us the proper correction. By this means this summary can be made historically accurate, or so nearly so as to become of inestimable value for future reference. Our purpose in sending it out now is to give opportunity for correction and to invite further additions to it. We want specific information, in tabular form if convenient, of every affair in the West, no matter how trivial. Address,

DR. E. L. DRAKE, Nashville, Tenn.

CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY OF ENGAGEMENTS AND BATTLES IN THE WESTERN ARMIES OF THE CONFEDERACY.

DATE. 1861.	LOCALITY.	CONFEDERATE TROOPS ENGAGED.	CONFED. LOSS.			UNION LOSS.		
			Killed.	Wounded.	Killed.	Missing.	Wounded.	Missing.
May 10th	Camp Jackson, Missouri	Brigade of Missouri State Guard			639			
May 10th	St. Louis, "	Citizens of St. Louis	27			4		
June 17th	Boonville, "	Missouri State Guard, under Col. Marmaduke	3	25		2	19	20
June 17th	Independence, "	" " "						
June 18th	Camp Cole, "	" " "	4	20	30	25	52	30
July 5th	Dry Creek, "	" " " under Gov. Jackson	30	125	45	13	31	
July 10th	Monroe Station, "	" " " under Brig. Gen. Harris	4	20	75	3		
July 10th	Millsville, "	" " "	7			7	1	7
July 17th	Fulton, "	" " "				1	15	
July 17th	Martinsburg, "	" " "				1	1	
July 18th-19th	Harrisonville and Parkersville, "	" " " Capt. Duncan	14			1		
July 22d	Forsyth, "	Force under Capt. Jackson	5	10			3	
July 22d	Etna, "	Mo. State Guard						
July 24th	Blue Mills, "	" " "				1	12	
July 26th	Lane's Prairie, "	" " "	1	3	3		3	
July 26th	Harrisonville, "	" " "						
July 27th	Fort Fillmore, New Mexico	Col. Baylor's Texans						426
Aug. 2d	Dug Springs, Missouri	400 Gen. Rains' Missouri cavalry and Capt. Reif's Arkansas cavalry	1	5	16	9	30	
Aug. 3d	Mesilla, New Mexico	Baylor's Texans	12			3	6	
Aug. 5th	Athens, Missouri	Missouri State Guard, under Gen. Martin Green	14	14		3	8	
Aug. 10th	Wilson's Creek, Missouri	Missouri State Guard, Maj. Gen. Price: Gens. Rains' and Clark's brigades Missouri cavalry, Gens. Slack's, McBride's and Parsons' brigades Missouri infantry—total, 5,221; McCulloch's Division: McIntosh's Arkansas cavalry, Herbert's Louisiana infantry, Churchill's Arkansas, and Greer's Texas cavalry	265	800	30	223	721	291
Aug. 10th	Potosi, Missouri	Gen. Jeff. Thompson's forces	2	3		1		
Aug. 17th	Brunswick, Missouri	" " "				1	7	
Aug. 19th	Charlestown, "	" " "	40		17	1	6	
Aug. 20th	Lookout Station, Missouri	Missouri State Guard				1	6	
Aug. 29th	Lexington, "	" " " under Cols. Roul, Reid and Shelby	8					

Sept. 1st	Bennett's Mills, Missouri	Schnable's Missouri regiment				1	8		
Sept. 2d	Dallas, "	Missouri State Guard, under Gen. Rains				2			
Sept. 2d	Dry Wood, "	Detachment of Rains' and Parsons' Missouri State G'rd				4	9	1	
Sept. 4th	Shelbina, "	Gen. Martin Green's Missouri brigade							
Sept. 12th	Black River, "	Talbot's command	5		4				
Sept. 13th	Booneville, "	Col. Brown's Missouri regiment	12	30	20	1	4		
Sept 12 to 20th	Lexington, "	Missouri State Guard, under Maj. Gen. Sterling Price		74†		42	108	1624	
Sept. 17th	Morristown, "	" " "	7			2	6		
Sept. 17th	Blue Mills, "	Saunders' and Patton's regiments Missouri infantry and Wiffley's and Childs' regiments Missouri cavalry, Gen. D. R. Atchison, commanding	10	60		11	39	6	
Sept 18th	Barboursville, Kentucky	20th Tennessee, Col. Battle	2	3		1	1	2	
Sept. 21st-22d.	Papinsville, Missouri	Missouri State Guard				17			
Sept. 22d	Elliott's Mills, "					1	5		
Sept. 26th	Lucas Bend, Kentucky		4		5				
Sept. 27th	Shanghai, Missouri	State Guard, Col. Chenault							
Sept. 30th	Albany, Kentucky	Capt. Bledsoe's Tennessee cavalry company							
Oct. 4th	Alimosa, New Mexico	Col. Baylor's Texans	2			30		17	
Oct. 4th	Buffalo Hill, Kentucky		50			20			
Oct. 8th	Hillsboro, "	Capt. Holliday's company	11	29	22	3	2		
Oct. 9th	Santa Rosa, Florida	Detachment under Gen. Patton Anderson		25	36	14	29	24	
Oct. 12th	Barren Co., Kentucky					4			
Oct. 12th	Cameron, Missouri		8	5		1	4		
Oct. 12th	Upton Hill, "		5	3					
Oct. 12th	Bayles' Cross Roads, Louisiana						4		
Oct. 13th	Beckwith Farm, Missouri	Gen. Jeff. Thompson's brigade	1	2		2	5	3	
Oct. 13th	West Glaze, "	" " "	62		36				
Oct. 15th	Big River Bridge, "	" " "	5	4		1	6	33	
Oct. 15th	Linn Creek, "	Capt. Roberts' Missouri company	63	40	37				
Oct. 16th	Warsaw, "		3		3				
Oct. 19th	Big Hurricane Creek, Missouri	Gen. Jeff. Thompson's brigade	14		8	2	14		
Oct. 21st	Wild Cat, Kentucky	15th Mississippi, Col. Statham, 17th, Col. Newman, 19th, Col. Cummings, 20th, Col. Battle, 11th, Col. Rains, Tennessee, and 16th Alabama, Col. Wood, regiments of infantry, and McClung's and Rutledge's batteries—Brig. Gen. Zollicoffere commanding	11	42		5	11	40	
Oct. 17 to 21st	Fredericktown, Missouri	Force under Gen. Jeff. Thompson and Col. Lowe				6	60		
Oct. 22d	Buffalo Mills, "		17		90				
Oct. 23d	West Liberty, Kentucky		10	5	34		2		
Oct. 23d	Hodgeville, "		3	5			3	14	
Oct. 25th	Springfield, Missouri	Parts of Cols. Frazier's, Johnston's, Schnable's and Turner's Missouri regiments				18	37	30	
Oct. 26th	Saratoga, Kentucky	Capt. Wilcox's company Kentucky cavalry	8	17	36		4		
Oct. 27th	Plattsburg, Missouri		8		12				
Oct. 27th	Spring Hill, "		1				5		
Oct. 29th	Woodbury and Morgantown, Kentucky	Kentucky State Guard			2		1		
Nov. 1st	Renick, Randolph Co., Missouri	Missouri recruits, under Col. Sweeney					14		

†Killed and wounded.

DATE. 1861.	LOCALITY.	CONFEDERATE TROOPS ENGAGED.	CONFED. LOSS.			UNION LOSS.		
			Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
Nov. 6th	Little Santa Fe, Msssouri					2	6	120
Nov. 7th	Belmont, "	Pillow's Brigade: Col. Tappan's Arkansas, and Cols. Wright's, Freeman's, Pickett's and Russell's Tennessee regiments. Cheatham's Brigade: 154th, 2d, 4th and 15th Tennessee, and Marks' 11th Louisiana regiments, and Blythe's Mississippi battallion. General Leonidas Polk commanding	105	419	117	90	173	235
Nov. 7th	Burning of the Royal Yacht, Galveston Harbor, Texas			3		1	8	
Nov. 9th	Piketown, Pike Co., Kentucky	Col J. S. Williams' Kentucky regiment	11	18	40	13	35	
Nov. 10th	Taylor's Ford, Wautauga River, Tennessee					9	7	
Nov. 11th	Little Blue, Missouri	Col. Hays' Missouri troops				7	9	
Nov. 17th	Cypress Bridge, Kentucky	Col. Hawkins' Kentucky regiment			25	10	15	
Nov. 18th	Palmyra, Missouri	Recruits to Price's army	3	5	16			
Nov. 23d	Pensacola, Ft. Pickens, Florida	Gen. Bragg's heavy batteries	7	8		5	7	
Nov. 24th	Lancaster, Missouri	Lt. Col. Blanton's force	13			1	2	
Nov. 26th	Independence, Little Blue, Missouri					1	1	
Nov. 29th	Black Walnut Creek, near Sedalia, Missouri		17		5		15	
Dec. 1st	Morristown, Tennessee							
Dec. 3d	Salem, Dent county, Missouri.	Missouri State Guard, under Col. Freeman	16	20	10	6	10	1
Dec. 4th	Dunksburg, near Sedalia, "	Capts. Young's and Whately's Missouri companies	7	10				
Dec. 4th	Whipporwill Bridge, Kentucky.	Detail of 9th Kentucky	2	1	10			
Dec. 6th	Bacon Creek, "	Capt. John Morgan's cavalry						
Dec. 9th	Chustenahlah, Indian Territory	Simms' Texas regiment and Choctaw, Chickasaw and Creek Indians, under Cols. McIntosh and Stand Waitie	18	32		250	170	209
Dec. 11th	Bertrand, Missouri	Missouri State Guard	8			1		
Dec. 12th	Bagdad, Shelby co., Kentucky.						1	
Dec. 17th	Woodsonville, "	Detachment of Hindman's infantry and Terry's Texas Rangers	4	10		10	22	8
Dec. 18th	Milford, Missouri	Missouri State Guard, under Cols. Robinson, Magoffin and Alexander			1,300	2	8	

Dec. 21st	Hudson, Missouri			10		17	5	
Dec. 24th	Wadesburg, "						2	
Dec. 28th	Sacramento, Kentucky	Col. Bedford Forrest's regiment and Col. Starnes' Tennessee battalion	2	3		65	17	18
Dec. 28th	Mount Zion, " Missouri.	Missouri State Guard, Col. Dorsey	25	150	35	5	63	4
1862.								
Jan. 3d	Hunnewell, "				8			
Jan. 4th	Calhoun, Green county, "			30			10	
Jan. 7th	Paintsville, Kentucky	Gen. H. Marshall's brigade (detachments)	6	14	7	3	1	10
Jan. 8th	Charleston, Missouri					8	16	
Jan. 8th	Silver Creek, Randolph county, Missouri	Recruits under Col. Poindexter	10			5	20	
Jan. 8th	Fishing Creek, Kentucky	Zollicoffer's cavalry				10	16	
Jan. 9th	Columbus, Missouri			1		5		
Jan. 10th	Middle Creek and Prestonburg, Kentucky	Trigg's Virginia, Williams' and Moore's Kentucky regiments, and Markham's and Wicher's cavalry Gen. H. Marshall, commanding	10	14	25	2	25	
Jan. 19th and 20th.	Mill Springs, Kentucky	Zollicoffer's brigade: 19th, 20th, 25th Tennessee and 15th Mississippi regiments, and Rutledge's battery. Carroll's brigade: 17th, 28th, 29th Tennessee and 16th Alabama regiments, McClung's battery, and Brauner's and McClelland's battalions of cavalry	114	102	45	39	207	
Jan. 22d	Knob Noster, Missouri					1		
Feb. 1st	Bowling Green, Kentucky		3	2				
Feb. 2d	Morgan county, Tennessee					7		
Feb. 6th	Fort Henry, Tennessee	10th, 48th, 51st Tennessee and 15th Arkansas regiments	5	11	63		*63	
Feb. 14th	Flat Lick Fords, Cumberland River, Kentucky		4	4	3			
Feb. 14th, 15th, and 16th.	Fort Donelson, Tennessee	Buckner's division—Brown's brigade: 3d, 18th and 32d Tennessee regiments. Hanson's brigade: 2d Kentucky, 14th Mississippi, and 41st Tennessee regiments, Porter's, Graves', and the Issaquena batteries. Pillow's division—Heiman's brigade: 10th, 48th, 53d Tennessee and 27th Alabama regiments, and Maney's battery. Simonton's brigade: 1st and 3d Mississippi, 7th Texas, and 8th Kentucky regiments. Drake's brigade: 4th Mississippi, 15th Arkansas, 26th Alabama, and Browder's Tennessee battalion. Head's brigade: 30th and 52d Tennessee regiments. Wharton's brigade: 51st and 56th Virginia regiments. McCausland's brigade: 36th and 50th Virginia and 20th Mississippi regiments. Baldwin's brigade: 26th Mississippi and 26th Tennessee regiments. In Fort: 49th and 50th Tennessee regiments, and Colms' Tennessee battalion; Ross' battery. Cavalry: Forrest's regiment, 9th Tennessee battalion, and three Kentucky						

†Killed and wounded.

DATE. 1862.	LOCALITY.	CONFEDERATE TROOPS ENGAGED.	CONFED. LOSS. Killed.	CONFED. LOSS. Wounded.	CONFED. LOSS. Missing.	UNION LOSS. Killed.	UNION LOSS. Wounded.	UNION LOSS. Missing.
		companies. Light batteries: Greene's, French's, and Guy's	231	1,007	13,829	446	1,735	150
Feb. 14th	Marshfield, Missouri							
Feb. 15th	Bowling Green, Kentucky, occupied by Gen. Buell, U.S.A.							
Feb. 17th	Sugar Creek, Arkansas					13	5	1
Feb. 18th	Independence, Missouri	Quantrell's and Parker's commands	4	5	5	1	3	
Feb. 21st	Valverde, New Mexico	Scurry's 4th, Greene's 5th, and Sutton's 7th Texas cavalry regiments, and Pyron's 2d mounted rifles; Teel's, Riley's and Woods' batteries. Gen. H. F. Sibley, commanding	36	159	1	62	140	
Feb. 26th	Keytesville, Barry county, Missouri	McBride's Missouri force	1			2	1	1
Mar. 1st	Sykestown, Missouri				3			1
Mar. 2d	Pittsburg Landing, Tennessee.					5	5	4
Mar. 3d	New Madrid, Missouri	Jeff. Thompson's force				1	3	
Mar. 6th, 7th, and 8th.	Pea Ridge, Arkansas	Price's corps; divisions of Gens. Slack and Little. McCulloch's division; McIntosh's and Herbert's brig'des, and General Pike's brigade of Choctaw, Cherokee and Chickasaw Indians. Maj. Gen. Van Dorn, commanding. Gens. McCulloch and McIntosh (C. S. A.) killed.		†600	1,600	203	972	174
Mar. 7th	Fox Creek, Missouri	Quantrell's men				5		
Mar. 8th	Near Nashville, Tennessee	Capt. John Morgan's cavalry	1	3	4	1	2	38
Mar. 8th	Mississippi City, Mississippi							
Mar. 9th	Mountain Grove, Missouri	Quantrell's regiment				10	2	
Mar. 10th	Jacksboro, Big Creek Gap, Tennessee	Cavalry under Lt. Col. White	2	4	15		2	
Mar. 11th	Paris, Tennessee			10	5	5	5	1
Mar. 12th	Lexington, La Fayette county, Missouri		9	3		1	1	
Mar. 12th	Near Lebanon, Missouri.	Brig. Gen. Campbell's command	13	5	20			
Mar. 13th	New Madrid, "	Forces under Gen. McCown	16	9		25	47	
Mar. 14th	Pound Gap, Cumberland Mountains, Tennessee	Cavalry		*5				
Mar. 16th	Black Jack Forrest, Tennessee.				2		4	

Mar. 18th	Salem, Arkansas	Troops under Col. Coleman			*100	3	10		
Mar. 21st	Mosquito Inlet, Florida					8	8	2	
Mar. 22d	Independence, Missouri	Quantrell's men	7		11	1	2		
Mar. 23d	Carthage, "						1		
Mar. 26th	Warrensburg, "		9	16		1	22		
Mar. 26th	Hamonsville, Polk county, Missouri		15				5		
Mar. 26th to 28th.	Glorietta, New Mexico	Parts of 4th, 5th, and 7th Texas mounted volunteers, Capt. Phillips' company, and Bradford's artillery; ...	36	60	93	32	75	35	
Mar. 28th	Warrensburg, Missouri	Force under Col. Parker	15		25	3	1		
Mar. 30th	Union City, Tennessee								
Mar. 31st	Jacksonville, Florida	Col. Dilworth's Florida regiment				4			
April 2d	Putnam's Ferry, near Doniphan, Missouri		3		7				
April 4th	Near Shiloh, Tennessee	1st Alabama cavalry, Col. Clanton			7	1		1	
April 4th	Pass Christian, Mississippi								
April 4th	Crump's Landing, Tennessee			20	8		2	8	
April 6th and 7th.	Shiloh, Tennessee	First corps, Maj. Gen. Leonidas Polk. First division, Brig. Gen. Charles Clark. First brigade, Col. R. M. Russell: 12th, 13th and 22d Tennessee and 11th Louisiana regiments, and Bankhead's battery. Second brigade, Brig. Gen. A. P. Stewart: 4th, 5th and 33d Tennessee and 13th Arkansas regiments, and Stanford's battery. Second division, Maj. Gen. B. F. Cheatham. First brigade, Brig. Gen. B. R. Johnson: 154th (Sr.), 2d (Walker's) and 15th Tennessee and Blythe's Mississippi regiments, and Polk's battery. Second brigade, Col. W. H. Stephens: 1st, 6th and 9th Tennessee and 7th Kentucky regiments, and Capt. M. Smith's battery. Second corps, Maj. Gen. Braxton Bragg. First division, Brig. Gen. Daniel Ruggles. First brigade, Brig. Gen. Randall Gibson: 4th, 13th and 19th Louisiana and 1st Arkansas regiments, and Bain's battery. Second brigade, Brig. Gen. Patton Anderson: 17th and 20th Louisiana and 19th Arkansas regiments, two companies of Confederate Guard Response, and Hodgson's battery. Third brigade, Col. Preston Pond: 16th, 18th and Crescent Louisiana and Orleans Guards and 38th Tennessee regiments, and Ketchum's battery. Second division, Brig. Gen. Jones M. Withers. First brigade, Brig. Gen. A. H. Gladden: 1st Louisiana and 21st, 22d, 25th and 26th Alabama regiments, and Robertson's battery. Second brigade, Brig. Gen. James R. Chalmers: 5th, 7th, 9th and 10th Mississippi and 52d Tennessee regiments, and Gage's battery. Third brigade, Brig. Gen. John K. Jackson: 17th, 18th and 19th Alabama and 2d Texas regiments, and Girardy's battery. Third							

†Killed and wounded. *Killed, wounded and missing.

DATE. 1862.	LOCALITY.	CONFEDERATE TROOPS ENGAGED.	CONFED. LOSS. Killed.	CONFED. LOSS. Wounded.	CONFED. LOSS. Missing.	UNION LOSS. Killed.	UNION LOSS. Wounded.	UNION LOSS. Missing.
		corps, Maj. Gen. W. J. Hardee. First division, Brig. Gen. Thomas C. Hindman. First brigade, Col. R. G. Shaver: 2d, 6th and 7th Arkansas and 3d Confederate regiments, and Swett's battery. Second brigade, Brig. Gen. Patrick R. Cleburne: 2d (Bate's) 23d, 24th and 35th Tennessee, 6th Mississippi and 15th Arkansas regiments, and Calvert's and Trigg's batteries. Third brigade, Brig. Gen. S. M. Wood: 27th, 44th and 55th Tennessee, 8th Arkansas and 16th Alabama regiments, 9th Arkansas and 3d Mississippi battalions, and Harper's battery. Reserve corps, Brig. Gen. J. C. Breckenridge. First brigade, Col. Robert P. Trabue: 3d, 4th, 6th and 9th Kentucky and 31st Alabama regiments, 4th and Crews' Alabama battalions and Cobb's and Byrne's batteries. Second brigade, Brig. Gen. John S. Bowen: 9th and 10th Arkansas, 1st Missouri and 2d Confederate regiments, and Hudson's battery. Third brigade, Col. Statham: 19th, 20th, 28th and 45th Tennessee, 15th and 22d Mississippi regiments, and Rutledge's battery. Cavalry: Forrest's Tennessee and Alabama, Lindsley's Mississippi, Clanton's Alabama, and Wharton's Texas regiments, Bennett's Tennessee battalion, Brewer's squadron, Morgan's Kentucky squadron, Thompson's Kentucky company, and companies of Jenkins, Tomlinson, Cox, and Robins. Gen. A. S. Johnston[k] and Brig. Gen. A. H. Gladden (C. S. A.) killed.....	1,728	8,012	959			†15,000
April 8th.....	Island Number Ten, Tennessee.	Brig. Gen. Makall, commanding.....	17		500			
April 8th.....	Near Shiloh, Tennessee.....	Col. Bedford Forrest's cavalry regiment.....		1			†50	70
April 10th.....	Fort Pulaski, Georgia.....			4	360	1		
April 12th.....	Little Blue River, Missouri.....		5		17			
April —.....	Wartrace, Tennessee.....	Col. Sturnes' 4th Tennessee cavalry regiment.....	2	8		5	10	20
April 14th.....	Diamond Grove, Missouri.....						1	
April 11th.....	Walkersville, "					3	3	
April 14th.....	Montavallo, "		2	10	5	3	6	

April 14th	Fort Pillow, Tennessee, bombarded							
April 16th	Savannah, Tennessee							
April 19th	Talbot's Ferry, Arkansas		3			1		
April 26th	Turnback Creek, Missouri					1		
April 26th	Neosho, "	Choctaw Indians, under Cols. Stan Watie and Coffee		30	62	3	2	
April 28th	Paint Rock Railroad Bridge, Alabama	1st Louisiana Cavalry, Col. Scott					7	
April 18th to April 28th	Forts Jackson and St. Philip and capture of New Orleans, Louisiana	Brig. Gen. Duncan and Col. Ed. Higgins, commanding Forts Jackson and St. Phillips; Capt. J. K. Mitchell, commanding naval boats Louisiana, McRae, Moore, Resolute, Stonewall Jackson, and Manassas; Maj. Gen. Lovell, commanding land forces	185	197	400	36	193	
April 28th	Monterey, Tennessee		5		18	1	3	
April 29th	Bridgeport, Alabama	39th and 49th Georgia regiments, Gen. Leadbetter, commanding		2				
May 1st	Pulaski, Tennessee	Col. John Morgan's cavalry						*400
May 3d	Farmington, Mississippi					2	12	
May 4th	Licking, Missouri					1	2	
May 5th	Lebanon, Tennessee	Col. John Morgan's cavalry	6		120	6	25	1
May 5th	Lockridge Mills, Kentucky	Gen. Jeff. Thompson's forces				4	16	68
May ——	Readyville, Tennessee	4th Tennessee cavalry, Col. Starnes				3		70
May 8th	Glendale, near Corinth, Mississippi				4	1	4	
May 9th	Elkton Station, near Athens, Alabama	Col. Woodard's Kentucky cavalry regiment	13			5		43
May 9th	Farmington, Mississippi	11th, 13th, 16th, 18th, 20th and 25th Louisiana, 36th and 37th Mississippi, and 1st Arkansas regiments, and Hodgson's, Ducabel's, and Houton's batteries	15	109		35	175	
May 10th	Fort Pillow, Tennessee	Gunboats Bragg, Price, Sumter, Van Dorn, Thompson, Lovell, and Beauregard, Capt. J. E. Montgomery, commanding	2	1			3	
May 11th	Bloomfield, Missouri	Col. Phelan's Missouri cavalry	1		11			
May 11th	Cave City, Kentucky	Morgan's cavalry						6
May 13th	Rodgersville, Alabama	Col. Adams' cavalry brigade						
May 13th	Monterey, Tennessee		2	3	5		2	
May 15th	Chalk Bluffs, Missouri					1	3	3
May 15th	Butler, Bates county, "					3	1	
May 17th	Russell's House, bef're Corinth, Mississippi	Beauregard's outpost guard	12		1	10	31	
May 19th	Searcy Landing, Little Red River, Arkansas	Cols. Coleman's and Hicks' regiments	5	11		18	27	1
May 20th	St. Marks, Florida	3d Florida cavalry				17		
May 21st	Phillip's Creek, Mississippi						3	
May 22d	Florida, Monroe county, Missouri						2	

Gens. A. S. Johnston and G. T. Beauregard, commanding. †Killed and wounded. *Killed, wounded and missing.

DATE. 1862.	LOCALITY.	CONFEDERATE TROOPS ENGAGED.	CONFED. LOSS.			UNION LOSS.		
			Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Killed.	Wounded	Missing.
May 23d	Fort Craig, New Mexico	Texas troops					3	
May 27th	Big Indian Creek, near Searcy, Arkansas					3		
May 27th	Osceola, Missouri					3	2	
May 28th	Cache River Bridge, Arkansas.							
May 28th	Corinth, Mississippi	Cleburne's brigade		†60			25	
May 28th and 29th.	Sylamore, Arkansas							
May 30th	Booneville, Mississippi.	Train containing sick and wounded			300			
May 30th	Tuscumbia Creek, "	Gen. Beall's cavalry				3		3
May 30th	Evacuation of Corinth, "							
May 31st	Neosho, Missouri	Commands of Maj. Wright and Capt. Coffee				2	3	
June 2d	Jacksonport, Arkansas	Gunboat Maurepas, Capt. Fry						
June 4th	Fort Pillow, Tennessee							
June 4th	Jasper, Sweden's Cove, Tennessee	1st Kentucky cavalry, Col. B. H. Helm			*6	2	7	
June 4th	Blackland, Mississippi					5	14	
June 6th	Memphis, Tennessee	Gunboats Van Dorn, Price, Bragg, Jeff. Thompson, Lovell, Beauregard, Sumter, and Little Rebel		†80	100			
June 9th	Baldwin, Mississippi							
June 11th	Monterey, Owen county, Kentucky	Partisan Rangers			100	2		
June 12th	Waddell's Farm, near Village Creek, Arkansas	Hooker's cavalry company			*28		12	1
June 17th	St. Charles, White River, Arkansas	Crew of the gunboat Maurepas, Capt. Fry, commanding.		†125	30	105	30	
June 18th	Warrensburg, Missouri					2	2	
June 18th	Smithville, Arkansas	Capt. Jones' company		4	15	2	4	
June 21st	Cumberland Gap occupied							
June 21st	Battle Creek, Tennessee	Gen Leadbetter's brigade				4	3	
June 25th	Raceland, near Algiers, Louisiana	Louisiana Partisans				3	8	
June 25th	Germantown, Tennessee	Gen W. H. Jackson's cavalry				10		
June 25th	Little Red River, Arkansas						2	4
June 26th-29th	Vicksburg, Mississippi	3d, 4th, 6th, 7th and 9th Kentucky, 20th, 28th and 45th						

		Tennessee, 15th, 22d and 31st Mississippi regiments, and Heavy Artillery. Gen. Breckenridge, com'ding.						
June 27th.....	Williams' Bridge, Amite River, Louisiana.....	Capt. Terrill's Mississippi cavalry.....	4		7	2	4	
June 27th.....	Village Creek, Arkansas.....	24th Arkansas regiment, Col. Portlock.....				2	30	
June 27th.....	Waddell's Farm, Arkansas.....					4	4	
July 1st.....	Booneville, Mississippi.....		17		65		*45	
July 1st.....	Morning Sun, Tennessee.....		11	26	10		4	
July 6th.....	Grand Prairie, near Aberdeen, Arkansas.....				*84	1	21	
July 7th.....	Bayou Cache, Arkansas.....	12th and 14th Texas cavalry, Gen. Rust, commanding..			*200	7	57	
July 8th.....	Black River, Missouri.....					1	3	
July 8th.....	Lotspeach Farm, "							
July 9th.....	Clinton, "					1	2	
July 9th.....	Tompkinsville, Kentucky.....	2d Kentucky, Hunt's Georgia Partisan Rangers, and Gano's battalion, Col. John Morgan's brigade.....		4		20	30	50
July 10th.....	Scatterville, Arkansas.....	Capt. Allen's company..						
July 11th.....	Pleasant Hill, Missouri.....		6	5		10	19	
July 11th.....	New Hope, Kentucky.....	Company B, 2d Kentucky cavalry.....						
July 12th.....	Lebanon, Kentucky.....	Col. John Morgan's cavalry brigade.....				2		200
July 13th.....	Murfreesboro, Tennessee.....	8th Texas and 2d Georgia regiments, 1st Georgia and Maj. Baxter Smith's Tennessee battalions, and two Kentucky companies, Brig. Gen. Forrest, commanding.....		†100		33	62	1,765
July 14th.....	Batesville, Arkansas.....					1	4	3
July 15th.....	Naval Fight at mouth of Yazoo River, near Vicksburg, Mississippi.....	Ram Arkansas, Capt. I. N. Brown, commanding.....	5	9		13	36	
July 15th.....	Fayetteville, Arkansas.....	Gen. Rains' Missouri troops.....			150			
July 15th.....	Near Decatur, Tennessee.....						4	2
July 17th.....	Cynthiana, Kentucky.....	Col. John Morgan's cavalry brigade.....	8	29		17	34	450
July 18th.....	Memphis, Missouri.....	Porter's and Dunn's Partisans.....	23			13	55	
July 20th.....	Pittman's Ferry, Arkansas.....							
July 21st.....	Nashville, Tennessee.....							
July 23d.....	Florida, Missouri	Porter's Partisans.....	3				22	2
July 23d.....	Columbus, "						2	
July 24th.....	Trinity, Alabama.....	2d Missouri cavalry.....	12	30		2	12	
July 24th.....	Botts' Farm, Monroe county, Missouri.....		1	12		1	9	
July 24th-25th.	Santa Fe, Missouri.....					2	13	
July 25th.....	Brownsville, Hatchie River, Tennessee.....							
July 25th.....	Jonesboro, Tennessee.....	Col. Kelley's cavalry.....		3		9	5	
July 25th-26th.	Mountain Store and Big Piney, Missouri.....	Col. Coleman's Partisans.....	5		15			
July 25th.....	Courtland Bridge, Alabama.....	2d Missouri cavalry.....						133
July 26th.....	Patten, Missouri.....							
July 26th.....	Greenfield, "	Col. Tracy's Missouri regiment.....				2	5	

†Killed and wounded. *Killed, wounded and missing.

CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY, ETC.—*Continued.*

DATE. 1862.	LOCALITY.	CONFEDERATE TROOPS ENGAGED.	CONFED. LOSS.			UNION LOSS.		
			Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
July 27th	Brown Springs, Missouri							
July 27th	Stevenson, Alabama	Freeman's battery						
July 28th	Bayou Barnard, Cherokee Nation	Col. Folsom's Choctaw regiment and Col. Winter's regiment				17	40	
July 28th	Moore's Mills, Fulton county, Missouri	Cols. Porter's and Cobb's Partisans	22	60		19	21	
July 29th	Mount Sterling, Kentucky	Kentucky recruits	13	20		3	7	
July 29th	Bollinger's Mills, Missouri	Maj. Finley's Partisans	10					
July 29th	Russellville, Kentucky	Col. Gano's Texans					1	50
July 29th	Brownsville, Tennessee	Gen. Jackson's cavalry	4	6		4	6	
July 30th	Paris, Kentucky	Col. Thompson's Kentucky command						
Aug. 1st	Newark, Missouri	Col. Porter's Partisans			73*	4	4	60
Aug. 2d	Ozark, "	Col. Lawther's Partisans		2		10	20	
Aug. 2d	Clear Creek, Missouri		11			5	14	
Aug. 2d	Coahoma county, Mississippi						5	
Aug. 2d	Austin, Tunica co., "							
Aug. 3d	Chariton Bridge, Missouri		11	4	17		2	
Aug. 3d	Jonesboro, Arkansas	Gen. Parson's Missouri brigade				4	2	21
Aug. 3d	Languelle Ferry, Arkansas	Gen. Parson's Missouri brigade				17	38	8
Aug. 4th	Sparta, Tennessee	Parts of the 8th Texas and 1st Louisiana cavalry				1		1
Aug. 5th	Baton Rouge, Louisiana	3d, 4th, 6th, 7th and 9th Kentucky, 19th, 26th, 28th and 45th Tennessee, 15th, 22d and 31st Mississippi, 26th, 31st and 49th Alabama, and 4th Louisiana regiments, Snodgrass' Alabama, 4th Alabama and Boyd's Louisiana battalions, Partisan Louisiana Rangers, Cobb's Kentucky, Hudson's Mississippi and Semmes' Louisiana batteries—Maj. Gen. John C. Breckenridge commanding	84	316	78	82	255	34
Aug. 5th	Near New Market, Alabama	Capts. Gurley's and Hambrick's companies of Alabama Partisan Rangers. (Gen. R. L. McCook, U. S. A., killed)				2	1	60
Aug. 6th	Montavallo, Missouri						1	3
Aug. 6th	Kirksville, "	Col. Porter's Partisans. (Confederate prisoners massacred by Col. McNeill's forces)	128	200	40	28	60	

Aug. 6th	Tazewell, Tennessee	11th Tennessee, 29th North Carolina and 41st Georgia regiments and 3d Georgia battalion, and Kolb's and Yeiser's batteries—Gen. C. L. Stevenson, command'g	9	40		8	23	50	
Aug. 6th	Baton Rouge, Louisiana	C. S. ram Arkansas, Lieut. Stevens							
Aug. 7th	Fort Fillmore, New Mexico	Gen. Sibley's Texans							
Aug. 7th	Trenton, Tennessee	Capt. Faulkner's cavalry company	30	20					
Aug. 8th	Panther Creek, Missouri	Capt. Cobb's Partisans				1	4		
Aug. 9th	Stockton, "	Porter's Partisans	13		36				
Aug. 9th	Independence, "	Missouri Partisans, under Cols. Hughes, Boyd and Thompson				29	30	400	
Aug. 10 to 13th	Grand River, "	Poindexter's Partisans						100*	
Aug. 10th	Nueces River, Texas		8	14		40			
Aug. 11th	Taberville, Arkansas							6	
Aug. 11th	Independence, Missouri	Partisans under Cols. Hughes, Boyd and Thompson				14	18	312	
Aug. 11 to 14th	Helena, Arkansas	Gen. Jeff. Thompson's cavalry				1	2	4	
Aug. 11th	Salisbury, Tennessee								
Aug. 11th	Williamsport, "								
Aug. 11th	Kinderhook, "		7		27	3			
Aug. 12th	Gallatin, "	Col. John Morgan's cavalry brigade	6	18		30	50	200	
Aug. 13th	Clarendon, Arkansas	Gen. Hindman's troops							
Aug. 15th	Merriweather's Ferry, Obion River, Tennessee	Capt. Binfield's Kentucky cavalry			6	3	6		
Aug. 16th	Lone Jack, Missouri	Col. Tracy's Missouri Partisans		73†		60	100		
Aug. 18th	Capture of C. S. steamer Fair Play, near Milliken's Bend, Louisiana				40				
Aug. 18th	Barboursville, Kentucky	Col. Scott's 1st Louisiana and Col. Starnes' 4th Tennessee cavalry					45		
Aug. 19th	Clarksville, Tennessee	Col. Woodard's Kentucky cavalry						200	
Aug. 19th	Rienzi, Mississippi								
Aug. 19th	White Oak Ridge, near Hickman, Kentucky		4		19		2		
Aug. 20th	Near Gallatin, Tennessee	Col. John Morgan's cavalry brigade				40		90	
Aug. 20th	Edgefield Junction, Tennessee	Col. John Morgan's cavalry brigade	5	18					
Aug. 20th	Union Mills, Missouri		1		4	4	3		
Aug. 21st	Gallatin, Tennessee	Col. John Morgan's cavalry	7	18		64	150	200	
Aug. 22d	Courtland, Alabama		8				2	2	
Aug. 22d	Crab Orchard, Kentucky	Col. Scott's 1st Louisiana and Col. Starnes' 4th Tennessee cavalry							
Aug. 22d	Big Hill, Madison county, Ky.	Col. Scott's 1st Louisiana and Col. Starnes' 4th Tennessee cavalry		15†		23	65		
Aug. 24th	Dallas, Missouri	Col. Jeffries' Partisans				3	1		
Aug. 24th	Coon Creek, Missouri	Quantrell's and Hays' Partisans				2	22	6	
Aug. 25th	Fort Donelson, Tennessee	Col. Woodard's Kentucky cavalry regiment		30†			20†		
Aug. 26th	Cumberland Iron Works, Tennessee	Col. Woodard's Kentucky cavalry regiment				3	8	10	
Aug. 26th	Bloomfield, Missouri	Col. Hicks' Partisans		20†					
Aug. 26th	Madisonville, Kentucky								

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			Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
Aug. 26th	Rienzi and Kossuth, Mississippi	2d Tennessee cavalry, Col. Barteau				5	12	6
Aug. 26th	Danville, Kentucky		3	5	36	1	2	
Aug. 27th	Fort McCook, near Bridgeport, Alabama	Freeman's battery				2		
Aug. 28th	Rendyville, Tennessee	Gen. Forrest's brigade					5	
Aug. 28th	Howard county, Missouri					8	2	1
Aug. 29th	Manchester, Tennessee	Gen. Forrest's brigade						20
Aug. 30th	Bolivar, "	Cavalry under Maj. Frank Armstrong				5	18	64
Aug. 30th	McMinnville, "	Gen. Forrest's brigade	1					
Aug. 30th	Richmond, Kentucky	Preston Smith's brigade—154th, 12th, 13th 29th and 47th Tennessee regiments. Cleburne's brigade—13th and 15th Arkansas and 2d, 35th and 48th Tennessee regiments. Churchill's brigade—1st and 2d dismounted Arkansas cavalry, 4th Arkansas infantry, 4th Arkansas battalion, and Turnbull's Arkansas battalion. McCray's brigade—McCray's Arkansas regim't, 10th, 11th and 14th dismounted Texas cavalry, and Andrews' Texas infantry. Douglas' and Humphries' batteries, and Scott's 1st Louisiana and Starnes' 4th Tennessee cavalry		400†		200	700	5,000
Aug. 30th	Altamont, Tennessee	Parts of 1st and 3d Alabama and 1st Kentucky cavalry regiments—Gen. Joseph Wheeler			3*			35*
Aug. 31st	Medon Station, Miss. Cent. R. R., Tennessee	Cavalry under Maj. Frank Armstrong				3	13	43
Aug. 31st	Stevenson, Alabama							
Aug. 31st	Yates' Ford, Kentucky					3	10	
Sept. 1st	Britton's Lane, near Denmark, Tennessee	Gen. W. H. Jackson's cavalry				5	51	52
Sept. 2d	Morgansville, Kentucky	Col. Adam Johnson's Kentucky cavalry regiment	8				2	
Sept. 2d	Lexington, "	Cols. Scott's and Starnes' cavalry				5	10	100
Sept. 3d	Frankfort, "	Cols. Scott's and Starnes' cavalry						50
Sept. 3d	Slaughterville, "	Col. A. R. Johnson's Kentucky cavalry regiment	3	2	25			
Sept. 3d	Geiger Lake, "							
Sept. 4th	Mobile Harbor	C. S. steamer Florida, Capt. Maffit, running blockade.	1	2				
Sept. 4th	Big Creek Gap, Tennessee							

Sept. 6th	Olathe, Kansas	Quantrell's Partisans				5		29
Sept. 6th	La Grange, Arkansas					1	1	
Sept. 7th	Clarksville, Tennessee	Col. Woodard's Kentucky cavalry						
Sept. 7th	Shepherdsville, Kentucky	4 companies 2d Kentucky cavalry, Lieut. Col. Hutchinson					1	150
Sept. 9th	Columbia, Tennessee		18	45				
Sept. 9th	Des Allemands, Louisiana	Detachment of Texas cavalry, Col. Waller	6		25			*150
Sept. 10th	Cold Water, Mississippi	Pinson's Mississippi cavalry regiment			80			
Sept. 11 to 13th	Bloomfield, Missouri	Missouri Partisans				3	5	
Sept. 13th	Iuka, Mississippi	Maj. Frank Armstrong's cavalry		5		10	21	
Sept. 13th	Newtonia, Missouri	Gen. Cooper's Indian brigade					150†	109
Sept. 14th	Ponchatoula, Louisiana	Part of Gen. Jeff. Thompson's brigade	2				21†	
Sept. 14th	Bacon Creek, Kentucky	Col. Morrison's Georgia cavalry						29
Sept. 14 to 16th	Mumfordsville, "	Gen. Chalmers' Mississippi brigade (Bragg's Kentucky campaign)	65	275		50		3,566
Sept. 15th	Shelburne, Missouri	Col. Porter's Partisans	2					
Sept. 17th	Durhamville, Tennessee	Detachment under Lieut. Col. Faulkner	8	10		1	10	1
Sept. 17th	Florence, Kentucky	Col. Duke's Kentucky cavalry	5	7		1	1	
Sept. 19th	Hickory Grove, Missouri					1	2	
Sept. 19th–20th	Owensboro, Kentucky	Col. Johnson's Kentucky Partisans				2	18	
Sept. 19th–20th	Iuka, Mississippi	Gen. Price's corps	263	692	561	144	598	40
Sept. 20th	Shirley's Ford, Spring River, Missouri	Gen. Cooper's Indians			60*	17	4	
Sept. 20th	Helena, Arkansas					1		5
Sept. 20th	Prentiss, Mississippi					2	8	
Sept. 20th	Bolivar, "					2	1	
Sept. 21st	Cassville, Missouri				19			
Sept. 21st	Mumfordsville, Kentucky	Gen. Wheeler's cavalry brigade			12*			40†
Sept. 21st	Shepherdsville, "	Gen. Wheeler's cavalry brigade			25*			75†
Sept. 22d	Sturgeon, Missouri	Capt. Cunningham's Partisans						
Sept. 23d	Walton, Kentucky	2nd Kentucky cavalry, Col. Basil Duke						69
Sept. 23d	Wolf Creek Bridge, Mississippi		1	6				
Sept. 26th	Cambridge, Missouri					3		
Sept. 27th	Augusta, Kentucky	2d Kentucky cavalry, Col. Basil Duke	21	18		9	15	96
Sept. 30th	Newtonia, Missouri	Gen. Cooper's Indian brigade				50	80	115
Sept. 30th	Russellville, Kentucky				10			
Oct. 1st	Floyd's Fork, "							
Oct. 1st	Gallatin, Tennessee	Col. Bennett's Tennessee cavalry			39			
Oct. 2d	Olive Hill, Kentucky							
Oct 2d	Mount Washington, Kentucky							
Oct. 2d	Baldwin, Mississippi							
Oct. 3d–4th	Corinth, "	Price's corps: Gen. Herbert's division—1st brigade: 1st Missouri dismounted cavalry, 2d and 3d Missouri and 16th Arkansas regiments; 2d brigade: 3d Louisiana and 14th and 17th Arkansas regim'ts, Whitfield's Texas Legion, and Greer's Texas regiment; 3d brigade: 4th Missouri regiment, battalion Missouri infantry, battalion Missouri cavalry, and Confederate						

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			Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
		Rangers. Maury's division—1st brigade: 18th, 19th and 20th Arkansas regiments, McCairn's and Jones' Arkansas battalions; 2d brigade: 2d Texas, 35th Mississippi, Hobbs' and Adams' Arkansas regiments; 3d brigade: 6th and 9th Texas, 3d Arkansas dismounted cavalry, and Stevenson's and Bridges' battalions. Lovell's division and Jackson's brigade (7th Tennessee and 2d Mississippi cavalry regiments). Wade's, McDonald's, King's, Bledsoe's and McNally's batteries. Maj. Gen. Van Dorn	594	2,162	2,102	315	1,812	232
Oct. 4th	Bardstown, Kentucky							
Oct. 5th	Big Hatchie River, Mississippi.	Price's Corps (see Corinth)			400			500[8]
Oct. 5th	Glasgow, Kentucky							
Oct. 5th	Madisonville, Kentucky							
Oct. 6th	Liberty and Sibley's Landing, Missouri	Force under Quantrell and C ilds				1	1	
Oct. 7th	Lavergne, Tennessee	Gen. S. R. Anderson's Tennessee militia and 32d Alabama infantry		80†	175	5	9	4
Oct. 8th	Perryville, Kentucky	Divisions of Gens. Cheatham, Anderson and Buckner, Gen. Bragg commanding		2,500†		916	2,943	
Oct. 9th	Lawrenceburg, Kentucky	Gen. Withers' Division and Army of Kentucky, Gen. E. Kirby Smith	11			6	8	200
Oct. 10th	Harrodsburg, "	Sick and wounded			1,600			
Oct. 10th	Upper Missouri River, Ark.						1	
Oct. 11th	La Grange, near Helena, Ark.	Texas cavalry, Lieut. Col Giddings			9	4	13	9
Oct. 14th	Stanford, Kentucky				14			
Oct. 14th	Hazel Bottom, Missouri					1		2
Oct. 15th	Apalachicola River, Florida				2	7		
Oct. 17th	Lexington, Kentucky	Col. Morgan's cavalry				4	24	500
Oct. 18th	Helena, Arkansas					1		15
Oct. 20th	Near Nashville, Tennessee							
Oct. 20th	Auxvois River, Missouri							
Oct. 20th	Marshfield "							
Oct. 21st	Woodville, Tennessee	Haywood's Partisan's			40			
Oct. 21st	Fort Cobb, Indian Territory	Tongkawa Indians, Col. Leper						

Oct. 22d	Old Fort Wayne, Arkansas	Indians under Cooper and Stan Watie			150*	5	9	
Oct. 23d	Waverly, Tennessee				11	1	2	
Oct. 23d	Shelby Depot, Tennessee		8					
Oct. 23d	Point Lick and Big Hill Road, Kentucky		4					
Oct. 24th	Grand Prairie, Missouri		8	20			3	
Oct. 24th	Morgantown, Kentucky							
Oct. 27th	Pittman's Perry, Missouri				40			
Oct 27th	Labadiesville, Louisiana	18th and Crescent Louisiana regiments and Capt. Ralston's battery—Col. Armand commanding	6	15	50	18	68	
Oct. 28th	Cross Hollows, Fayetteville, Arkansas	Texas cavalry, Col. Craven	8	7			5	
Oct. 28th	Clarkson, Missouri	Col. Clark's Missouri regiment	10	2	45			
Oct. 29th	Butler and Osage, Missouri	Missourians under Cockerill		30†		9	9	
Nov. 3d	Bayou Teche (14 miles from Bra-hear City), Louisiana	C. S. gunboat Cotton				6	7	
Nov. 3d	Harrisonville, Missouri	Quantrell's command	6	20		14	4	5
Nov. 5th	Lamar, "	Quantrell's command				2	2	
Nov. 5th	Greenville Road, Kentucky	Col. Adam Johnson's Kentucky cavalry regiment	8					
Nov. 5th	Nashville, Tennessee	Forces under Gens. Breckenridge and Forrest and Col. John Morgan			23	10	26	19
Nov. 6th	Leatherwood, Kentucky		7					
Nov. 6th	Garrettsburg, "	Col. Adam Johnson's Kentucky cavalry regiment	17	85	60			
Nov. 7th	Rhea's Mills, Arkansas					3	3	
Nov. 7th	Big Beaver Creek, Missouri	Gen. Greene's Missouri brigade						300
Nov. 7th	Marianna, Arkansas				50*	3	20	
Nov. 8th	Hudsonville, Mississippi	Mississippi cavalry regiment	16		185			
Nov. 9th	Perry county, near Kentucky River, Kentucky		3					
Nov. 11th	Huntsville, Tennessee		4					
Nov. 11th	Lebanon, "	Gano's and Breckenridge's Kentucky cavalry regiments (Morgan's cavalry)				1		158
Nov. 18th	Rural Hills, "							
Nov. 21st	Bayou Bonteeou, Louisiana	Capt. Evans' command	4				1	
Nov. 22d	Holly Springs, Mississippi	Capt. Mitchell's cavalry company					29†	11
Nov. 24th	Beaver Creek, Texas county, Missouri	Missouri Partisans	5	20		6	10	22
Nov. 25th	Camp Babcock, Arkansas					1	1	
Nov. 25th	Crawford county, Missouri	Barnes' Missouri Partisans						
Nov. 26th	Columbia, Kentucky	1st Confederate cavalry, Col. Howard	4	3			30†	
Nov. 26th	Summerville, Mississippi				28			
Nov. 27th	Carthage, Arkansas					1		1
Nov. 27th	Somerville and Lavergne, Tennessee	Gen. Wheeler's brigade			20*			60*
Nov. 28th	Cane Hill, Boston Mountains, and Boonsboro, Arkansas	Gens. Marmaduke's and Shelby's cavalry brigades			100*	4	36	
Nov. 28th	Little Bear Creek, Alabama				70	4	14	
Nov. 29th	Cold Water River, Mississippi		3	5				

† Killed and wounded. * Killed, wounded and missing.

DATE. 1862.	LOCALITY.	CONFEDERATE TROOPS ENGAGED.	CONFED. LOSS.			UNION LOSS.		
			Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
Nov. 29th-30th	Waterford and Lumkin's Mills, Mississippi							
Dec. 2d	Ozark, Missouri		4		2			
Dec. 3d	Oakland, Mississippi			12			10	
Dec. 3d	Oxford, "	Gen. W. H. Jackson's cavalry and Lovell's division		20†	92			
Dec. 4th	Wireman's Shoals, Big Sandy River, Kentucky					3		16
Dec. 4th	Water Valley, Mississippi	Gen. W. H. Jackson's cavalry			300			
Dec. 5th	Coffeeville, "	Jackson's cavalry and Lovell's division of infantry	7	43	10	10	54	35
Dec. 5th	Helena, Arkansas		8		30			
Dec. 5th	Reed's Mountains, Arkansas					2	5	
Dec. 6th	Lebanon, Tennessee	Col. John Morgan's cavalry				1	3	
Dec. 7th	Prairie Grove, Arkansas	Gen. Shoup's division: Fagan's and McRae's Arkansas brigades. Gen. Parson's division: J. B. Clarke's and D. M. Frost's Missouri brigades. Gen. Rain's division: Maxey's and Speight's Texas brigades. Marmaduke's division: Marmaduke's and Shelby's brigades. Bledsoe's and Shoup's batteries. Maj. Gen. Hindman commanding	100	500		167	798	183
Dec. 7th	Oakland, Mississippi	Whitfield's Texas Legion						
Dec. 7th	Hartsville, Tennessee	Morgan's cavalry, 2d and 9th Kentucky infantry, and Cobb's and Corbett's batteries	21	114	14	55	400	2,004
Dec. 9th	Lavergne, "	Gen. Wheeler's cavalry brigade			15*	5	48	6
Dec. 9th	Brentwood, "	Holman's battalion Tennessee cavalry					1	
Dec. 11th	U. S. gunboat Cairo sunk by torpedo in Yazoo River, Mississippi							
Dec. 12th	Little Bear Creek, Alabama	Col. Roddy's Alabama cavalry	11	30	40	1		2
Dec. 12th	Franklin, Tennessee		5	10	12	1		
Dec. 14th	Prestonburg, Kentucky	Col. Clarkson's command	4	9			90†	10
Dec. 18th	Lexington, Tennessee	4th (Starnes'), 8th (Dibrell's) and 9th (Biffle's) Tennessee and Russell's 4th Alabama cavalry regiments, Col. Napier's and Maj. Cox's Tennessee cavalry battalions, Capt. William Forrest's scouts, Forrest's escort, and Freeman's battery. Brig. Gen. Forrest commanding	7	28		7	10	150

Dec. 18th	Jackson, Tennessee	Brig. Gen. Forrest, with same force as at Lexington		70	3		30†	200
Dec. 20th	Holly Springs, Mississippi	Jackson's and Armstrong's cavalry brigades, Maj. Gen. Earl Van Dorn commanding						1,950
Dec. 20th	Trenton, Tennessee	Maj. Cox's Tennessee battalion, Forrest's escort, and Freeman's battery	1			1		400
Dec. 20th	Humboldt, "	Starnes' and part of Biffle's regiments and Capt. Forrest's scouts						200
Dec. 20th	Spring Creek Bridge, Tennessee	Dibrell's, part of Biffle's, and Russell's regiments						100
Dec. 21st	Davis' Mills, Wolf River, Mississippi	Jackson's and Armstrong's cavalry brigades, Maj. Gen. Earl Van Dorn commanding	22	50	20		3	
Dec. 21st	Kenton Station, Tennessee	Forrest's escort, Freeman's battery, and Maj. Rambaut's train guard						250
Dec. 22d	Union City, "	Biffle's regiment, Cox's squadron, Forrest's scouts and escort, and section of Freeman's battery						320
Dec. 24th	Middleburg, Mississippi Central Railroad		9	11	15		9	13
Dec. 24th	Glasgow, Kentucky	Company A 9th Kentucky, Morgan's cavalry	3	3	7	1	1	16
Dec. 25th	Hillsboro Turnpike, near Nashville, Tennessee	Col. Holman's Tennessee and Col. Malone's Alabama battalions						†
Dec. 25th	Green's Chapel, Kentucky	Morgan's advance guard under Capt. Quirk		1		1		2
Dec. 25th	Bear Wallow, "	" " " " " "	1	3	12			
Dec. 26th	Bacon Creek, "	Parts 2d and 3d Kentucky, Col. Hutchinson					23	100
Dec. 26th	Nolin Creek Bridge	Detachment under Col. Duke		3				50
Dec. 27th	Elizabethtown, Kentucky	Gen. Morgan's division: Duke's brigade—2d, 3d and 8th Kentucky cavalry, and Palmer's battery. W. P. C. Breckenridge's brigade—9th, 10th and 11th Kentucky and 14th Tennessee cavalry regiments, and White's and Corbett's sections of artillery						500
Dec. 28th	Muldraugh's Hill, Kentucky	Gen. Morgan's division: Duke's brigade—2d, 3d and 8th Kentucky cavalry, and Palmer's battery. Breckenridge's brigade—9th, 10th and 11th Kentucky and 14th Tennessee cavalry regiments, and White's and Corbett's sections of artillery						800
Dec. 28th	Dripping Springs, Arkansas	Part of Hindman's forces	7		120	2	6	
Dec. 28th	Elk Fork, Campbell county, Tennessee		30	176	51			
Dec. 28th	Clinton, Louisiana	Stuart's Louisiana cavalry				1		
Dec. 28th, 29th	Chickasaw Bayou, Vicksburg, Mississippi.	1st, 17th, 26th and 28th Louisiana, 3d, 30th, 41st and 80th Tennessee, 4th, 42d and 46th Mississippi regiments, and Bowman's battalion, parts of Majs. Holmes' and Wade's artillery battalions—Brig. Gen. S. D. Lee commanding	36	78	2	191	982	756
Dec. 29th	Stewart Creek, Tennessee	Parts of 1st, 3d and 51st Alabama, 2d and 3d Georgia, 1st Kentucky, 1st, 3d and 8th Confederate and 8th and 11th Texas cavalry regiments—Brig. Gen. Joseph Wheeler			28*			230*

† Killed and wounded. * Killed, wounded and missing.

DATE. 1862.	LOCALITY.	CONFEDERATE TROOPS ENGAGED.	CONFED. LOSS. Killed.	CONFED. LOSS. Wounded.	CONFED. LOSS. Missing.	UNION LOSS. Killed.	UNION LOSS. Wounded.	UNION LOSS. Missing.
Dec. 30th.....	Wautauga Bridge and Carter's Station, Tennessee		7	15	112	1	2	
Dec. 30th.....	Parker's Cross Roads, Tenn.....	Gen. Forrest's cavalry brigade	25	75	300	23	139	58
Dec. 30th.....	Jefferson, Tennessee.....	Parts 1st, 3d, 4th and 51st Alabama, 3d Georgia and 8th Confederate regiments—Gen. Wheeler's command.....			10[8]	20	40	200
Dec. 31st, 1862, to Jan. 2d, 1863.	Murfreesboro or Stone's River, Tennessee	Hardee's corps: Cleburne's division—L. E. Polk's Tennessee and Arkansas, B. R. Johnson's Tennessee, St. John Liddell's Arkansas and Wood's Alabama and Mississippi brigades. McCown's division—Ector's Texas, McNair's Texas and Arkansas and Rains' Tennessee and North Carolina brigades. Breckenridge's division—Hanson's Kentucky and Tennessee, Palmer's Tennessee and North Carolina, Preston's Tennessee, North Carolina and Florida, Adams' Louisiana and Jackson's Alabama and Georgia brigades. Polk's corps: Cheatham's division—Donelson's, Maney's, Stewart's and Preston Smith's Tennessee brigades. Withers' division—Manigault's Alabama and South Carolina, Deas' Alabama, Chalmers' Mississippi and Patton Anderson's Louisiana, Mississippi and Florida brigades. Cavalry—Wharton's Texas, Georgia and Tennessee, Pegram's —— and Wheeler's Alabama, Georgia and Tennessee brigades. Artillery—Bankhead's Barrett's, Baxter's, Byrnes', Calvert's, Carnes', Darden's, Douglas', Goode's, Bartwell's, Humphries', Ketchum's, Lumsden's, Burnett's, Robertson's, Semple's, Slocumb's, Swett's, Roberts', Stanford's and Wright's batteries. Gen. Braxton Bragg commanding. Brig. Gens. Hanson and Rains, C. S. A., killed; Brig. Gen. Sill, U. S. A., killed			10,000*	1,533	7,245	6,273
1863. Jan. 1st.....	Galveston, Texas.....	Gen. Magruder's attack on the U. S. gunboats Westfield, Harriet Lane, Owasco, Sachem, Clifton, and Corypheus.....		50†				600*

Jan. 1st	Stewart's Creek, Tennessee	Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th and 51st Alabama, 3d Georgia, 8th Confederate and Holman's Tennessee battalion, Gen. Wheeler commanding			12*			70*
Jan. 1st	Lavergne, "	Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th and 51st Alabama, 3d Georgia, 8th Confederate and Holman's Tennessee battalion, Gen. Wheeler commanding			40*			140*
Jan. 3d	Lagrange, Arkansas			10†	12			
Jan. 5th	Middleton, Tennessee							
Jan. 7th, 8th	Springfield, Missouri	Gen. Marmaduke's division	40		200	14	144	5
Jan. 8th	Ripley, Tennessee	Lieut. Col. Dawson's command	8	20	46		3	
Jan. 11th	Hatteras and Alabama, off the coast of Texas	Admiral Raphael J. Semmes commanding the Alabama		1		2	3	110
Jan. 11th	Arkansas Post, or Fort Hindman, Arkansas	1st brigade (Arkansas), Col. Garland; 2d brigade, Col. James Deshler—6th, 10th, 15th, 17th, 18th, 24th and 25th Texas and 19th and 24th Arkansas regiments; 3d brigade, Col. Dunnington; Col. Portlock's Arkansas regiment, three cavalry companies under Capts. Dennison and Richardson, and Hart's light battery	60	80	3,400	129	831	17
Jan. 11th	Hartsville, Missouri	Gen. Marmaduke's division		300†	29	7	64	7
Jan. 12th	Lick Creek, Arkansas					1	1	9
Jan. 13th	Harpeth Shoals, Tennessee	Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th and 51st Alabama, 3d Georgia, 8th Confederate, and Col. D. W. Holman's Tennessee battalion, Gen. Wheeler commanding			5*			650*
Jan. 14th	Bayou Teche, Louisiana	28th Louisiana regiment, Fournet's battalion, Simms' and the Pelican battery, Col. Gray commanding	15			10	27	
Jan. 15th	Helena and Clarendon Road, Arkansas		1	6				17
Jan. 16th	Duval's Bluff and Des Arcs, Arkansas				7			
Jan. 21st	Engagement off Sabine Pass, Texas, between C. S. steamers Bell and Uncle Ben, 3 guns, and U. S. sloop Morning Light and brig Velocity, 12 guns	Detachments from Pyron's, Speight's and Cook's Texas regiments, Maj. O. M. Watkins commanding						109
Jan. 23d	Fish Springs, Tennessee	Col. Folk's regiment				4		
Jan. 23d	Smyrna, "	Gen. Wheeler's brigade			2*			85*
Jan. 24th	Woodbury, "	2d Kentucky cavalry, Lieut. Col. Hutchinson	1			2	1	
Jan. 25th	Construction train, near Murfreesboro, Tennessee	Gen. Wheeler's brigade						
Jan. 27th	Indian Village, Plaquemine Bayou, Louisiana							
Jan. 30th	Dyersburg, Tennessee	Capt. Dawson's company		34				
Jan. 31st	Middleton, "	Maj. Douglass' Tennessee cavalry battalion			42			
Jan. 31st	Stone's River, near Nashville, Tennessee	Gen. Morgan and 50 men						16

†Killed and wounded. *Killed, wounded and missing.

DATE. 1863.	LOCALITY.	CONFEDERATE TROOPS ENGAGED.	CONFED. LOSS.			UNION LOSS.		
			Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
Feb. 1st	Franklin, Tennessee				3	1		
Feb. 3d	Mingo Swamp, Missouri	McGee's Partisans	8	20				
Feb. 3d	Fort Donelson, Tennessee	Parts of the 8th and 11th Texas, 3d Confederate, 1st and 2d Kentucky, 2d and 3d Georgia, 4th and 7th Alabama, 4th, 8th and 9th Tennessee regiments, Holman's Tennessee battalion, sections of White's and Freeman's batteries, (Forrest's cavalry brigade)—Gen. Wheeler commanding			260*	16	60	50
Feb. 4th	Batesville, Arkansas	Col. Adams' Missouri cavalry						
Feb. 4th	Franklin-Nashville Pike, Tennessee	Wharton's cavalry brigade						56
Feb. 5th	Bear Creek, Johnson county, Missouri		7					
Feb. 5th	Harpeth Bridge, Tennessee	Wharton's cavalry	3	4		16		83
Feb. 3d, 8th	Independence, Missouri		8	2				
Feb. 8th	Lebanon, Tennessee	Detachment of Morgan's cavalry						
Feb. 10th	Old River, Lake Providence, Louisiana	Company of the 3d Louisiana cavalry	4	7	26	2	10	
Feb. 10th	Wachita Indian Agency, Texas	Col. Leeper's Indian regiment			100		4	
Feb. 10th	Bone Yard, Tennessee							
Feb. 13th	Bolivar, "		4	5				
Feb. 14th	Fort De Russey (capture of U. S. ram Queen of the West), Red River, Louisiana	Batteries at Fort De Russey				1	1	18
Feb. 15th	Cainsville, Tennessee	Morgan's cavalry	8	20	6		3	
Feb. 15th	Nolensville, "	Parts of 1st and 3d Confederate, 3d and 4th Alabama and 8th and 11th Texas cavalry—Wheeler's command			10*			45*
Feb. 15th	Arkadelphia, Arkansas		14	12		2	12	
Feb. 18th	Milton, Tennessee							
Feb. 19th	Cold Water, Mississippi		6	3	15			
Feb. 20th	Yazoo Pass, "		6		26		5	
Feb. 21st	Prairie Station, "					1	3	1
Feb. 22d	Tuscumbia, Alabama	Baxter's cavalry battalion			6	1		
Feb. 23d	Deer Creek, near Greenville, Mississippi	Gen. Ferguson's cavalry brigade						

Feb. 23d	Athens, Kentucky							
Feb. 24th	Mississippi River, below Vicksburg. Capture U. S. gunboat Indianola	C. S. boats Webb (Capt. Pierce), Queen of the West (Capt. McCloskey), and Batey (Col. Brand), Capt. Caine's and Lieut. Rice's companies 21st Tennessee, Lieut. Doolan's Texans, detachments of Miles' Louisiana legion, 4th Louisiana and 55th Tennessee regiments, and 3d Maryland and Bowen's Louisiana artillery—Maj. J. L. Brent commanding	2	5		1	1	100
March 1st	Bradyville, Tennessee	Col. Duke's cavalry		5	20	2	5	
March 2d	Eagleville, "							
March 4th and 5th.	Thompson's Station, Tennessee	Gen. W. H. Jackson's division: Whitfield's brigade—3d, 6th and 9th Texas, and Whitfield's Texas legion; Cosby's brigade—1st and 28th and Ballentyne's Mississippi and 2d Kentucky (Woodard) regiments. Forrest's division: Starnes' brigade—4th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th Tennessee regiments; Armstrong's brigade—1st Tennessee and Trezevant's Tennessee battalion, 2d Mississippi, 3d Arkansas and Saunders' battalion; King's and Freeman's batteries. Maj. Gen. Earl Van Dorn commanding			300*	100	300	2,000
March 8th	Near Franklin, Tennessee	Starnes' cavalry brigade						30
March 9th	Bolivar, "				18			
March 9th	Franklin, "							
March 10th	Covington, "	Col. Richardson's cavalry regiment			25			
March 10th	Rutherford's Creek, "	Starnes' cavalry brigade				2	7	
March 11th	Paris, Kentucky							
March 13th to April 5th	Fort Pemberton, Mississippi	Gen. Tighlman's brigade		1	4	4	11	
March 13th	Berwick City, Louisiana							
March 14th	Port Hudson, Mississippi River, Louisiana	1st Tennessee and 1st Louisiana regiments heavy artillery, Col. Marshall J. Smith commanding						500*
March 16th to 22d	Expedition up Steele's Bayou, Mississippi				400*			
March 18th	Brashear City, Louisiana							
March 20th	Vaught's Hill, near Milton, Tennessee	Brigades of Cols. Breckenridge and Gano, Gen. John Morgan commanding	63	300	10	7	48	7
March 20th	Murfreesboro Pike, Tennessee	Parts of 1st, 3d and 51st Alabama and 8th Confederate regiments and Wiggins' battery			21*			50*
March 21st	College Grove, Tennessee							
March 22d	Blue Springs, Missouri	Quantrell's command				9		5
March 22d	Mount Sterling, Kentucky	Col. Cluke's Kentucky cavalry brigade	3	13		4	10	428
March 24th	Danville, "	Gen. Pegram's brigade—1st Louisiana and Ashby's Tennessee cavalry regiments, 15th (Col. Neal) and 16th Tennessee battalions						5

*Killed, wounded and missing.

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			Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
March 24th	Ponchatoula, Louisiana	42d Mississippi, Col. Miller	3	11	12		9	
March 25th	Brentwood, Tennessee	Forrest's cavalry division	1	2		10	4	759
March 25th	Franklin and Little Harpeth, Tennessee	Forrest's cavalry division	3	2	25	4	19	40
March 28th	Capture of U. S. gunboat Diana at Pattersonville, Louisiana.	28th Louisiana infantry. Col. Henry Gray				4	14	99
March 28th	Amite River, Louisiana							
March 29th	Somerville, Tennessee	Col. Richardson's Tennessee regiment				9	29	
March 29th	Burning of Jacksonville, Florida, by U. S. force of Col. Rust	Gen. Finnegan's pickets				2	3	
March 30th	Tahliquah, Indian Territory					2		
March 30th	Capture of steamer Sam Gaty, at Sibley's Landing, Missouri	Clifford's Missouri Partisans				12	1	
March 30th	The Island, Missouri					1	2	
March 30th	Somerset, Kentucky	Gen. Pegram's cavalry brigade			290*	10	25	
March 30th	Richmond, Louisiana			7	4			
April 1st	Chalk Bluff, Arkansas							25
April 2d	Little Rock Road, Arkansas					1	1	
April 2d, 3d	Woodbury and Snow Hill, Tennessee	Breckenridge's and Gano's brigades, Morgan's cavalry		50†	60	1	8	4
April 4th	Carroll County, Arkansas		22		7		1	
April 4th	Madison, Arkansas				56			
April 5th-10th	Black Bayou expedition, Miss.							
April 8th	Tallahatchie River, Mississippi					30	100	
April 8th	St. Francis county, Missouri		6	10		1	4	
April 9th	East Pascagoula, Mississippi		2	5		2	8	
April 10th	Waverly, Tennessee		3		21			
April 10th	Franklin and Harpeth River, Tennessee	Reconnoisance by Gen. Van Dorn's cavalry	19	35	83			100*
April 10th	Antioch Station, Tennessee	Maj. Dick McCann's Tennessee battalion			8	8	12	
April 12th to 14th.	Irish Bend and Bisland, Louisiana	Sibley's Texas brigade, 18th and 28th Louisiana regiments and battalion Texas cavalry, and gunboats Queen of the West and Diana, Capt. Fuller		100†	500			350*

April 15th	Pikeville, Kentucky				78			
April 15th	Dunbar's Plantat'n, Louisiana				2	1	2	2
April 16th	Running Vicksburg batteries							
April 17th	Bear Creek, Cherokee Station, and Lundy's Lane, Alabama	Gen. Roddy's cavalry	6	20			26	16
April 17th to May 2d	Grierson's expedition from Lagrange, Tennessee, to Baton Rouge, Louisiana			100†	500			
April 18th	Hernando, Mississippi	Brig. Gen. Chalmers' cavalry				19	50	
April 18th	Sabine Pass, Texas					1	5	5
April 18th	Fayetteville, Arkansas	1st (Col. Carroll) and 2d (Col. Munroe) Arkansas cavalry, Parson's Texas battalion, Mankin's, Brown's and Palmer's Partisan companies, and section —— artillery—Brig. Gen. Cabell commanding	20	50	55	4	30	35
April 19th	New Albany, Mississippi							
April 19th	Coldwater, "	Brig. Gen. Chalmers' cavalry	20	40	75	5	15	
April 20th	Celina, Kentucky	Col. R. C. Morgan's regiment Kentucky cavalry						
April 20th	Patterson, Missouri					12	7	41
April 20th	McMinnville, Tennessee	Detachment 9th Kentucky infantry, Maj. Wicklyffe, and Gen. Morgan's escort						
April 20th	Bute La Rose, Louisiana				60			
April 21st, 22d	Palo Alto, Mississippi							6
April 22d	Tompkinsville, Kentucky					5		
April 24th	Tuscumbia, Alabama	Roddy's cavalry brigade						
April 24th	White Water, Missouri	Advance of Gen. Marmaduke's cavalry corps				2	6	7
April 24th	Little Rock Landing, Duck River Shoals, Tennessee					2	1	
April 25th	Birmingham, Mississippi	Barteau's 2d Tennessee cavalry and Gen. Gholson's Mississippi State troops	1	20		15	40	
April 26th	Cape Girardeau, Missouri	Cavalry brigades of Carter, Shelby, Watson and Green, Gen. Marmaduke commanding			275*	6	6	
April 27th	Franklin, Tennessee							
April 27th to May 3d	Streight's raid from Tuscumbia, Alabama, to Rome, Georgia	4th, 9th and 11th Tennessee and 53d Alabama cavalry regiments, Julian's battalion, and sections of Morton's and Ferrill's batteries—Gen. Forrest commanding				12	69	1,700
April 28th	Howe's Ford, Kentucky			2				
April 28th	Town Creek, Alabama	Gens. Forrest's and Roddy's cavalry brigades	1	3				
April 28th	Union Church, Mississippi							
April 29th	Castor River and Bloomfield, Missouri	Rear guard of Marmaduke's command				1	5	2
April 29th	Grand Gulf, Mississippi	Heavy batteries—Col. Wade commanding	3	12		26	54	
April 30th and May 1st	Chalk Bluff and St. Francois River, Missouri	Marmaduke's cavalry division				2	11	4

†Killed and wounded. *Killed, wounded and missing.

DATE. 1863.	LOCALITY.	CONFEDERATE TROOPS ENGAGED.	CONFED. LOSS. Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	UNION LOSS. Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
April 30th and May 1st	Day's Gap, Sand Mountain and Black Warrior Creek, Alabama	4th, 9th and 11th Tennessee and 53d Alabama cavalry regiments, Julian's battalion, and sections of Morton's and Ferrill's batteries—Gen. Forrest command'g	5	50			75†	
April 30th	Snyder's Bluff, Mississippi							
May 1st	Port Gibson, "	Tracy's brigade: 26th, 23d, 30th, 31st and 46th Alabama regiments; Greene's Missouri brigade: 4th Missouri, Missouri battalion, battalion Missouri cavalry dismounted, Confederate rangers, and Wade's artillery battalion; Cockerill's Missouri brigade. Maj. Gen. John S. Bowen commanding		1,150†	500	130	718	5
May 1st	Lagrange, Arkansas					3	9	30
May 1st	Monticello, Kentucky	1st Georgia and Carter's Tennessee cavalry regiments, Majs. Day's and Cobb's cavalry battalions, and Hincel's battery (Lieut. Ramsey)	2	9	3			
May 1st	Tickfaw River, Mississippi		8			1	5	
May 2d	Blount's Farm, Alabama	Forrest's brigade						
May 3d	Forty Hills, Mississippi							
May 6th	Tupelo, "	Gen. Ruggles' cavalry brigade			90	1	6	
May 10th	Civique's Ferry, Louisiana							
May 11th	Horse Shoe Bend, Kentucky				100*	10	20	40
May 11th	Mount Vernon, Arkansas		5	18		1	14	
May 12th	Linden, Tennessee	Cavalry under Lieut. Col. Frierson	3		46			
May 12th	Fourteen mile Creek, Miss'ippi					4	24	
May 12th	Raymond, "	3d, 10th, 30th, 41st and 50th Tennessee and 7th Texas regiments—Gen. John Gregg commanding			700*	69	341	32
May 13th	Ponchatoula, Louisiana	Choctaw Indians			17			
May 13th	Hall's Ferry, Mississippi		12		30			
May 13th	South Union, Kentucky							
May 14th	Jackson, Mississippi	Gregg's Tennessee and Texas (*vide supra*) and Walker's Georgia brigades—Gen. J. E. Johnston commanding.			450*	40	240	6
May 15th	Camp Moore, Louisiana							
May 16th	Carthage, Missouri					3	1	

May 16th.....	Cripple Creek, Tennessee.....	Detachment 3d Georgia cavalry, Lieut. Col. Thompson commanding.....			18			
May 16th.....	Baker's Creek, Mississippi	Bowen's division: Cockerell's brigade; Green's brigade—19th and 20th Arkansas regiments and 1st Arkansas battalion, 1st and 3d Missouri and 1st Arkansas cavalry dismounted. Loring's division: Baker's brigade—37th, 40th, 42d and 54th Alabama regiments; Adams' brigade—6th, 14th, 15th, 20th, 23d and 43d Mississippi regiments; Buford's brigade—30th, 35th and 50th Alabama regiments; Featherstone's brigade—12th, 16th, 19th and 48th Mississippi regiments. Stevenson's division: Reynolds' brigade—43d, 81st, 59th and 3d Tennessee regiments, and 3d Maryland and Corput's batteries; Barton's brigade—40th, 41st, 42d, 43d, 52d Georgia regiments; Cumming's brigade—34th, 36th, 39th, 56th and 57th Georgia regiments; S. D. Lee's brigade—20th, 23d, 31st and 46th Alabama regiments. Vaiden Artillery, portion (Lieut. Collins), Waddell's battery (Capt. J. F. Waddell), Bottetourt artillery (Capt. Johnston), Ridley's battery, company 1st Louisiana artillery (Capt. Haynes), Drew's battery (Lieut. W. J. Duncan), Hudson's battery (Lieut. Trentham). Lieut. Gen. Pemberton commanding. Brig. Gen. Lloyd Tighlman, C. S. A., killed.....		2,000†	1,800	426	1,842	189
May 17th.....	Big Black River, Mississippi....	Bowen's and Stevenson's divisions—Lieut. Gen. Pemberton commanding		600†	2,500	29	242	2
May 18th.....	Sherwood, Missouri	Col. Livingston's Missouri Partisans				19	18	4
May 18th.....	Attack on the transport Crescent City, near Island No. 82.						14	
May 18th to July 4th.	Siege of Vicksburg, Mississippi	Maj. Gen. C. L. Stevenson's division: Col. A. W. Reynolds' brigade—43d (Col. Gillespie), 81st, 59th and 3d Tennessee regiments, and 3d Maryland (Capt. Claiborne) and Corput's (Capt. Corput) batteries; Brig. Gen. S. M. Barton's brigade—40th (Col. Johnson), 41st (Col. Curtis), 42d (Col. Henderson), 43d (Col. Harris) and 52d (Col. Phillips) Georgia regiments; Brig. Gen. A. Cumming's brigade—36th (Col. Glenn), 34th (Col. Johnson), 39th (Col. McConnell), 56th (Col. Watkins) and 57th (Col. Barkaloo) Georgia regiments; Brig. Gen. S. D. Lee's brigade—20th (Col. J. W. Garrott), 23d (Col. F. K. Beck), 30th (Col. C. M. Shelley), 31st (Lt. Col. T. M. Arrington) and 46th (Capt. Geo. E. Brewer) Alabama regiments. Vaiden artillery (portion), Lieut. Collins; Waddell's battery, Capt. J. F. Waddell; Bottetourt artillery, Capt. Johnston; Ridley's battery; company 1st Louisiana artillery, Capt. Haynes; Drew's battery, Lieut. W. J. Duncan;						

†Killed and wounded. *Killed, wounded and missing.

DATE. 1863.	LOCALITY.	CONFEDERATE TROOPS ENGAGED.	CONFED. LOSS.			UNION LOSS.		
			Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
		Hudson's battery, Lieut. Trentham. (Note—Waul's Texas legion was transferred from Forney's division May 19, 1863, to Stevenson's division, and served as a reserve to Lee's brigade.) Maj. Gen. M. L. Smith's division: Brig. Gen. F. A. Shoup's brigade—26th (Col. Hall), 27th (Col. Marks) and 28th (Col. Thomas) Louisiana regiments; Brig. Gen. Baldwin's brigade—17th and 31st Louisiana and 4th and 46th Mississippi regiments; Brig. Gen. Vaughn's brigade—60th, 61st and 62d Tennessee regiments. Gen. John S. Bowen's division: Brig. Gen. F. M. Cockerell's Missouri brigade; Brig. Gen. M. E. Green's brigade—19th (Col. T. P. Dockery) and 20th Arkansas regiments and 1st Arkansas battalion, 1st and 3d Missouri and 1st Arkansas dismounted cavalry. Maj. Gen. J. H. Forney's division: Brig. Gen. John C. Moore's brigade—2d Texas (Col. A. Smith), 35th and 40th Mississippi and 37th, 40th and 42d Alabama regiments, Sengstak's, Tobins' and parts of Landis', Ridley's, Davidson's and Wall's batteries; Brig. Gen. L. Hebert's brigade—2d, 3d and two companies of the 23d Louisiana, 36th, 37th, 38th and 43d Mississippi regiments and 7th Mississippi battalion, Appeal, Emanuel's, Ratliff's, Lowe's, Point Coupe and part of Ridley's batteries. River batteries, Col. Edward Higgins commanding—1st Tennessee artillery, Col. Andrew Jackson, Jr.; 8th Louisiana battalion artillery, Maj. F. N. Ogden; Vaiden light artillery (portion), Capt. S. C. Bain; 1st Louisiana artillery, Lt. Col. D. Beltzhoover; portion of 23d Louisiana volunteers attached to Col. Beltzhoover's command.. Lieut. Gen. J. C. Pemberton commanding. [Note—Made up from reports on file in Archive Office—imperfect and possibly inaccurate—furnished by Gen. Marcus J. Wright.]			31,277	545	3,688	303
May 19th.....	Richfield, Clay county, Missouri	Missouri Partisans.....				2	1	40

May 20th	Fort Gibson and Fort Blunt, Indian Territory	Col. Coffey's Missouri regiment, regiments of Levi, McIntosh, Bryant, Adair and a Choctaw regiment, and a battalion of Texas cavalry				25	12	
May 20th	Second assault on fortifications at Vicksburg, Mississippi							
May 21st	Middleton, Tennessee	Scout of 18 men from the 2d Mississippi cavalry regiment, Capt. S. Street commanding						
May 21st	Plain Stores, Port Hudson Plains, Louisiana	1st and 49th Alabama and 1st Mississippi regiments and Miles' legion—Gen. Beall commanding				19	80	51
May 23d	Beaver Dam Lake, Mississippi.	Blythe's Mississippi and Slemmer's Arkansas cavalry..				3	12	2
May 25th	Fishing Creek, Kentucky							
May 25th	Near Helena, Arkansas					10	14	24
May 25th	Franklin, Louisiana							
May 25th	Senatobia, Mississippi		6	3				
May 27th	Sinking of U. S. Gunboat Cincinnati, at Vicksburg	Heavy Batteries					†40	
May 27th	Lake Providence, Louisiana...					1	1	6
May 27th	Florence, Alabama							
May 27th to July 9th.	Siege of Port Hudson, Louisiana	Beall's brigade: 1st and 49th Alabama and 1st Mississippi regiments, and Miles' Louisiana legion. Steadman's brigade: 39th Mississippi (Col. Shelby), 16th Arkansas (Col. Witt), and 10th Arkansas (Col. Johnson) regiments. Col. Miles' brigade: Part of the 1st Tennessee and 1st Louisiana Heavy Artillery (Col. Marshall J. Smith). Maj. Gen. Frank Gardner, commanding		†780	6,408	500	2,500	
May 28th	Bushy Creek, Missouri							80
May 29th	Mechanicsville, Mississippi							
June 1st	Rocheport, Missouri		5	10		1	2	1
June 4th	Clinton, Louisiana			†21				
June 4th	Mechanicsburg and Sartoria, Mississippi	Gen. Wirt Adams' cavalry brigade			40	1	17	
June 4th	Franklin, Tennessee	Armstrong's and Starnes' brigades, Gen. Forrest, commanding			*200			*35
June 6th	Murfreesboro, Shelbyville Pike, Tennessee		8	25		1		500
June 6th to 8th	Milliken's Bend, or Young's Point, Louisiana	Walker's division, Harris', McCulloch's and Randall's brigades, Gen. Dick Taylor, commanding	125	400	20	154	223	115
June 9th	Monticello and Rocky Gap, Kentucky	Parts of Gen. Pegram's cavalry brigade	20	80		4	26	4
June 9th	Triune, Tennessee	4th Tennessee cavalry (Starnes).				6	10	
June 11th	Near Port Hudson, Louisiana..	Col. Logan's cavalry						*300
June 13th	Wilson's Creek, near Boston, Kentucky		4		5			

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			Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
June 14th	Third assault on fortifications at Port Hudson, Louisiana							
June 15th	Richmond, Louisiana				100			
June 16th	Triplett's Bridge, Fleming co., Kentucky	Everett's command				15	30	
June 17th	Orleans, Indiana	Capt. Hines' company, 2d Kentucky cavalry, Morgan's command					3	12
June 17th	Westport, Missouri					14	6	
June 18th	Hernando, Mississippi	Gen. Chalmers' cavalry brigade						*400
June 18th	Plaquemine, Louisiana	Pyron's, Lane's, Stone's, and Phillips' Texas cavalry, Col. Majors, commanding						68
June 20th	Rocky Crossing, Tallahatchee River, Mississippi	Gen. Ruggles' cavalry brigade				7	28	30
June 20th	Jackson Cross Roads, Louisiana	Pyron's, Lane's, Stone's, and Phillips' Texas cavalry, Col. Majors, commanding	1	4	7		4	4
June 20th	Hernando, Mississippi	Chalmers' cavalry brigade						*400
June 20th-21st	La Fourche Crossing, Louisiana	Col. Pyron's Texas cavalry regiment, Majors' brigade				8	40	
June 22d	Hill's Plantation, Mississippi					4	10	28
June 22d	Cypress Bend, Mississippi River							
June 23d	Berwick's Bay, or Brashear City, Louisiana	Mouton's brigade: 18th, 28th, and Crescent Louisianians, and 8th Louisiana battalion. Green's brigade: 5th Texas regiment, Walker's battalion, 2d Louisiana cavalry, and Nicholl's and the Valverde batteries. Majors' brigade: (See Plaquemine, Louisiana.) Gen. Dick Taylor, commanding	3	18		46	40	1,400
June 23d	Rosecrans' advance from Murfreesboro, Tennessee							
June 24th	Middleton, Shelbyville Pike, Tennessee	1st, 4th and 51st Alabama infantry regiments, 1st Kentucky and 1st Confederate cavalry regiments. Gen. Wheeler			*20			*170
June 24th	Hoover's Gap, Tennessee	Bate's brigade: 15th, 20th and 37th Tennessee, 37th Georgia and 58th Alabama regiments, and 4th Georgia sharpshooters, Eufaula Light Artillery and a						

		section of Maney's battery, Lt. McAdoo	10	50			61	
June 24th	Chackahoola Station, Louisiana						3	
June 25th	Liberty Gap, Tennessee	Bushrod Johnson's brigade: 17th, 23d, 25th and 44th Tennessee regiments. Clayton's brigade: 18th, 36th and 38th Alabama regiments, and 9th Alabama battalion				40	100	
June 25th	Fort Hill, Vicksburg							
June 27th	Beaver Creek, Floyd county, Kentucky							
June 27th	Guy's Gap and Shelbyville, Tennessee	1st, 3d, 4th, 7th and 51st Alabama, and 1st and 8th Confederate cavalry regiments			*331			*195
June 28th	Donaldsonville, Louisiana	Two hundred of Col. Phillips' Texas regiment			*91			
June 28th	Fort Hill, Vicksburg, Mississippi							
June 29th	Lake Providence, Louisiana							118
June 30th	Bayou Tensas, Louisiana							
July 1st	Evacuation of Tullahoma, Tennessee	Army of Tennessee, Gen. Braxton Bragg, commanding						
July 1st to 26th	Morgan's raid into Kentucky, Indiana, and Ohio	Morgan's cavalry	28	300				
July 1st and 2d	Black River, at Messenger's and Bridgeport Ferries, Mississippi							
July 1st and 2d	Cabin Creek, Indian Territory					1	11	
July 2d	Elk River, Tennessee	1st and 3d Alabama, 4th Tennessee, 8th and 11th Texas, and 2d Georgia, Gen. Wheeler's cavalry			*30			*150
July 2d	Marrowbone, Kentucky	6th Kentucky and 9th Tennessee, Morgan's cavalry				5		15
July 2d	Springfield Landing, Louisiana					1	4	13
July 3d	Columbia, Kentucky	2d and Col. R. C. Morgan's Kentucky cavalry regiments	2	2		2	3	6
July 4th	University Place, Tennessee	1st, 4th and 51st Alabama, 8th and 11th Texas, and 4th Tennessee cavalry regiments, Gen. Wheeler	36	45	*11	6	23	*100
July 4th	Green River Bridge, Kentucky	Duke's and Johnson's brigades, Morgan's cavalry						
July 4th-5th	Bolton and Birdsong Ferry, Big Black River, Mississippi							
July 4th	Vicksburg (Miss.) surrendered	Gen. Pemberton's Army			‡24000			
July 4th	Helena, Arkansas	Gens. Parson's Missouri, McRae's Arkansas, and Fagan's Arkansas brigades, Price's division. Marmaduke's cavalry division. Lt. Gen. Holmes, commanding	173	687	776	57	117	32
July 5th	Lebanon, Kentucky	Duke's and Johnson's brigades, Morgan's cavalry	8	28		9	15	500
July 6th	Federal raid through Pound Gap, Tennessee		30	30	125	1	14	
July 6th	Jones' Ford, Black River, Mississippi					1	7	
July 7th-9th	Iuka, Mississippi	Col. Roddy's Alabama cavalry regiment				5	3	3
July 7th	Convalescent Corral, near Cor-							

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	inth, Mississippi	Col. Roddy's Alabama cavalry regiment	2					21
July 8th	Bradenburg, Kentucky	Gen. Morgan's cavalry division				2	2	45
July 9th	Port Hudson, Louisiana, surrendered							
July 9th	Corydon, Indiana, Morgan's raid	Col. Morgan's regiment, Morgan's cavalry	8	33		3	12	345
July 9th-16th	Jackson, Mississippi	Walker's division. Gregg's Tennessee and Texas brigade. Wilson's brigade: 25th, 29th and 30th Georgia regiments, 1st Georgia battalion sharpshooters, and 4th Louisiana battalion. Gist's South Carolina and Georgia brigade. Breckenridge's division. Helm's brigade: 2d, 4th, 6th and 9th Kentucky and 41st Alabama regiments, and Cobb's battery. Stovall's brigade: 1st, 3d and 4th Florida, 47th Georgia, and 60th North Carolina regiments. Adams' brigade: 13th, 16th, 19th, 20th and 25th Louisiana, and 32d Alabama regiments, Austin's Louisiana battalion of sharpshooters, and Slocumb's battery. Gen. French's division. Ector's Texas and McNair's Arkansas brigades. Maxey's brigade: 41st Georgia, 24th Mississippi, and 9th Texas regiments. Gen. Loring's division. Gen. W. H. Jackson's cavalry division. Gen. Jos. E. Johnston, commanding	71	504	25	100	800	100
July 10th	Salem, Indiana	2d Kentucky cavalry, Maj. Webber			150			
July 10th	Union City, Tennessee							
July 10th	Big Creek, Arkansas							
July 12th	Vernon, Indiana, Morgan's raid							
July 13th	Yazoo City, Mississippi	Heavy Battery of Commander I. N. Brown, Confederate States Navy, and 20th North Carolina regiment of infantry			250			
July 13th	Jackson, Tennessee	Col. Richardson's cavalry	38	150		2	20	2
July 14th	Donaldsonville, Louisiana	Green's and Majors' brigades of Texas cavalry						*450
July 15th	Pulaski, Tennessee		3					
July 16th	Evacuation of Jackson, Missis-							

	sippi	Gen. J. E. Johnston's forces						
July 17th	Honey Springs, Elk Creek, Indian Territory	Gen. Cooper's Indian brigade			*100	17	60	
July 18th	Brandon, Mississippi	Rear Guard of Gen. Jackson's cavalry						
July 18th	Canton, Mississippi	Brigades of Whitfield, Cosby, and Adams, Gen. W. H. Jackson, commanding			72	5	20	
July 19th	Buffington Island, Ohio, Morgan's raid	Gen. Morgan's cavalry		†100	800		25	
July 26th	New Lisbon, Ohio	Remnants of Gen. Morgan's cavalry, Gen. Morgan, commanding	23	44	304			
July 28th	Marshall, Missouri					3	2	
July 28th	Richmond and Lexington, Kentucky							
July 28th	Coldwater, Mississippi							
July 28th	St. Catherine's Creek, near Natchez, Mississippi				50			
July 29th	Paris, Kentucky	Col. Scott's cavalry brigade						
July 30th	Irvine, Estill county, Kentucky	Col. Scott's cavalry brigade	7	18	75	4	5	10
July 30th	Saline county, Missouri	Capt. Blunt's Partisans				2		
Aug. 3d	Jackson, Louisiana	Col. Logan's cavalry brigade				2	2	27
Aug. 7th	New Madrid, Missouri					1	1	8
Aug. 9th	Sparta, Tennessee	8th Tennessee cavalry, Col. Dibrell				6	25	
Aug. 13th	Grenada, Mississippi							
Aug. 13th	Pineville, Missouri	Col. Coffee's Partisans		65				
Aug. 14th	West Point, White River, Arkansas					2	7	
Aug. 21st	Lawrence, Kansas	Quantrell's command	10			140	24	
Aug. 21st	Coldwater, Mississippi	Whitfield's brigade of Texas cavalry					10	
Aug. 21st	Rosecrans' artillery attack on Chattanooga, Tennessee							
Aug. 25th	Waynesville, Missouri		5	7			2	8
Aug. 25th-26th	Brownsville, Arkansas	Col. Burbage's command	3		1	1		
Aug. 26th	Perryville, Arkansas	Cabell's brigade						
Aug. 27th	Vicksburg, Mississippi					1	2	
Aug. 27th	Clark's Neck, Lawrence county, Kentucky							
Aug. 27th	Bayou Metoe, Arkansas					12	72	15
Aug. 28th	Maysville, Alabama							
Aug. 31st	Austin, Arkansas							
Sept. 1st	Bayou Metoe, Arkansas							
Sept. 1st	Devil's Back Bone, Arkansas	Gen. Cabell's brigade	25	40		4	12	
Sept. 5th	Limestone Station, near Telford, Tennessee	Gen. W. H. Jackson's cavalry	6	10		12	20	240
Sept. 7th	Bear Skin Lake, Missouri						4	
Sept. 7th	Ashley's Mills, Arkansas	Pickets of Marmaduke's cavalry		5			5	1
Sept. 7th	Atchafalaya River, Louisiana					1	8	
Sept. 8th	Baton Rouge, Louisiana					2		2
Sept. 8th	Evacuation of Chattanooga,							

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	Tennessee							
Sept. 8th	Sabine Pass, Louisiana	Jeff. Davis Texas Guards				30		200
Sept. 9th	Surrender of Cumberland Gap, Tennessee	55th Georgia, 64th Virginia, and 62d and 64th North Carolina regiments, and Capt. Barnes' Georgia and Capt. Fain's Tennessee batteries, Brig. Gen. Fraser, commanding			2,000			
Sept. 9th	Weber's Falls, Indian Territory							
Sept. 9th	Dardenelle, Arkansas				100			
Sept. 10th	Graysville, Georgia	Scott's cavalry brigade						
Sept. 10th	Little Rock, Arkansas	Marmaduke's, Shelby's, Dobbins', and Cabell's cavalry brigades, and Fagan's, McCray's, Frost's, and Tappan's brigades of infantry, Gen. Price, commanding		100				
Sept. 10th	Brimstone Creek, Tennessee	Hamilton's Tennessee Partisans	4	7	2			
Sept. 10th	Evacuation of Knoxville, Tennessee	Forces under Maj. Gen. Buckner						
Sept. 11th	Ringgold, Georgia	Scott's, Davidson's, and Dibrell's cavalry brigades, Gen. Forrest, commanding	3		18	8	19	50
Sept. 11th	Davis' Cross Roads, McLemore's Cove, Georgia	Buckner's, Stewart's, and Cleburne's divisions, Gen. Bragg, commanding						
Sept. 11th	Waldron, Arkansas					1	2	
Sept. 12th	Sterling's Plantation, Louisiana					3	3	12
Sept. 12th	Texas county, Missouri	Freeman's Missouri Partisans			*20		3	
Sept. 13th	Paris, Tennessee	Biffle's 9th Tennessee cavalry	6	21	84			
Sept. 13th	Leet's Tan-yard, near Chickamauga, Georgia	Col. Hart's 6th Georgia cavalry	10	40			†50	
Sept. 14th-16th	Brownsville, Arkansas							
Sept. 14th	Seneca Station, Buffalo Creek, Indian Territory	Col. Coffee's Missouri Partisans	5					
Sept. 14th	Vidalia, Louisiana	Madison's Texas cavalry	6	11	2	2	4	
Sept. 15th	Hendricks, Mississippi							
Sept. 19th-20th	Chickamauga, Tennessee	Longstreet's corps. Maj. Gen. J. B. Hood's division.						

Robertson's brigade: 1st Texas (Col. A. T Rainey), 4th Texas (Col. J. C. G. Key), 5th Texas (Col. R. M. Powell), 3d Arkansas (Col. V. H. Manning). Law's brigade: 4th Alabama (Col. P. D. Bowles), 15th Alabama (Col. W. C. Oats), 44th Alabama (Col. W. F. Perry), 47th Alabama (Col. M. J. Bulger), 48th Alabama (Col. I. T. Sheffield). Benning's brigade: 2d Georgia (Col. Butt), 15th Georgia (Col. DuBose), 17th Georgia (Col. Hodge), 20th Georgia (Col. Waddell). Maj. Gen. McLaw's division. Kershaw's brigade: 2d South Carolina (Col. John D. Kennedy), 3d South Carolina (Col. Jas. D. Vance), 7th South Carolina (Col. D. Wyatt Aiken), 8th South Carolina (Col. Jno. W. Hunnegan), 15th South Carolina (Lt. Col. James F. Gist), 3d South Carolina battalion (Lt. Col. W. G. Rice). Humphries' brigade: 13th Mississippi (Col. R. McElroy), 17th Mississippi (Col. W. D. Hodge), 18th Mississippi (Col. F. M. Griffin), 21st Mississippi (Col. W. L. Brandon). Lt. Gen. Polk's corps. Maj. Gen. B. F. Cheatham's division. Jackson's brigade: 5th Georgia (Col. C. P. Daniel), 5th Mississippi (Maj. J. B. Henning), 8th Mississippi (Maj. Smith), 1st Confederate (Maj. J. C. Gordon), 2d Georgia battalion of sharpshooters (Maj. R. H. Whitely). Maney's brigade: 1st and 27th Tennessee (Col. H. R. Field), 4th Confederate Tennessee (Capt. J. Bostick), 6th and 9th Tennessee (Col. G. C. Porter), Maney's battallion of sharpshooters. Wright's brigade: 8th Tennessee (Col. J. H. Anderson), 16th Tennessee (Col. D. M. Donnell), 28th Tennessee (Col. S. S. Stanton), 51st and 52d Tennessee (Lt. Col. J. G. Hall), 38th Tennessee (Col. John C. Carter), Murray's battalion. Strahl's brigade: 4th and 5th Tennessee (Col. J. J. Lamb), 31st Tennessee Col. E. T. Tansill), 33d Tennessee (Lt. Col. H. C. McNeil), 19th Tennessee (Col. F. M. Walker), 24th Tennessee (Col. John A. Wilson). Preston Smith's brigade: 154th and 13th Tennessee (Col. A. J. Vaughan), 12th and 47th Tennessee (Col. M. W. Watkins), 29th Tennessee (Col. H. Rice), 11th Tennessee (Col. G. W. Gordon). Maj. Gen. T. C. Hindman's division. Patton Anderson's brigade: 7th Mississippi (Col. W. H. Bishop), 9th Mississippi (Maj. T. H. Lynam), 10th Mississippi (Lt. Col. J. Barr), 41st Mississippi (Col. W. J. Tucker), 44th Mississippi (Col. J. H. Sharp), battalion of sharpshooters (Maj. W. C. Richards). Walthall's brigade: 24th and 27th Mississippi (Col. J. A. Campbell), 29th and 30th Mississippi (Col. W. E. Brantley), 34th Mississippi (Col. Samuel

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		Benton). Deas' brigade: 19th Alabama (Col. S. K. McSpadden), 22d Alabama (Capt. Toulmin), 25th Alabama (Lt. Col. Johnson), 39th Alabama (Col. W. Clark), 50th Alabama (Col. J. G. Coltart), battalion of sharpshooters (Capt. Nabers). Manigault's brigade: 10th and 19th South Carolina (Col. J. F. Pressly), 24th Alabama (Col. N. N. Davis), 28th Alabama (Col. John C. Reid), 34th Alabama (Col. J. C. B. Mitchell). Artillery of Polk's corps: Scogin's battery, Capt. John Scogin; Turner's battery, Lt. W. B. Turner; Carnes' battery, Capt. W. W. Carnes; Stanford's battery, Capt. J. H. Stanford; Scott's battery, Capt. W. L. Scott; Garrity's battery, Capt. J. Garrity; Fowler's battery, Capt. W. H. Fowler; Dent's battery, Capt. S. H. Dent; Hamilton's battery, Lt. W. P. Hamilton. Hill's corps. Maj. Gen. Pat. R. Cleburne's division. Wood's brigade: 32d and 45th Mississippi (Col. M. P. Lowery), 16th Alabama (Capt F. A. Ashford), 33d Alabama (Col. Sam. Adams), 45th Alabama (Col. E. B. Breedlove), sharpshooters (Capt. Dave Coleman). Liddell's brigade: 2d and 15th Arkansas (Col. D. C. Govan), 5th and 13th Arkansas (Lt. Col. Murray), 6th and 7th Arkansas (Lt. Col. P. Snyder), 8th Arkansas and 1st Louisiana (Lt. Col. F. M. Kent). Polk's brigade: 2d Tennessee (Col. W. D. Robison), 3d and 5th Confederate Tennessee (Col. J. A. Smith), 35th Tennessee (Col. B. J. Hill), 48th Tennessee (Col. G. H. Nixon), 1st Arkansas (Col. J. W. Colquitt). Deshler's brigade: 17th, 18th, 24th and 25th Texas (Col R. Q. Mills), 6th, 10th and 15th Texas (Lt. Col. T. S. Anderson), 19th and 24th Arkansas (Lt. Col. A. S. Hutchinson). Maj Gen. A. P. Stewart's division. Brown's brigade: 18th Tennessee (Lt. Col. W. R. Butler), 26th Tennessee (Maj. R. M. Saffell), 32d Tennessee (Col. E. C. Cook), 45th Tennessee (Col. A. Searcy), New-						

man's battalion (Capt. W. P. Simpson). Bate's brigade: 15th and 37th Tennessee (Col. R. C. Tyler), 20th Tennessee (Col. T. B. Smith), 37th Georgia (Col. A. T. Rudler), 58th Alabama (Col. Bush Jones), 4th Georgia battalion of sharpshooters (Maj. Caswell). Clayton's brigade: 18th Alabama (Maj. P. T. Hunley), 36th Alabama (Col. L. S. Woodruff), 38th Alabama (Col. C. T. Ketchum). Artillery of Hill's corps: Semple's battery, Capt. — — Semple; Swett's battery, Capt. Charles Swett; Calvert's battery, Lt. T. J. Key; Douglass' battery, Capt. J. P. Douglass; Maj. Eldridge's battalion; Darden's battery, Capt. Pat. Darden; Dawson's battery, Lt. R. W. Anderson; Eufaula battery, Capt. R. F. Kolb; Humphries' battery, Capt. J. T. Humphries; Cobb's battery, Lt. T. B. Gracy; Slocomb's battery, Capt. C. H. Slocomb; Mebane's battery, Capt. John W. Mebane. Maj. Gen. John C. Breckenridge's division. Stovall's brigade: 1st and 3d Florida (Col. W. S. Dilworth), 4th Florida (Lt. Col. E. Bader), 60th North Carolina (Col. W. M. Hardy), 47th Georgia (Capt. J. S. Cone). Adams' brigade: 13th Louisiana (Col. R. L. Gibson), 20th Louisiana (Col. Leon Von Zinken), 16th and 25th Louisiana (Col. D. Gober), 19th Louisiana (Lt. Col. R. W. Turner), 32d Alabama (Capt. A. Kilpatrick), Austin's battalion (Maj. J. C. Austin). Helm's brigade: 2d Kentucky (Lt. Col. J. W. Morse), 4th Kentucky (Maj. W. Thompson), 6th Kentucky (Col. Jo. Lewis), 9th Kentucky (Lt. Col. J. C. Wickliffe), 41st Alabama (Col. L. M. Stansell). Brig. Gen. Bushrod R. Johnson's division. Gregg's brigade: 3d Tennessee (Col. C. H. Walker), 10th Tennessee (Lt. Col. W. B. Grace), 30th Tennessee (Lt. Col. J. J. Turner), 41st Tennessee (Col. J. D. Tillman), 50th Tennessee (Col. C. H. Sugg), 7th Texas (Col. H. B. Granbury), 1st Tennessee battalion (Maj. S. H. Colms). Col. John S. Fulton's brigade: 17th Tennessee (Lt. Col. W. W. Floyd), 23d Tennessee (Col. R. H. Keeble), 25th Tennessee (Lt. Col. R. B. Snowden), 44th Tennessee (Lt. Col. McEwen). Brig. Gen. Wm. Preston's division. Gracie's brigade: 43d Alabama (Col. G. D. Moody), 63d Tennessee (Col. R. G. Fain), Alabama legion (Col. Jack Thorington), 1st Alabama battalion (Lt. Col. J. H. Holt), 2d Alabama battalion (Lt. Col. B. Hall), 3d Alabama battalion (Lt. Col. J. W. A. Sanford), 4th Alabama battalion (Maj. McLemore). Col. Trigg's brigade: 1st Florida (Col. G. T. Maxwell), 6th Florida (Col. J. J. Finley), 7th Florida

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DATE. 1863.	LOCALITY.	CONFEDERATE TROOPS ENGAGED.	CONFED. LOSS.			UNION LOSS.		
			Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
		(Col. R. Bullock), 54th Virginia (Col. R. Trigg). Kelley's brigade: 5th Kentucky (Col. H. Hawkins), 58th North Carolina (Col. J. B. Palmer), 63d Virginia (Maj. French), 65th Georgia (Col. R. H. Moore). Maj. Gen. W. H. T. Walker's division. Gist's brigade: 16th South Carolina (Col. J. M. McCullough), 24th South Carolina (Col. C. H. Stevens), 46th Georgia (Lt. Col. W. A. Daniels), 8th Georgia battalion (Lt. Col. Leroy Napier). Col. C. C. Wilson's brigade: 25th Georgia (Maj. W. J. Winn), 29th Georgia (Col. W. J. Young), 30th Georgia (Col. T. W. Mangham), 1st battalion of Georgia sharpshooters (Maj. A. Shaff), 4th Louisiana battalion (Lt. Col. J. McEnery). Forrest's cavalry; Armstrong's division—Dibrell's brigade: 4th Tennessee, Col. McLemore; 8th Tennessee, Col. Dibrell; 10th Tennessee, Col. N. N. Cox; 11th Tennessee, Col. D. W. Holman; 9th Tennessee, Col. Biffle. Armstrong's brigade: 1st Tennessee, Col. Jas. T. Wheeler; 2d Mississippi, Lt. Col. Jos. Gordon; 3d Arkansas, Col. Hobson. Huggins' battery. Pegram's division. Davidson's brigade: 1st Georgia, Col. Morrison; 6th Georgia, 66th North Carolina, 2d Tennessee, Col. Ashby. Huwald's battery. Scott's brigade: Rucker's legion; 12th Tennessee battalion, Lt. Col. Day; 16th Tennessee battalion, Lt. Col. Neal. Brig. Gen. Wharton's division. Maj. Gen. Wheeler, commanding. General Braxton Bragg, commander-in-chief. Brig. Gens. Preston Smith, James Deshler, and B. H. Helm (C. S. A.), killed	2,389	13,412	2,003	1,644	9,262	4,945
Sept. 21st	Bristol, Tennessee	Brigades of Gens. J. S. Williams and Sam. Jones						
Sept. 22d	Johnson Depot, Tennessee						2	
Sept. 22d	Carter's Station, Tennessee	Brigades of Gens. J. S. Williams and Sam. Jones						
Sept. 22d	Blountsville, Tennessee	Brigades of Gens. J. S. Williams and Sam. Jones	15	50	100	5	22	
Sept. 24th	Zollicoffer, Tennessee	Gen. Samuel Jackson's brigade						
Sept. 25th	Red Bone Church, Missouri							

Sept. 26th	Charleston, Tennessee	Hodge's and Dibrell's cavalry brigades, Gen. Forrest, commanding		†10		6	20	40
Sept. 27th	Breville, Tennessee	Armstrong's brigade, Forrest's cavalry						*60
Sept. 27th	Moffat's Station, Franklin co., Arkansas	Part of Shelby's Missouri cavalry	5	20		2	2	15
Sept. 28th	McMinnville, Tennessee							
Sept. 29th	Sterling's Farm, near Morganzia, Louisiana	Gen. Green's Texas cavalry brigade and Gen. Mouton's Louisiana infantry brigade, Gen. Green, commanding	34	70		14	40	450
Sept. 30th	Swallow's Bluff, Tennessee	19th Tennessee cavalry, Col. Newsom			26	2	6	
Oct. 1st	Anderson's Gap, Tennessee	Gen. Wheeler's cavalry			2			*38
Oct. 2d	Anderson's Cross Roads, Tennessee	1st, 3d, 4th and 51st Alabama, 1st Kentucky, 1st and 8th Confederate, and 2d, 3d and 4th Georgia cavalry regiments			60			1,300
Oct. 3d	Thompson Cove, Tennessee	1st, 3d, 4th and 51st Alabama, 1st Kentucky, 1st and 8th Confederate, and 2d, 3d and 4th Georgia cavalry regiments	6		26			*40
Oct. 3d	McMinnville, Tennessee	1st Kentucky, Clay's Kentucky battalion, 8th Confederate, 1st and 3d Alabama, 2d, 3d and 4th Georgia, 8th and 11th Texas, and White's battery			*7			*587
Oct. 4th	Murfreesboro Road, Tennessee.	1st, 3d, 7th and 51st Alabama, 2d, 3d and 4th Georgia, 4th Tennessee, 8th Confederate, and 8th and 11th Texas			*23			*50
Oct. 4th	Newton, Louisiana					1	4	
Oct. 4th	Neosho, Missouri					1	14	43
Oct. 5th	Stockade at Stone River, Tennessee	Wiggin's battery			*4			*79
Oct. 5th	Near Blue Springs, Tennessee.					3	4	6
Oct. 5th	Glasgow, Kentucky			13			3	100
Oct. 5th	Wartrace, Tennessee	1st, 3d, 4th and 51st Alabama cavalry, 1st and 8th Confederate, 4th Tennessee, and 1st Kentucky regiments, and Wiggin's battery			*6			*110
Oct. 6th	Baxter Springs, near Fort Scott, Kansas	Quantrell's and Coffee's commands				54	18	5
Oct 6th	Fort Blair, Waldron, Arkansas				*30			
Oct. 7th	Como, Mississippi	Col. Faulkner's cavalry regiment						*37
Oct. 7th	Shelbyville Pike, near Farmington, Tennessee	1st, 3d, and 51st Alabama, 1st and 8th Confederate, 8th Texas, McDonald's battalion, Wiggins' battery, and Hodge's brigade: 1st (Clay's), 2d (Johnson's), and 3d (Jesse's) Kentucky cavalry battalions, 27th Virginia Partisan Rangers, and Logan's howitzers			*60			*228
Oct. 8th	Salem, Mississippi	Gen. Chalmers' cavalry brigade	3	47		10	50	
Oct. 8th	Warsaw, Missouri					1	3	
Oct. 9th	Sugar Creek, near Pulaski, Tennessee	2d Georgia and 3d Confederate cavalry regiments, and						

†Killed and wounded. *Killed, wounded and missing.

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			Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
Oct. 10th	Ingraham's Plantation, Mississippi	Capt. Kirkpatrick's battalion—Morgan's cavalry			*48			*25
Oct. 10th	Blue Springs, Tennessee	Gen. Williams' brigade: 22d, 36th, and 45th Virginia regiments, 8th Virginia cavalry, Bailey's and Edgar's battalions, and Otey's and Lowry's batteries			*100		†66	150
Oct. 10th	Vermilion Bayou, Louisiana				5		5	
Oct. 11th	Rheatown, Tennessee	Gen. Williams' brigade: (See Blue Springs, Tennessee)						*25
Oct. 11th	Henderson's Mill, Tennessee	Gen. Williams' brigade: (See Blue Springs, Tennessee)		†30	10		11	8
Oct. 11th	Colliersville, Tennessee	Gen. Chalmers' cavalry brigade			*50	15	50	20
Oct. 12th	Ingham's Mills, near Byhalia, Mississippi	Gen. Chalmers' cavalry brigade		†50			†25	
Oct. 12th-13th.	Merrill's Crossing to Lamine Crossing, Missouri	Shelby's Missouri cavalry	53	70		16		
Oct. 13th	Wyatts, Tallahatchie, Mississippi	Gen. Chalmers' cavalry brigade			75		†20	
Oct. 13th	Big Black River, Mississippi	Gen. W. H. Jackson's cavalry division						
Oct. 13th	Maysville, Alabama							
Oct. 13th	Blountsville, Tennessee	Gen. Williams' brigade: (See Blue Springs, Tennessee)	8	26	10		6	
Oct. 15th	Canton, Mississippi	Gen. W. H. Jackson's cavalry regiment		†200				
Oct. 16th-18th.	Brownsville, Mississippi						18	
Oct. 16th	Cross Timbers, Missouri		2	3				
Oct. 17th	Clinton, Mississippi							
Oct. 17th	Hunnansville, Missouri							
Oct. 20th	Tishimingo county, Mississippi	Ferguson's brigade: 2d Tennessee (Barteau's), 2d and 51st Alabama cavalry regiments, 17th Tennessee and 12th Mississippi battalions, and Waters' South Carolina battery, and McCullough's brigade—Maj. Gen. S. D. Lee, commanding				15	50	
Oct. 20th	Barton Station, Mississippi							
Oct. 20th-22d	Philadelphia, Tennessee		15	82	111	20	80	354
Oct. 21st	Cherokee Station, Alabama	Maj. Gen. S. D. Lee's command. (See Tishimingo county, Mississippi)		†40		7	37	
Oct. 21st	Opelousas, Louisiana							
Oct. 22d	New Madrid Bend, Tennessee							

Oct. 24th	Sweetwater, Tennessee			5				
Oct. 25th	Colliersville, Tennessee	Gen. Chalmers' cavalry brigade						
Oct. 25th	Pine Bluff, Arkansas	Gen. Marmaduke's cavalry division	53	161	33	17	37	1
Oct. 26th	Cane Creek, Alabama	Gen. S. D. Lee's cavalry division	10	30		2	6	
Oct. 26th	Philadelphia, Tennessee			3	5	3		
Oct. 26th	Vincent's Cross Roads, Tishamingo county, Mississippi	Part of Gen. Lee's cavalry division				14	25	
Oct. 27th	Brown's Ferry, Tennessee	Law's and Jenkins' brigades, Longstreet's corps			6	5	21	9
Oct. 27th	Wauhatchie, Tennessee	Law's and Jenkins' brigades, Longstreet's corps			*200	76	339	22
Oct. 28th	Leiper's Ferry, Tennessee					2	5	15
Oct. 29th	Cherokee Station, Alabama	Gen. S. D. Lee's cavalry division						
Nov. 1st	Fayetteville, Tennessee							
Nov. 2d	Brazios De Santiago, Texas							
Nov. 3d	Centreville and Piney Factory, Tennessee	Col. Hawkins' Tennessee Partisans	15		66			
Nov. 3d	Grand Coteau, or Bayou Bourbeaux, Louisiana	Gen. Tom. Green's brigade, and 3 regiments of Walker's infantry division	60	320	65	26	121	576
Nov. 3d	Colliersville, Tennessee	Gen. Chalmers' cavalry			14	4	16	
Nov. 4th	Lawrenceburg, Tennessee	Partisans, under Cooper, Kirk, and Scott	8	7	24		3	
Nov. 4th	Moscow, Tennessee	Gen. Chalmers' cavalry		100		3	41	41
Nov. 4th	Metley's Ford, Little Tennessee River							
Nov. 6th	Kincaels, Tennessee							33
Nov. 6th	Rogersville, Tennessee	Brigades of Gen. Jones and Col. Giltner—Gen. Ransom, commanding	10	20		5	12	650
Nov. 8th	Clarksville, Arkansas					2		
Nov. 9th	Bayou Sara, Mississippi	Col. Harry Maury's cavalry regiment		3				25
Nov. 11th	Natchez, Mississippi	Fifty of Gen. Wirt Adams' cavalry	4	8		4	7	1
Nov. 12th	Roseville, Arkansas					1		5
Nov. 13th	Palmyra, Tennessee		2	5	1		2	
Nov. 14th	Huff's Ferry, Tennessee	Gen. Longstreet's corps			*16			*100
Nov. 14th	Rockford, Tennessee	Dibrell's brigade: 4th, 8th, 9th and 11th Tennessee, and 9th Tennessee battalion; 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th Georgia, and 1st, 3d and 51st Alabama regiments—Gen. Wheeler, commanding						*300
Nov. 14th	Marysville, Tennessee	Gen. Wheeler's command. (See Rockford, Tennessee)			*12			*250
Nov. 15th	Loudon Creek, Tennessee	" " " " "	6	10		4	12	
Nov. 15th	Lenoirs', Tennessee	Gen. Wheeler's command. (See Rockford, Tennessee)						
Nov. 15th	Holston River, near Knoxville, Tennessee	Gen. Wheeler's cavalry force			*22			*400
Nov. 16th	Campbell's Station, Tennessee	B. R. Johnson's division: Fulton's Tennessee and Gracie's Alabama brigades, and Gen. Wheeler's cavalry—Gen. James Longstreet, commanding			*570	60	340	
Nov. 17th to Dec. 4th.	Siege of Knoxville, Tennessee.	Gen. Longstreet's corps						

† Killed and wounded. * Killed, wounded and missing.

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			Killed.	Wounded	Missing.	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
Nov. 17th	Mustang Island, near Aranzas Pass, Texas	100 Texans						
Nov. 17th	Marion county, Alabama	Gen. Ferguson's cavalry brigade						*100
Nov. 18th	Carrion Crow Bayou, Louisiana							
Nov. 19th	Union City, Tennessee	Col. Faulkner's Kentucky cavalry	11		33	1		
Nov. 21st	Water Proof, Louisiana							
Nov. 23d-25th.	Chattanooga, or Missionary Ridge, Tennessee	Army of Tennessee, minus Gen. Bushrod R. Johnson's division—Gen. Braxton Bragg, commanding	361	2,181	6,142	757	4,529	330
Nov. 26th	Bonfouca, Louisiana							
Nov. 26th	Sparta, Tennessee		1	2	10			
Nov. 26th	Beersheba Springs, Tennessee				20			
Nov. 26th	Warm Springs, North Carolina	25th North Carolina regiment (Col. Bryson) and North Carolina Militia (Maj. Haywood)					30	
Nov. 26th	Kingston, Tennessee	Gen. Wheeler's cavalry			§50			§50
Nov. 27th	Ringgold, or Taylor's Ridge, Georgia	Gen. Cleburne's division. (See Chickamauga, Tennessee)			*100	65	367	
Nov. 27th	Cleveland, Tennessee	Wagon train of Wright's brigade			200			
Nov. 27th-29th	Fort Esperanza, Texas		1		6	1	2	
Nov. 28th	Louisville, Tennessee							
Nov. 29th	Assault on Fort Saunders, Knoxville, Tennessee	Longstreet's corps	80	400	300	20	80	
Nov. 30th	Salyersville, Kentucky							
Dec. 1st	Ripley, Mississippi	Gen. Ferguson's cavalry brigade						
Dec. 3d	Salisbury, Tennessee	Gen. Ferguson's cavalry brigade						
Dec. 4th	Moscow Station, Mississippi	Gen. Lee's cavalry force	15	40			†175	40
Dec. 6th	Clinch Mountain, Tennessee							
Dec. 7th	Natchez, Mississippi							
Dec. 7th	Creelsboro', Kentucky		10		10			
Dec. 7th	Celina, Tennessee		5		13			
Dec. 8th	Princeton, Arkansas		8	18	28			
Dec 10th	Bean's Station, Tennessee	Dibrell's cavalry brigade			150			
Dec. 10th	Morristown, Tennessee	Part of Longstreet's force	12	20				
Dec. 10th	Moresburg, Tennessee							

Dec. 12th	Duval's Bluff, Arkansas						2	
Dec. 14th	Bean's Station, Tennessee	Part of infantry forces of Gen. Longstreet, and Dibrell's cavalry brigade		200†			700†	
Dec. 16th	Blain's Cross Roads, Tennessee.							
Dec. 17th-24th.	Rodney, Mississippi	Gen. Wirt Adams' cavalry				2		1
Dec. 19th	Barren Fork, Indian Territory.					2		1
Dec. 22d	Cleveland, Tennessee	40 of 1st Confederate cavalry—Maj. White				1		6
Dec. 23d	Jacksonport, Arkansas							
Dec. 24th-25th.	Bolivar and Somerville, Tennessee	Neely's 14th Tennessee cavalry and Forrest's escort—Lt. Nath. Boone				3	8	29
Dec. 25th	La Fayette, Tennessee	Gen. Forrest's forces						
Dec. 26th	Port Gibson, Mississippi							
Dec. 27th-28th.	Colliersville, Tennessee	Gen. Forrest's forces						
Dec. 28th	Charleston, Tennessee	3d, 8th and 10th Confederate and 4th Tennessee cavalry.						
Dec. 29th	Talbot's Station and Mossy Creek, Tennessee	Martin's cavalry division						
Dec. 29th-30th.	Matagorda Bay, Texas	Texas troops and gunboat						
Dec. 30th	St. Augustine, Florida					4		25
Dec. 30th	Waldron, Arkansas					2	6	
1864.								
Jan. 7th	Martin's Creek, Arkansas					1	1	13
Jan. 7th	Madisonville, Louisiana							
Jan. 9th	Turman's Ferry, Kentucky							
Jan. 10th	Strawberry Plains, Tennessee							
Jan. 12th	Mayfield, Kentucky		2			1	1	14
Jan. 13th	Mossy Creek, Tennessee	4th Tennessee and 3d Arkansas cavalry	14		41	18	30	
Jan. 14th	Middleton, "							4
Jan. 14th	Terrisville, Cosby Creek, Tennessee	175 cavalry under Gen. Vance			100			
Jan. 16th-18th.	Grand Gulf, Mississippi						3	2
Jan. 16th and 17th	Dandridge, Tennessee	Part of Gen. Longstreet's forces					150	
Jan. 17th	Lewisburgh, Arkansas	Capt. Thompson's company of Wells' command	6	6		6		
Jan. 19th	Branchville, near Pine Bluff, Arkansas	Shelby's cavalry						8
Jan. 20th	Island No 76, Mississippi							3
Jan. 20th	Tracy City, Tennessee					2		
Jan. 21st	Near Dalton, Georgia							
Jan. 22d	Armstrong Ferry, Tennessee							
Jan. 23d	Rolling Prairie, Arkansas					11		
Jan. 24th	Baker Springs, Caddo Gap, Arkansas	Capt. Williamson's cavalry	6	2	27	1	2	1
Jan. 24th	Tazewell, Tennessee		31					
Jan. 25th	Athens, Alabama	Col. Wm. Johnson's regiment cavalry, Roddy's brigade		30			20	
Jan. 26th	Florence, Alabama				30		10	
Jan. 27th	Fair Gardens, near Sevierville, Tennessee	Martin's cavalry division	65		100		100†	

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			Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
Jan. 27th	Scott's Mills Road, near Knoxville, Tennessee	Dibrell's brigade (Col. D. W. Holman)				1		12
Jan. 28th	Tunnel Hill, Georgia	Gen. Wheeler's cavalry and Stewart's and Hindman's divisions of infantry		32			2	
Jan. 28th	Brick Church, Giles county, Tennessee	Capt. Halbert's Partisans					1	5
Jan. 29th	Cumberland Gap, Tennessee							
Feb. 1st	Waldron, Arkansas						1	
Feb. 1st to March 8th	U. S. gunboat expedition up the Yazoo, Mississippi	Gen. Ross' cavalry						
Feb. 3d	Lebanon, Alabama							
Feb. 3d	Liverpool Heights, Mississippi	Gen. Ross' cavalry		15		6	28	1
Feb. 3d to March 5th	Sherman's expedition from Vicksburg to Meridian, Mississippi	Army of Mississippi, East Louisiana and Alabama, Lt. Gen. Leonidas Polk commanding			200*	21	68	81
Feb. 4th	Rolling Prairie, Missouri							
Feb. 4th	Hot Springs, Arkansas						3	6
Feb. 4th	Champion Hills, Baker's Creek, Raymond, and Bolton Depot, Mississippi	Adams', Ross' and Ferguson's cavalry brigades, Maj. Gen. S. D. Lee commanding	10	30		16	40	7
Feb. 5th	Clinton and Jackson, Mississippi	Adams', Ross' and Ferguson's cavalry brigades, Maj. Gen. S. D. Lee commanding	10	35		7	30	13
Feb. 5th	Qualltown, North Carolina	Col. Thomas' Indian legion			56	3	6	
Feb. 5th	Cape Girardeau, Missouri	Bolin's Partisans	7		8			
Feb. 5th	Wyatt's, Mississippi							
Feb. 6th	Bolivar, Tennessee			30		1	3	
Feb. 7th	Vidalia, Louisiana	Gen. Polignac's Texas brigade	6	10	18			
Feb. 8th	Morton, Mississippi							
Feb. 8th	Donaldsonville, Louisiana						1	4
Feb. 9th	Near Point Washington, Florida							11

Feb. 9th	Morgan's Mills, Spring River, White County, Arkansas	Col. Freeman's Arkansas cavalry			65*	1	4	23
Feb. 9th, 10th.	Barber's Place, South Fork St. Mary's River, Florida		2	3		4	13	
Feb. 10th-25th.	Smith's raid from Germantown, Tennessee, co-operating with Sherman's expedition to Meridian	Chalmers' division: McCullough's brigade—2d Missouri and Faulkner's Kentucky regim'ts, and Willis' Texas, Kiezer's Tennessee and Chalmers' Mississippi battalions; Col. Forrest's brigade—7th Tennessee and 5th Mississippi regiments, 3d Mississippi State troops, and McDonald's Tennessee and 9th Mississippi battalions Richardson's division: Bell's brigade—Russell's, Newsom's, Greer's, Wilson's and Barteau's Tennessee regiments; his own brigade—12th, 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th Tennessee regiments, and Street's and Bennet's Tennessee battalions. Maj. Gen. Bedford Forrest commanding						
Feb. 12th	Caddo Gap and Scott's Farm, Arkansas						3	
Feb. 12th	Lake City, Florida		2	5			3	
Feb. 12th	Decatur, Mississippi							
Feb. 12th	Chunky Station, Mississippi	Lee's cavalry	6	12	12	12		
Feb. 13th	Vicksburg, "						3	3
Feb. 14th	Ross Landing, Grand Lake, Arkansas					13	7	
Feb. 14th	Meridian, Mississippi							
Feb. 14th	Gainesville, Florida			40				
Feb. 14th, 15th	Waterproof, Louisiana	Harrison's brigade	15		5	8	14	
Feb. 16th	Lauderdale Springs, Mississippi							
Feb. 17th	Marion, Mississippi							
Feb. 19th	Grosse Tete Bayou, Louisiana		4	6	12		2	
Feb. 19th	Waugh's Farm, near Batesville, Arkansas	Rutherford's cavalry	6	10		3	4	40
Feb. 20th	Holston River, Tennessee		5	10	15	2	3	
Feb. 20th	Olustee, Florida	Finnegan's brigade—2d, 5th, 9th, 10th and 11th Florida regiments; Colquitt's brigade—6th, 19th, 23d, 27th and 28th Georgia regiments. Brig. Gen. Joseph Finnegan commanding	100	400		193	1,175	460
Feb. 20th	West Point, Mississippi	McCullough's and Forrest's brigades				8	32	
Feb. 21st	Prairie Station, "	" " " "		80†		10	20	75
Feb. 22d	Powel's River Bridge, Tenn'see							
Feb. 22d	Cumberland Gap, Tennessee							
Feb. 22d	Mulberry Gap, "						13†	256
Feb. 23d	Okaiona and Mount Ivy, Mississippi	McCullough's and Forrest's brigades and Barteau's regiment (Bell's brigade)	50	150			500†	300

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Feb. 22d.....	Luna Landing, Arkansas						5	
Feb. 22d.....	Johnson's Mills, White county, Tennessee	Champ Ferguson's Partisans. (Champ Ferguson at one time was a regularly commissioned officer.)				23	1	
Feb. 23d.....	Calf Killer Creek, Tennessee....	Champ Ferguson's Partisans.....	25			8	3	
Feb. 27th, 28th	Near Canton, Mississippi.....		3	15		2	6	20
Feb. 25th-27th.	Buzzard Roost and Tunnel Hill, Rocky Face Ridge, Georgia...	Gen. Wheeler's cavalry, Stewart's and Stevenson's divisions of infantry, and Granberry's Texas brigade (Cleburne's division)	20	120	88*	24	343	
Feb. 28th.....	Dukedom, Kentucky.....							
Feb. 28th.....	Near Yazoo City, Mississippi...					8	4	10
March 2d.....	Harrisonburg, Louisiana.....					2	14	
March 4th	Rodney, Mississippi.....					2	3	5
March 5th	Panther Springs, Tennessee.....			30		2		22
March 5th	Yazoo City, Mississippi.....	Gen. Ross' Texas and Arkansas and Richardson's Tennessee cavalry brigades.....	35	75	25	21	89	21
March 6th	Flint Creek, Arkansas.....							
March 7th	Decatur, Alabama.....							
March 8th	Claysville, "	Capts. Henry's, May's and Smith's companies Alabama cavalry.....	1	4		1	3	66
March 11th.....	Cheek's Cross Roads, Tennessee	Col. Giltner's cavalry brigade						
March 14th.....	Fort De Russy, Louisiana.....	200 Texans under Lt. Col. Wm. Byrd of the 14th Texas infantry	5	4	185	7	41	
March 15th.....	Clarendon, Arkansas.....					1	3	
March 16th.....	Fort Pillow, Tennessee.....			50				
March 17th.....	Manchester, "	Champ Ferguson's command.....		21†				
March 18th.....	Monticello, Arkansas							2
March 18th.....	Calf Killer River, Tennessee....	Champ Ferguson's command.....	8					
March 20th.....	Beersheba Springs, "	" " " "						
March 21st	Henderson Hills, Louisiana.....	2d Louisiana cavalry (Col. Vincent) and Edgar's batt'y	8		200		1	
March 24th.....	Union City, Kentucky.....	7th Tennessee, McDonald's battalion and Faulkner's Kentucky regiment—Col. Duckworth commanding.....					1	450
March 25th.....	Fort Anderson, Paducah, Kentucky.....	Buford's division, Forrest's cavalry	10	40		14	46	30

March 26th	Longview, Arkansas		2	15	20	1	3	1
March 28th	Danville, "							
March 28th	Arkadelphia, "			3†	15			3*
March 28th	Charleston, Illinois	Illinois "Copperheads"	3	4	12	2	8	
March 29th	Bolivar, Tennessee	Forrest's cavalry				8	35	30
March 30th	Mount Elba, Arkansas	Gen. Dockery's Arkansas brigade	10	20	300	3	15	
March 30th	Grosse Tete Bayou, Louisiana							
March 31st	Natchitoches, Louisiana	De Bray's Texas cavalry	6		25			
March 31st	Roach's Plantation, near Snydersville, Mississippi	Mississippi cavalry	3	7		16	3	1
April 1st	Fitzhugh's Woods, Augusta, Arkansas	McCray's Arkansas cavalry	15	45	13	8	16	5
April 2d	Antoine, Arkansas							
April 2d	Spoonville, Terre Noire Creek, Arkansas	Gen. Marmaduke's division (*ante*)		100†		10	35	
April 2d	Crump's Hill, Louisiana		10	25	60		20	
April 2d	Cleveland, Tennessee							12
April 2d	Pensacola, Florida	7th Alabama cavalry, Maj. Randolph		10	11		3	
April 3d	Okalona, Arkansas	Gen. Marmaduke's division (*ante*)			75*	16	74	
April 4th	Campti, Louisiana	Gen. James E. Harrison's brigade—15th, 17th, 31st and Stephens' Texas regiments	3	12		10	18	
April 4th–6th	Elkin's Ford, Little Missouri River, Arkansas		18	30	6	5	33	
April 5th	Roseville, Arkansas	Shelby's cavalry brigade	15	25	11	19	11	
April 5th	Stone's Farm, Arkansas	" " "				11		
April 6th	Quicksand Creek, Kentucky	Eighty men of Hodge's Kentucky cavalry brigade, Capt. Bradshaw	10	7	3			
April 7th	Wilson's Farm, Louisiana	Maj. Gen. Green's cavalry	15	40	100	14	39	9
April 7th	Plains' Store, near Port Hudson, Louisiana	Gen. Wirt Adams' cavalry			2	1	4	3
April 8th	Pembescott Bayou, near Osceola, Arkansas	Partisans				4	7	
April 8th	Wolf River, Tennessee	Portion of Gen. Forrest's cavalry					8	
April 8th	Mansfield, Louisiana	Maj. Gen. John G. Walker's division: Waul's brigade—8th (Col. Young), 18th (Col. King) and 22d (Col. Hubbard) Texas infantry and 13th dismounted Texas cavalry (Col. Crawford); Randall's brigade—11th (Col. Roberts) and 14th (Col. Clark) Texas infantry, 28th Texas dismounted cavalry, and Baxter's battalion dismounted cavalry; Scurry's brigade—16th (Col. Flournoy), 17th (Col. Jones) and 19th (Col. Waterhouse) Texas infantry, and 16th dismounted cavalry (Col. Fitzhugh). Mouton's division: Mouton's brigade—18th (Col. Armand), 28th (Col. Gray) and Crescent (Col. Smith) Louisiana regiments and 8th Louisiana battalion (Col. Beard); Polignac's brigade—15th, 17th, 31st and Stephens' Texas regiments. Gen. Tom. Greene's cavalry division: Bee's brigade—De						

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CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY, ETC.—*Continued.*

DATE. 1864.	LOCALITY.	CONFEDERATE TROOPS ENGAGED.	CONFED. LOSS.			UNION LOSS.		
			Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
April 9th	Pleasant Hills, Louisiana	Bray's, Buchell's, Wood's, Terrell's, Gould's and Likin's Texas cavalry regiments; Majors' and Bagby's (Green's) brigades (*ante*). Lt. Gen. Dick Taylor commanding. (Gen. Mouton and Cols. Armand, Beard, Taylor, Raine and Noble, C. S. A., were killed. C. S. force engaged, 10,000.)	300	1,200		200	900	2,500
April 10th-13th	Prairie D'Ann, Arkansas	Gens. Walker's, Mouton's and Green's divisions (*ante*). Churchill's division: Burns' Missouri and Thaler's, Gwinstead's, Shaver's and Dawson's Arkansas regiments and Etter's battery; Tappan's brigade. Gen. Dick Taylor commanding		2,200†	476	300	800	300
April 12th	Fort Pillow, Tennessee	Brigades of Marmaduke, Shelby, Cabell and Dockery—Maj. Gen. Price commanding			50*			100*
April 12th	Pleasant Hill Landing, Louisiana	McCullough's brigade (*ante*); Bell's brigade—2d, 16th and Russell's Tennessee, Rust's and Wisdom's Tennessee detachment, Gen. Chalmers' escort, and 5th Mississippi- Gen. Forrest commanding	20	60		350	60	164
April 13th	Indian Bay, Arkansas	Gen. Tom Green's cavalry brigade. (Gen. Green, C. S. A., killed)		50†			57†	
April 13th	Florence, Alabama					2		41
April 13th	Cleveland, Tennessee							20
April 13th	Moscow, Arkansas				30*	5	17	
April 13th	Paintsville, Kentucky			25	50			
April 14th	Half Mount, Magofin county, Kentucky		25		6		4	
April 14th	Dutch Mills, Arkansas	Maj. Gen. Price's forces						9
April 15th	Liberty Post Office, Arkansas	" " "				5	10	
April 15th and 16th	Camden, Arkansas	" " "						250*
April 16th	King's River, Carroll county, Arkansas	" " "						25*
April 16th	Scullyville, Indian Territory					2		

April 17th	Decatur, Alabama						2	
April 18th	Poison Springs, near Camden, Arkansas	Gen. Shelby's cavalry brigade				113	88	68
April 19th	Pound Gap, Kentucky							
April 19th	Natchitoches, Louisiana	Part of Gen. Bee's Texas cavalry brigade						
April 20th	Waterproof, Louisiana						2	
April 21st	Cotton Plant, Cache River, Arkansas					3	2	6
April 21st	Red Bone, Mississippi					1	6	
April 22d	Near Tunica Bend, Red River, Louisiana	Part of Gen. Bee's Texas cavalry brigade				2	17	
April 23d	Swan Lake, Arkansas					1		
April 23d	Moneti's Bluff, Cane River, Louisiana	Bee's brigade Texas cavalry					400†	
April 23d, 24th	Cloutersville, Louisiana	Steele's brigade—12th, 19th and 21st Texas cavalry					150†	
April 23d	Nickajack Trace, Georgia	Gen. Wheeler's scouts				5	9	22
April 24th	Pineville, Louisiana	Liddell's brigade Arkansas cavalry					20†	
April 24th	Jacksonport, Arkansas						2	
April 26th	Red River, Louisiana	Caudle's Texas cavalry regiment, Polignac's brigade and Cournay's battery	2	4		100	87	
April 25th and 26th	Wautauga Bridge, Tennessee					3	9	3
April 25th	Marks' Mills, Arkansas	Gen. Price's cavalry	110	228		100	250	100
April 26th	Moro Creek, "	" "				5	14	20
April 26th	Alexandria, Louisiana	Bee's and Steele's brigades Texas cavalry—Maj. Gen. Wharton						
April 28th	Offett's Knob, Missouri					3		
April 29th	Princeton, Arkansas							
April 29th	Snia Hills, Missouri					2	1	
April 30th	Jenkins' Ferry, Saline River, Arkansas	Forces of Maj. Gen. Price. (Brig. Gen. Rice, U. S. A., killed	300	800		200	955	
May 1st	Jacksonville, Florida					1		
May 1st	Hudnot's Plantation, Louisiana				20	10	20	
May 1st to 4th	Ashwood Landing, "					5	2	
May 1st	Clinton, "							
May 1st to 8th	Near Alexandria, "	Gen. Greene's cavalry division	25	100	70	23	67	21
May 2d	Memphis, Tennessee					1		
May 2d	Governor Moore's Plantation, Louisiana					2	10	
May 3d	Bolivar, Tennessee	McDonald's battalion, Col. Crews and Gen. Forrest and escort		1			40	
May 3d	Red Clay, Georgia	1st, 8th, and 10th Confederate and 1st and 9th Kentucky cavalry regiments			1			15*
May 3d	Baton Rouge, Louisiana							
May 3d	Transport City Belle, Snaggy Point, Red River, Louisiana	Gen. Greene's cavalry division						225
May 3d	Richland, Arkansas					20		

† Killed and wounded. *Killed, wounded and missing.

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			Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
May 3d	David's Ferry, Louisiana	Majors' brigade Texas cavalry and four pieces artillery						300*
May 4th to 13th	Yazoo City expedition, Mississippi					5	20	
May 5th	Dunn's Bayou, Red River, Louisiana	Majors' brigade Texas cavalry and four pieces artillery				35	65	150
May 5th to 13th	Dalton (Atlanta campaign), Georgia	Army of Tennessee and Loring's division of Polk's corps	445	2,343		800	2,784	
May 5th to 9th	Rocky Face Ridge, Georgia	Army of Tennessee, Trigg's Virginia and North Carolina brigade, and Mercer's brigade—1st, 54th, 57th and 63d Georgia regiments				200	637	
May 7th	Benton, Mississippi							
May 7th	Bayou La Mourie, Louisiana	Wharton's cavalry division			50§	10	31	
May 7th	Tunnel Hill, Georgia	Kelly's cavalry division and Grigsby's Kentucky cavalry brigade						
May 7th	Mill Creek and Dug Gaps, Georgia	Kelly's cavalry division and Grigsby's Kentucky cavalry brigade						
May 8th	Buzzard Roost Gap, Georgia	Pettus' Alabama brigade						
May 8th	Dug Gap, "	Two regiments Reynolds' Arkansas brigade, Grisby's Kentucky cavalry brigade, and Granberry's Texas brigade—Lt. Gen. W. J. Hardee commanding						
May 8th	Snake Creek Gap, Georgia							
May 9th	Rocky Face Ridge, "	Stewart's and Bate's divisions and Pettus' and Brown's brigades, Army of Tennessee						
May 9th	Varnell's Station, "	See Gen. Wheeler's summary				4	25	100
May 9th	Resaca, "	Canty's Alabama brigade						
May 10th	Mill Creek Gap, "	Bates' division						
May 10th	Dardanelle, Arkansas					2	1	
May 12th	Near Tunnel Hill, Georgia	See Gen. Wheeler's summary						150§
May 12th	Smith's Station, Indian Territory					1	4	
May 12th	Vaughn, Mississippi							
May 13th 16th	Resaca, Georgia	See May 5th to 16th, *supra*				600	2,147	
May 13th	Pulaski, Tennessee					2		

May 13th	Tilton, Georgia								
May 14th-16th.	Mansura, Louisiana	Wharton's cavalry and Polignac's infantry divisions—Lt. Gen. Richard Taylor							
May 15th	Mount Pleasant Landing, Louisiana						3	5	1
May 15th	Ley's Ferry, Georgia.	Maj. Gen. Walker's division							
May 15th	Tanner's Bridge, near Rome, Georgia						2	16	20
May 16th	Rome Cross Roads, Georgia	Polk's brigade of Cleburne's division		†25					
May 16th	Pond Creek, Pike county, Kentucky								
May 16th	Clear Creek, Missouri								2
May 17th, 18th	Adairsville, Georgia	Cheatham's division of Hardee's corps, and Wheeler's cavalry							
May 17th	Madison Station, Alabama	Cols. Patterson's and Stewart's Alabama cavalry reg'ts		†7					80
May 18th	Rome, Georgia						16	59	
May 18th	Kingston, Georgia	2d Tennessee infantry of Polk's brigade, and section of Keyes' Arkansas battery							
May 18th	Bayou De Glaize, Louisiana	Wharton's cavalry and Polignac's infantry divisions—Lt. Gen. Richard Taylor commanding		†452			60	300	
May 19th	Fayetteville, Arkansas						1		
May 19th	Wetaka and Saunders, Florida								
May 19th-22d	Cassville, Georgia	Hardee's corps: Cheatham's, Cleburne's, Walker's and Bate's divisions; Polk's corps: Loring's and French's divisions. Hood's corps: Hindman's, Stevenson's and Stewart's divisions. Maj. Gen. Joseph Wheeler's cavalry corps and Brig. Gen. W. H. Jackson's cavalry division. Brig. Gen. F. A. Shoupe, chief of artillery. Army of Tennessee—Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, commanding							
May 21st	Snia Hills, Missouri						10	46	
May 21st	Mount Pleasant Mississippi						2	1	10
May 22d	Old River, Louisiana								
May 23d	Capture of U. S. steam tug Columbine at Horse Landing, St. John's River, Florida						7	5	30
May 24th	Holly Springs, Mississippi						1	2	
May 24th	Cassville, Georgia	1st, 3d, 8th and 10th Confederate, 8th and 11th Texas, 2d Tennessee and 3d Arkansas cavalry—Gen. Wheeler commanding			*19				*420
May 24th	Nashville, Tennessee						4	8	
May 25th	New Hope Church, Georgia	Stewart's division of Hood's corps						†3,000	
May 25th	Cassville Station, "		2	6	2		8	16	30
May 26th	Burned Church, "				47				
May 26th	Lane's Prairie, Morris county, Missouri						5		
May 26th, 27th	Decatur, Courtland Road, Alabama				15				*30

†Killed and wounded. *Killed, wounded and missing.

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			Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
May 27th	Pumpkin Vine Creek, Georgia.	Granberry's Texas and Lowery's Mississippi and Alabama brigades and 8th and 9th Arkansas regiments (Cleburne's division), and Gen. Wheeler's cavalry (see Wheeler's summary)	85	365			3,000†	232
May 28th	Dallas, Georgia	Maj. Gen. Bate's division: Tyler's Tennessee and Georgia, Lewis' Kentucky, Jackson's Georgia and Finley's Florida brigades, and Armstrong's cavalry brigade					300†	
May 28th	Little Rock, Arkansas							6
May 28th	Pleasant Hill, Missouri						2	
May 28th	Jacksonville, Florida						2	
May 28th, 29th	Moulton, Alabama	Gen. Roddy's cavalry	15		30	4	14	
May 16th to June 4th.	Dalton (Atlanta campaign), Georgia	Army of Tennessee	276	1,729				
June 3d	Searcy, Arkansas						2	
June 3d, 4th	Ackworth, Georgia							
June 6th	Lake Chicot, Arkansas				100*	49	70	70
June 8th	Mount Sterling, Kentucky	Cols. Giltner's and Howard Smith's and Lt. Col. Martin's brigades Kentucky cavalry, Gen. John Morgan commanding						380*
June 9th-20th	Kenesaw Mountain, Georgia	Army of Tennessee				1,370	6,500	800
June 9th	Mount Sterling, Kentucky	Cols. Giltner's and Martin's brigades Morgan's cavalry	54	200	100	35	150	
June 9th	Lafayette, Tennessee							
June 10th	Frankfort, Kentucky	Captain Cooper's detachment of Morgan's cavalry		5			3	
June 10th	Cane Creek, Alabama		3				2	
June 10th	Lexington, Kentucky	Smith's brigade Morgan's cavalry						
June 10th	Brice's Cross Roads, near Guntown, Mississippi	Lyon's brigade—3d, 7th, 8th and Faulkner's Kentucky cavalry regiments; Rucker's brigade—18th and 19th Mississippi and 7th Tennessee cavalry regiments; Johnson's brigade—4th Alabama cavalry regiment and Moreland's, Williams' and Warren's battalions Alabama cavalry; Bell's brigade—*note*; Morton's, Rice's and Ferrel's batteries. Maj. Gen. Bedford Forrest, commanding	140	500			1,900†	1,623

June 10th	Corinth, Mississippi							
June 10th	Cynthiana, Kentucky	Morgan's cavalry				8	17	400
June 10th	Kellar's Bridge, Licking River, Kentucky	" "				13	54	1,500
		" "		300†	400			150*
June 11th	Cynthiana, Kentucky							
June 11th	Ripley, Mississippi	Same force engaged at Brice's Cross Roads, June 10th						
June 12th	Kingsville, Missouri					12		
June 14th	Pine Mountain, Georgia	Bate's division (Lieut. Gen. Leonidas Polk, C. S. A., killed)						
June 14th	Lexington, Missouri					8	1	
June 15th	Moscow, Tennessee					1		
June 16th	West Point, Arkansas					1		3
June 16th	Golgotha, Georgia	Polk's brigade of Cleburne's division						300*
June 20th	Powder Spring, Georgia	See Wheeler's summary						
June 20th	Lattemore's Mills, Georgia	" "						
June 21st	Powder Spring Road, Georgia	Stevenson's and Stewart's divisions, Hood's corps		1,000†				
June 22d	White River, Arkansas		2	3	3	2	4	2
June 23d	Collierville, Mississippi					2	8	5
June 24th	White River, Arkansas						40	
June 24th	LaFayette, Tennessee				100†			
June 25th	Point Pleasant, Louisiana							
June 25th-29th	Clarendon, Arkansas			200	200		200	
June 27th	Kenesaw Mountain, Georgia	Hardee's and Loring's (Polk's) corps and Wheeler's cavalry. (Brig. Gens. McCook and Harker, U. S. A., killed.)	59	211	252			8,000*
July 2d	Pine Bluff, Arkansas					6		1
July 2d	Saulsbury, Mississippi		2	3				
July 2d to 5th	Nickajack Creek, Georgia			100†		60	310	
July 3d	Platte City, Missouri						2	70
July 3d to 9th	U. S. Expedition from Vicksburg to Jackson, Mississippi	Mississippi State troops, Brig. Gen. Gholson		200			150	
July 4th	Searcy, Arkansas		7	4	56			
July 4th	Vicksburg, Mississippi					1	7	2
July 4th	Clay county, Missouri					2	2	
July 4th	Clinton, Mississippi							
July 4th, 5th	Coleman's Plantation, near Port Gibson, Mississippi					6	18	15
July 5th-18th	Smith's expedition from La-grange, Tennessee, to Tupelo, Mississippi							
July 5th, 6th	Jackson, Mississippi							
July 6th	Little Blue, Missouri					8	1	
July 6th-10th	Chattahoochie River, Georgia	Army of Tennessee—Gen. Jos. E. Johnston			600*	80	450	200
July 7th	Clinton, Mississippi							
July 7th	Ripley, "		10				4	
July 11th-22d	Rosseau's raid in Alabama and Georgia		8	60		3	30	
July 11th	Pontotoc, Mississippi							

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July 12th	Petit Jean, Arkansas River, Arkansas		2	8				
July 13th-15th.	Tupelo, Mississippi	Chalmers' division—McCulloch's and Rucker's brigades; Buford's division—Bell's, Lyon's and Mabry's brigades; Roddy's division—Johnson's and Patterson's brigades; Lyon's infantry division—Beltzhoover's battalion, Gholson's and Neeley's brigades, dismounted; Morton's, Rice's, Walton's, Thrall's and Ferrell's batteries, 20 guns. Lt. Gen. S. D. Lee and Maj. Gen. Forrest commanding	100	600		85	563	
July 14th, 15th	Ozark, Missouri					2	1	
July 14th	Ten Islands, Coosa River, Alabama		15	40	22			
July 14th	Farr's Mills, Arkansas		4	6		1	7	
July 16th, 17th	Grand Gulf and Port Gibson, Mississippi							
July 17th	Fredericksburg, Missouri					6	1	
July 18th	Chewa Station, Montgomery & West Point R. R., Georgia	Four hundred Alabama reserves			40[a]			
July 20th	Peachtree Creek, Georgia	Army of Tennessee, Gen. John B. Hood commanding	1,113	2,500	1,180	300	1,400	
July 22d	Atlanta, Georgia (Hood's first sortie)	Army of Tennessee, Gen. John B. Hood commanding. (Maj. Gen. W. H. T. Walker, C. S. A., and Maj. Gen. J. B. McPherson and Brig. Gen. Greathouse, U. S. A., killed.)	2,482	4,000	2,017	500	2,141	1,000
July 22d	Vidalia, Louisiana					6	1	
July 22d	Decatur, Georgia	Gen. Wheeler's cavalry forces						
July 26th	Courtland, Alabama	Gen. Roddy's cavalry						
July 26th	Wallace's Ferry, Big Creek, Arkansas			150		16	32	5
July 26th	Des Arc, Arkansas						5	
July 26th-31st.	Stoneman's raid to Macon, Georgia	See Gen. Wheeler's summary						
July 26th-31st.	McCook's raid to Lovejoy Station, Georgia	" " "						

July 27th	Mazzard Prairie, Fort Smith, Arkansas		12	20		12	17	152
July 28th	Atchafalaya River, Louisiana							
July 28th	West Point, Arkansas						2	10
July 28th	Ezra Chapel, Atlanta, Georgia (second sortie)	Stewart's and Lee's (Hood's) corps, Army of Tennessee, Gen. Hood commanding			1,500*	100	600	
July 28th	Campbelltown, Georgia	See Gen. Wheeler's summary						
July 28th	Flat Shoals, "	" " "						
July 29th, 30th	Lovejoy Station, "	" " "						
July 30th	Newnan, "	" " "						
July 30th	Macon, "	" " "						
July 30th	Lebanon, Kentucky					6		
July 31st	Hillsboro, Georgia	See Gen. Wheeler's Summary						
Aug. 1st	Rolla, Missouri					2		
Aug. 2d	Osceola, Arkansas		7		25			
Aug. 3d	Ellsberg, Missouri		7		28		3	
Aug. 5th	Naval Fight in Mobile Bay, Alabama	Ironclad Tennessee and Gunboats Morgan, Gaines and Selma, Admiral Buchanan, commanding, and garrison of Fort Morgan; Capts. Johnston's and Fisher's companies of the 1st Tennessee Heavy Artillery, Col. A. J. Jackson, commanding; 1st Alabama battalion of artillery, Maj. J. T. Gee, and Capt. Cothran's company of 21st Alabama—Brig. Gen. R. L. Page, commanding				200	170	
Aug. 5th 6th	Utoy Creek, Georgia	Skirmishers of Maj. Gen. Bate's division						†1,000
Aug. 5th-7th	Cow-skin, Missouri					6		
Aug. 5th	Decatur, Georgia	See Gen. Wheeler's Summary						
Aug. 5th	Donaldsonville, Louisiana							60
Aug. 6th	Plaquemine, Louisiana					2		3
Aug. 7th	Tallahatchie River, Mississippi	18th Mississippi cavalry battalion, Rucker's brigade, Forrest's cavalry						
Aug. 8th	Fort Gaines, Alabama							
Aug. 10th	U. S. steamer Empress, Mississippi					6	12	
Aug. 11th	Van Buren, Crawford county, Arkansas							
Aug. —th	Near Florence, Alabama	Detachment of 50 men of Carter's Tennessee scouts				18		
Aug. 12th	Abbeville and Oxford, Mississippi	Chalmers' division: McCullough's, Neeley's and Mabry's brigades, and Bell's brigade						
Aug. 14th	Hurricane Creek, Mississippi							
Aug. 14th-16th	Dalton, Georgia	See Gen. Wheeler's Summary						
Aug. 17th	Gainesville, Florida					16	30	102
Aug. 17th	Cleveland, Tennessee	See Gen. Wheeler's Summary						
Aug. 18th	Decatur, Alabama							
Aug. 18th	Fairburn, Georgia							

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Aug. —th	Block-house No. 4, Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad							*25
Aug. 18th-22d.	Kilpatrick's raid on the Atlanta Railroad							
Aug. 19th	Red Oak, Georgia							
Aug. 19th-20th	Jonesboro, Georgia							
Aug. 19th	Pine Bluff, Tennessee River, Tennessee					8		
Aug. 20th	Lovejoy Station, Georgia							
Aug. 21st	Duval's Bluff, Arkansas	Shelby's cavalry division: Cols. Shanks' and Jackman's brigades, and Col. Coleman's command				2	2	
Aug. 21st	Memphis, Tennessee	Detachments of Bell's and Neeley's cavalry brigades, and section of Morton's artillery, Lt. Sale—Maj. Gen. Bedford Forrest, commanding			*100	30	100	600
Aug. 21st-22d	College Hill, Mississippi	Mabry's and McCullough's brigades (Chalmers' division), and Buford's division—Maj. Gen. J. R. Chalmers, commanding	15		8			
Aug. 22d	Burning of Oxford, Mississippi, by Maj. Gen. A. J. Smith, U. S. A.							
Aug. 22d	Canton, Kentucky							
Aug. 22d	Rodgersville, Tennessee							
Aug. 23d	Surrender of Fort Morgan, Alabama	Brig. Gen. R. L. Page's command			1,464			
Aug. 23d	Abbeville, Mississippi	5th Mississippi cavalry and Col. Forrest's cavalry regiment, and Walton's battery	15		8		20	
Aug. 24th	Fort Smith, Arkansas					1	3	13
Aug. 24th	Jones' Hay Station and Ashley Station, Long Prairie, Arkansas	Shelby's cavalry division: Cols. Shanks' and Jackman's brigades, and Col. Coleman's command		60		5	41	
Aug. 25th	Conee Creek, Clinton, Louisiana							
Aug. 26th	Bull Bayou, Arkansas	Shelby's cavalry division: Cols. Shanks' and Jackman's brigades, and Col. Coleman's command						

Aug. 27th	Owensboro, Kentucky					3			
Aug. 27th-28th	Holly Springs, Mississippi					1	2	4	
Aug. 28th	Howard county, Missouri					8		1	
Aug. 29th	Ghent, Kentucky					2			
Aug. 31st	Block-house No. 5, Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, Tennessee	See Gen. Wheeler's Summary							
Aug 31st and Sept. 1st.	Jonesboro, Georgia	Lt. Gen. S. D. Lee's corps: Maj Gens. Stevenson's, Anderson's, and Brown's (Hindman's) divisions, and Hardee's corps—Army of Tennessee, Gen. John B. Hood			*2,000		1,149		
May 5th to Sept. 8th.	Campaign in Northern Georgia, from Chattanooga to Atlanta. (U. S. Surgeon General's Report)					5,284	26,129	5,786	
Sept. 1st	Lavergne, Tennessee								
Sept. 2d	Occupation of Atlanta, Georgia, by U. S. Forces								
Sept. 2d	Franklin, Tennessee	See Gen. Wheeler's Summary. Gen. J. H. Kelly, C. S. A., killed							
Sept. 2d to 6th.	Lovejoy Station, Georgia	Hardee's, Lee's and Stewart's corps—Army of Tennessee, Gen. J. B. Hood							
Sept. 2d	Big Shanty, Georgia						8		
Sept. 3d	Murfreesboro, Tennessee	See Gen. Wheeler's Summary				6			
Sept. 4th	Greenville, Tennessee	Parts of Smith's and Giltner's brigades (Morgan's cavalry), and Vaughan's cavalry brigade (Col. Bradford). Brig. Gen. John H. Morgan, C. S. A., killed.	10	60	75		6	7	
Sept. 5th	Campbellville, Tennessee	See Gen. Wheeler's Summary							
Sept. 6th	Searcy, Arkansas	Gen. Shelby's cavalry division				2	6	10	
Sept. 7th	Readyville, Tennessee	Gen. Dibrell's cavalry brigade			130				
Sept. —th	Near Pine Bluff, Arkansas	Gen. Shelby's cavalry division					8		
Sept. 10th-18th	Fort Gibson, Indian Territory	Quantrell's command				38		48	
Sept. 17th-20th	Doniphan and Black River, Missouri								
Sept. 19th	Cabin Creek, Indian Territory					7	6	4	
Sept. 22d	Patterson, Missouri	Gen. Shelby's division				28			
Sept. 22d to Oct. 28th.	Price's invasion of Missouri	Fagan's division: Gen. Cabell's, Cols. Stemmons', McCray's and Dobbins' brigades, Cols. Lyle's and Rogan's commands, and Capt. Andrews' battalion. Marmaduke's division: Brig. Gen. Clarke's and Col. Freeman's brigades, Col. Kitchen's regiment, and Lt. Col. Wood's battalion. Shelby's division: Cols. Shanks' and Jackman's brigades, and Col. Coleman's command—Maj. Gen. Sterling Price, commanding				170	336		
Sept. 23d	Athens, Alabama	Buford's and Roddy's divisions, and Rucker's (Col. Kelly) brigade of Chalmers' division, and Morton's artillery—Maj. Gen. Bedford Forrest, commanding	5	26				*1,900	
Sept. 23d	Rockport, Missouri	Gen. Marmaduke's cavalry division				10		1	

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Sept. 23d	Blackwater, Missouri							
Sept. 24th	Fayette, Missouri	Gen. Marmaduke's cavalry division	6	30		3	5	
Sept. 24th	Bull's Gap, Tennessee	Gens. Duke's and Vaughan's cavalry brigades—Brig. Gen. J. C. Vaughan, commanding						
Sept. 25th	Sulphur Branch Trestle, Alabama	Gen. Forrest's forces				200	30	820
Sept. 25th	Johnsonville, Tennessee					3	1	
Sept. 25th	Henderson, Kentucky							
Sept. 26th	Vache Grass, Arkansas					8	2	4
Sept. 26th-27th	Fort Davidson, Pilot Knob, Missouri	Fagan's and Marmaduke's divisions—Gen. Price, commanding			*300	28	56	100
Sept. 26th	Richland, Tennessee	Gen. Forrest's forces						
Sept. 27th	Pulaski, Tennessee	Gen. Forrest's forces		†25				
Sept. 27th	North Missouri Railroad					22		5
Sept. 27th	Centralia, Missouri					122	2	
Sept. 27th	Carter's Station, Watauga River, Tennessee	Duke's, Cosby's and Vaughan's cavalry brigades		2			†15	12
Sept. 27th	Marianna, Florida				81		32	
Sept. 28th	Clarksville, Arkansas							
Sept. 29th	Centerville, Tennessee	Detachment of 8th Texas and Capt. Halbert's Tennessee Partisans					10	25
Sept. 29th-30th	Leesburg and Harrison, Missouri	Gen. Price's forces						
Oct. 1st and 2d	Athens, Alabama							
Oct. 1st	Union, Missouri	Gen. Clarke's brigade, Price's Army					32	70
Oct. 1st	Huntsville, Alabama	Detachment of Forrest's cavalry, Gen. Buford, commanding						
Oct. 1st	Block House, near Spring Hill, Tennessee	Gen. Forrest's forces						*65
Oct. 1st	Franklin, Missouri							
Oct. 1st to 3d	Sweetwater, Noses, and Powder Spring Creeks, Georgia	See Gen. Wheeler's Summary						
Oct. 2d	Saltville, Virginia	Gens. Williams' Kentucky and Dibrell's Tennessee brigades, and Virginia Reserves, under Gens. Jack-						

		son and Preston—Gen. J. S. Williams, commanding.	*18	75	21	54	190	104
Oct. 2d	Gladesville, Pound Gap, Virginia							
Oct. 4th	Near Memphis, Tennessee	Forces under Gen. Chalmers				7		
Oct. 4th	Linn, Missouri	Part of Gen. Shelby's division						100
Oct. 5th	Jackson, Louisiana				47	4	10	
Oct. 5th	Allatoona, Georgia	Maj. Gen. French's division, Army of Tennessee	122	443	234	142	352	212
Oct. 5th	Fort Adams, Louisiana							
Oct. 6th	Florence, Alabama							
Oct. 6th	Prince's Place, Osage River, Cole county, Missouri	Col. Shanks' brigade, Shelby's division						
Oct. 6th	Woodville, Mississippi			40	56			
Oct. 7th	Moreau Bottom, near Jefferson City, Missouri	Gen. Fagan's division, Price's Army						
Oct. 9th	California, Missouri	Gen. Fagan's division, Price's Army						
Oct. 9th	Boonesville, Missouri	Gen. Shelby's division						300
Oct. 10th	South Tunnel, Tennessee					4		
Oct. 10th	Eastport, Mississippi	Rucker's brigade, Col. D. C. Kelly, commanding					*250	75
Oct. 11th	Fort Donelson, Tennessee		3	23		4	9	
Oct. 11th	Boonesville, Missouri	Fagan's and Marmaduke's divisions, Price's Army						
Oct. 11th	Narrows, Georgia							
Oct. 12th	Greeneville, Tennessee							
Oct. 12th	Resaca, Georgia	Gen. Hood's advance						
Oct. 13th	Tilton, Georgia							
Oct. 13th	Dalton, Georgia	Gen. Hood's forces						400
Oct. 15th	Buzzard Roost Block-house, Georgia	20th Tennessee regiment and Washington artillery (Lt. Chalaron), Maj. Gen. Bate, commanding				5	36	60
Oct. 15th	Bayou Biddell, Louisiana					1	2	
Oct. 15th	Glasgow, Missouri	Shelby's division and Clarke's brigade		†50				800
Oct. 15th	Snake Creek Gap, Georgia							
Oct. 15th	Sedalia, Missouri	Gen. Jeff. Thompson's brigade, Shelby's division				1		200
Oct. 16th	Ship's Gap, Taylor's Ridge, Georgia				40			
Oct. 18th	Pierce's Point, Blackwater, Florida							
Oct. 19th	Lexington, Missouri	Shelby's division						
Oct. 20th	Little River, Tennessee							
Oct. 21st	Harrodsburgh, Kentucky							
Oct. 21st	Little Blue, Missouri	Marmaduke's and Shelby's divisions						
Oct. 22d	Independence, Missouri	Fagan's and part of Marmaduke's divisions	40		100			
Oct. 22d	White River, Arkansas					2	1	
Oct. 23d	Hurricane Creek, Mississippi					1	2	
Oct. 23d	Princeton, Arkansas					3		
Oct 23d	Westport, Big Blue, Missouri	Marmaduke's, Fagan's and Shelby's divisions—Maj. Gen. Price, commanding						
Oct. 24th	Coldwater Grove, Osage, Missouri							

†Killed and wounded. *Killed, wounded and missing.

DATE. 1864.	LOCALITY.	CONFEDERATE TROOPS ENGAGED.	CONFED. LOSS.			UNION LOSS.		
			Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
Oct. 25th	Mine Creek, Maria Des Cygnes, and Little Osage River, Kansas	Marmaduke's, Fagan's and Shelby's divisions, Maj. Gen. Price, commanding			400			
Oct. 26th	Milton, Blackwater, Florida							
Oct. 26th-29th.	Decatur, Alabama	Bate's and Cleburne's divisions, Army of Tennessee		†100	25	10	45	100
Oct. 28th-30th.	Newtonia, Missouri	Shelby's division and portions of Fagan's		250				
Oct. 28th	Capture of the Mazeppa at Fort Heiman, Tennessee	Buford's division and Morton's artillery						
Oct. 28th	Fayetteville, Arkansas	Commands of Cols. Brooks and Elliott, Price's Army						
Oct. 28th	Morristown, Tennessee				240	8	42	
Oct. 30th	Muscle Shoals, Raccoon Ford, Alabama							
Oct. 30th	Ladija, Terrapin Creek, Alabama							
Oct. 30th	Near Brownsville, Arkansas					2		4
Oct. 30th	Capture of U. S. Gunboat Undine and Transports Venus and Cheeseman, near Fort Heiman, Tennessee	Walton's, Rice's and Morton's batteries, and Chalmers' and Buford's divisions, Forrest's cavalry					†12	10
Nov. 1st	Black River, Louisiana					6		
Nov. 1st to 4th.	Union Station, Tennessee					2	2	26
Nov. 2d	Davidson's Ferry, Tennessee River, Tennessee	Confederate States Gunboat Undine, Capt. Tracy (3d Kentucky cavalry), and armed Transport Venus, Lt. Col. Dawson						
Nov. 3d	Vera Cruz, Arkansas					5	1	
Nov. 3d	Davidson's Ferry, Tennessee	Confederate States Gunboat Undine, Capt. Tracy						
Nov. 4th-5th	Johnsonville, Tennessee	Morton's, Thrall's and Briggs' batteries, and Buford's and Chalmers' divisions of cavalry—Maj. Gen. Bedford Forrest, commanding						
Nov. 5th-6th	Big Pigeon River, Tennessee						2	
Nov. 9th	Atlanta, Georgia				*20			
Nov. 9th	Shoal Creek, Alabama							

Nov. 13th.....	Bull's Gap, near Morristown, Tennessee.....	Vaughan's and Duke's cavalry, and Col. Palmer's infantry, brigades—Maj. Gen. John C. Breckenridge, commanding.....				5	36	200
Nov. 14th-28th	Cow Creek, Kansas.....					4		
Nov. 15th.....	Clinton and Liberty Creek, Louisiana.....				69			
Nov. 16th.....	Lovejoy Station, Jonesboro', Georgia.....	See Gen. Wheeler's Summary.....						
Nov. 16th.....	Bear Creek Station, Georgia.....	See Gen. Wheeler's Summary.....						
Nov. 17th.....	Aberdeen and Butler Creek, Alabama.....							
Nov. 19th.....	Bayou La Fouche, or Ash Bayou, Louisiana.....							
Nov. 20th.....	Macon, Georgia.....	See Gen. Wheeler's Summary.....						
Nov. 21st.....	Liberty and Jackson, Louisiana.....							
Nov. 22d.....	Rolling Fork, Mississippi.....							
Nov. 22d.....	Griswoldville, Georgia.....	2d, 3d and 4th brigades of Georgia Militia, the Athens and Augusta (Georgia) battalions, and Anderson's battery—Brig. Gen. P. J. Phillips, commanding.....		†600		10	52	
Nov. 22d.....	Clinton, Georgia.....							
Nov. 22d.....	Lawrenceburg, Tennessee.....	Jackson's and Buford's cavalry divisions—Maj. Gen. Forrest.....			*50			*50
Nov. 23d.....	Mount Pleasant, Tennessee.....	Chalmers' division and Forrest's escort—Gen. Forrest, commanding.....	5	30		20	100	60
Nov. 24th.....	Campbellville and Lynnville, Tennessee.....	Jackson's (Armstrong's and Ross' brigades) and Buford's cavalry divisions.....					25	200
Nov. 25th.....	Ball's Ferry, Oconee River, Georgia.....	Company of 27th Georgia infantry battalion, Hayward's and Talbott's companies of Georgia cavalry, Hager's section of artillery—Maj. Hartridge, commanding.....	2	7	100	36	5	100
Nov. 26th.....	Madison Station, Alabama.....							
Nov. 26th.....	Sandersville, Georgia.....	Maj. Hartridge's forces. (See Ball's Ferry, Georgia).....						
Nov. 26th.....	Sylvan Grove, Georgia.....	Maj. Hartridge's forces. (See Ball's Ferry, Georgia).....						
Nov. 27th.....	Big Black River Bridge, Mississippi Central Railroad.....							
Nov. 27th-29th.	Waynesboro', Thomas Station, and Buck Head Creek, Georgia	Maj. Hartridge's forces. (See Ball's Ferry, Georgia).....						
Nov. 29th.....	Columbia, Tennessee.....	Pettus' Alabama brigade, Stevenson's division.....						
Nov. 29th.....	Spring Hill, Tennessee.....	Cheatham's, Hardee's and Stewart's corps, and Johnson's division of Lee's corps—Army of Tennessee, Gen. J. B. Hood.....						
Nov. 30th.....	Franklin, Tennessee.....	Cheatham's and Stewart's corps, and Gen. Ed. Johnson's division of Lee's corps—Army of Tennessee, Gen. J. B. Hood. Maj. Gen. Cleburne, and Brig. Gens. John Adams, Strahl, Gist, Granberry and Car-						

†Killed and wounded. *Killed, wounded and missing.

DATE. 1864.	LOCALITY.	CONFEDERATE TROOPS ENGAGED.	CONFED. LOSS.			UNION LOSS.		
			Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
Nov. 30th	Honey Hill, Broad River, South Carolina	ter, C. S. A., killed	1,750	3,800	702	189	1,033	1,104
		First brigade of Georgia Militia, State Line brigade, 17th and 32d Georgia, the Athens and Augusta battalions (Georgia), part of 3rd South Carolina cavalry, and sections of Beaufort and La Fayette artillery, De Pass and Kanapaux batteries—Maj. Gen. G. W. Smith	4	40		56	645	
Dec. 1st	Near Yazoo City, Miss					5	9	25
Dec. 1st to 14th	Skirmishing in front of Nashville, Tenn	Army of Tennessee, Gen. J. B. Hood				16	100	
Dec. 1st	Millen Grove, Georgia	See Gen. Wheeler's summary						
Dec. 2d	Rocky Creek Church, Georgia	" " "						
Dec. 2d	———, Mississippi							23
Dec. 2d and 3d	Block House, No. 1 and 2, Mill Creek, Tennessee	Bell's and Lyon's brigades (Buford's division) and Morton's battery				12	46	200
Dec. 3d	Thomas' Station, Georgia	See Gen. Wheeler's summary				2	1	
Dec. 4th	Near Murfreesboro, Tennessee	Maj. Gen. Bate's division and Gen. Hill's cavalry brigade—Maj. Gen. W. B. Bate commanding	15	59	13		100	
Dec. 4th	Waynesboro and Brier Creek, Georgia	See Gen. Wheeler's summary						
Dec. 4th	Statesboro, Georgia	See Gen. Wheeler's summary	2		2		8	27
Dec. 5th to 8th	Murfreesboro, Tennessee	Bate's division, Sears' brigade of French's division, Palmer's brigade of Stevenson's division, and Jackson's and Buford's cavalry divisions—Maj. Gen. Forrest commanding	19	73	197	30	175	
Dec. 6th to 9th	Deveaux's Neck, South Carolina	47th Georgia battalion, 32d Georgia regiment, White's battalion cadets, battalion North Carolina reserves, company 1st South Carolina artillery and Bachman's battery—Col. Edwards commanding			*400	39	390	200
Dec. 7th	Ebenezer Creek, Georgia	See Gen. Wheeler's summary			17	2	3	
Dec. 7th to 9th	Ogeechee River, Georgia	" " "						
Dec. 9th to	Kirk's raid into Western North							

Jan. 14th.	Carolina				*29	2	7	10
Dec. 9th	Cuyler's Plantation, Monteith Swamp, Georgia				4	2	11	
Dec. 10th-21st.	Siege of Savannah, Georgia	1st, 2d and 3d brigades Georgia militia, brigade Georgia State Line and battalion cadets, Maj. Gen. G. W. Smith; Baker's North Carolina brigade, Lewis' brigade, 2d, 4th and 9th Kentucky, 1st Georgia regulars, 4th Tennessee and 12th South Carolina cavalry, 5th Georgia reserves, Worthen's North Carolina and 3d and Allen's Georgia battalions, Maj. Gen. McLaws; Brig. Gens. Mercer's and J. K. Jackson's brigades, Maj. Gen. A. R. Wright; Gen. Wheeler's cavalry; Col. C. C. Jones, Jr., chief of artillery; Lt. Gen. W. J. Hardee, commanding			800		200	
Dec. 12th	Elkton, Kentucky							
Dec 13th	Kingsport, Tennessee	Gen. Duke's cavalry brigade (Col. Morgan)	8	26	86	2	7	
Dec. 13th	Fort McAllister, Georgia	150 men under Maj. Anderson and Capt. Clinch			150	24	110	
Dec. 14th	Bristol, Tennessee							
Dec. 14th	Memphis, "					3	6	15
Dec. 15th	Abingdon, Virginia				20			
Dec. 15th	Murfreesboro, Tennessee							
Dec. 15th	Glade Springs, Virginia							
Dec. 15th, 16th	Nashville, Tennessee	Lee's, Stewart's and Cheatham's corps, Army of Tennessee, Gen. J. B. Hood commanding			4,462*	400	1,740	
Dec. 16th	Hopkinsville, Kentucky							
Dec. 16th	Marion and Wytheville, Virginia	Col. Wycher's cavalry battalion and Cosby's cavalry brigade		100	198		58	
Dec. 17th	Hollow Tree Gap, Tennessee	Stevenson's and Clayton's divisions of Lee's corps, Army of Tennessee			413			
Dec 17th	Franklin, Tennessee	Army of Tennessee			1,800			
Dec. 17th	Mitchell's Creek, Florida					2	21	1
Dec. 17th-19th.	Pine Barren Creek, Alabama					7	32	10
Dec. 18th	Marion, Virginia	Cosby's, Duke's and Giltner's cavalry brigades, Maj. Gen. J. C. Breckenrige commanding			200	18	58	
Dec. 18th	Franklin Creek, Mississippi						1	
Dec. 19th	Rutherford Creek, Tennessee							
Dec. 20th	Saltville, Virginia							
Dec. 23d	Lynnville, Tennessee	Walthall's infantry and Jackson's, Buford's and Chalmers' cavalry divisions						
Dec. 23d	Buford's Station, Tennessee	Walthall's infantry and Jackson's, Buford's and Chalmers' cavalry divisions						
Dec. 24th	Elizabethtown, Kentucky				11			
Dec. 24th	Murfreesboro, Tennessee					3		
Dec. 25th	Anthony's Hill, Tennessee	Fentherstone's, Palmer's, Fields' and Reynold's infantry brigades and Walthall's, Jackson's and Chalmers' cavalry divisions	15	40			†150	50
Dec. 25th	Verona, Mississippi				26			

†Killed and wounded. *Killed, wounded and missing.

DATE. 1864.	LOCALITY.	CONFEDERATE TROOPS ENGAGED.	CONFED. LOSS.			UNION LOSS.		
			Killed.	Wounded	Missing.	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
Dec. 26th	Sugar Creek, Tennessee	Same force as at Anthony's Hill, Dec. 25th					†400	100
Dec. 27th, 28th	Decatur, Alabama							
Dec. 28th	Egypt Station, Mississippi	Gen. Gholson's brigade Mississippi militia			500	23	88	7
Dec. 29th	Pond Spring, Alabama		1	2	45		1	
1865.								
Jan. 2d	Franklin, Mississippi		20	30		4	9	
Jan 2d	Nauvoo, Alabama	Lyon's cavalry brigade			75			
Jan. 3d	Thorn Hill, Alabama	" " "	3	2	20	1	2	
Jan. 5th	Smithfield, Kentucky					2		19
Jan. 8th	Scottsboro, Alabama		1	5	5		5	
Jan. 8th	Ivy Ford, Arkansas						8	
Jan. 11th	Red Hill, Alabama	Lyon's cavalry brigade			100			
Jan. 14th	Dardanelle, Arkansas			90			6	
Jan. 14th-16th	Pocataligo, South Carolina						25	
Jan. 25th	Combahee River, South Carolina						†50	
Jan. 25th	Simpsonville, Kentucky							39
Feb. 3d to 9th	River's Bridge, Salkahatchie, South Carolina					18	70	4
Feb. 5th	Dunn's Lake, Florida					1	1	34
Feb. 8th	Williston, South Carolina	See Wheeler's summary		†50	40			*25
Feb. 9th	Binnaker's Bridge, South Edisto River, South Carolina							*36
Feb. 11th	Blackville, South Carolina	See Wheeler's summary						
Feb. 11th	Aiken, South Carolina	" "	31	160	60			
Feb. 12th	Orangeburg, North Edisto River, South Carolina	" "						*26
Feb. 14th	Gunter's Bridge, South Carolina	" "						
Feb. 15th	Congaree Creek, South Carolina	" "						
Feb. 16th	Cedar Keys, Florida					6		3
Feb. 16th, 17th	Sack and burning of Columbia, South Carolina, by Logan's corps U. S. A.	Gens. Wade Hampton's and Wheeler's cavalry corps					†20	
Feb. 18th	Fort Jones, Kentucky					2		
Feb. 22d	Douglas' Landing, Arkansas			26			40	

Feb. ——	Chattanooga, Tennessee					1		10
March ——	Clinton, Louisiana					2	4	1
March 2d	Chesterfield, South Carolina							
March 2d, 3d	Cheraw, " "							
March 3d	Florence, " "							
March 6th	Olive Branch, Louisiana					3	2	
March 6th	Natural Bridge, Florida					22	46	13
March 7th	Rockingham, North Carolina							
March 10th	Monroe's Cross Roads, North Carolina	See Gen. Wheeler's summary		†86		19	61	103
March 11th	Clear Lake, Arkansas						5	11
March 13th	Silver Run, Fayetteville, North Carolina	See Gen. Wheeler's summary						
March 15th	Taylor's Hole Creek, North Carolina	" " "						
March 16th	Averysboro, North Carolina	Lt. Gen. W. J. Hardee's corps—McLaw's and Talliaferro's divisions, and Hampton's and Wheeler's cavalry corps	108	540	217	77	477	
March 18th	Boyd's Station, Alabama					5		1
March 19th to 21st.	Bentonville, North Carolina	Lt. Gen. W. J. Hardee's corps, Hoke's division of Gen. Bragg's command, and remnants of Bate's (Cheatham's), Lee's and Stewart's corps, and Lt. Gens. Wheeler's and Hampton's cavalry corps, Army of Tennessee, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston commanding	223	1,467	653	191	1,168	903
March 20th to April 6th.	Stoneman's raid, Southwestern Virginia and North Carolina.							
March 25th	Pine Barren Creek, Alabama				275	2	10	
March 26th to April 8th.	Spanish Fort, Alabama	Gibson's Louisiana, Ector's Texas and North Carolina and Holtzclaw's Alabama brigades, and Slocum's Louisiana and Massenburg's Georgia light batteries—Brig. Gen. Randall Gibson commanding			552	100	695	
March 22d to April 24th.	Wilson's raid, Chickasaw, Alabama, to Macon, Georgia			†1,200	6,820	99	598	28
March 31st	Montavallo and Six-mile Creek, Alabama	Roddy's Alabama and Crossland's Kentucky cavalry brigades, Adams' militia brigade, and Forrest's escort			*100	12		30
April 1st	Trion, Alabama	Jackson's cavalry division				3	10	20
April 1st	Mount Pleasant, Alabama				63		5	
April 1st	Centreville, Alabama	Same troops as at Montavallo, March 31st			15			
April 1st	Bogler's Creek and Plantersville, Alabama	Gen. Forrest's escort		5		30	60	
April 2d	Selma, Alabama	Armstrong's and Roddy's brigades and Forrest's escort, Lt. Gen. Forrest commanding			1,500	42	270	7
April 2d	Scottsville, Alabama	Jackson's cavalry division	3	10		1	8	6
April 3d	Northport, "				60			
April 4th	Tuscaloosa, "				150			
April 6th	Sipsey Swamp, "	Gen. Wirt Adams' cavalry brigade				4	24	30

†Killed and wounded. *Killed, wounded and missing.

DATE. 1864.	LOCALITY.	CONFEDERATE TROOPS ENGAGED.	CONFED. LOSS.			UNION LOSS.		
			Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
April 9th.....	Fort Blakely, Alabama.....	Cockerell's Missouri and Barry's (Sears') Mississippi brigades and Thomas' brigade Alabama boy reserves, Brig. Gen. St. John R. Liddell commanding		†500	2,400	113	516	
April 10th	Lowndesboro, "							
April 12th and 13th.	Montgomery, "				50			
April 12th	Grant's Creek, Salisbury, North Carolina				364			
April 13th	Whistler's Station, Alabama.....							
April 16th	Fort Tyler, West Point, Georgia	Promiscuous force under Brig. Gen. R. C. Tyler, who was killed.....	19	28	218	7	29	
April 16th	Columbus, Georgia.....				1,200	6	24	
April 19th.....	Catawba River, North Carolina				325			
April 20th.....	Tobesofkee, Georgia.....				30			
April 20th.....	Macon, "				2,193			
April 22d.....	Talladega, Alabama.....							
April 23d.....	Mumford's Stat'n, Blue Mount, Alabama				150			
April 26th	Johnston surrendered at Greensboro, North Carolina...	The Army of Tennessee reorganized, Hardee's corps, Hoke's North Carolina division, and Wheeler's and Hampton's cavalry corps—Gen. Jos. E. Johnston			29,924			
May 4th.....	Gen. Taylor surrendered at Meridian, Mississippi.....	Infantry forces of Maj. Gen. D. H. Maury and cavalry forces of Lt. Gen. N. B. Forrest, Lt. Gen. Richard Taylor commanding.....			10,000			
May 10th.....	Irwinsville, Georgia.....	President Jefferson Davis and members of his military staff captured.....			21	2	4	
May 10th.....	Gen. Sam Jones surrendered at Tallahassee, Florida.....				8,000			
May 11th.....	Gen. Jeff. Thompson surrenders at Chalk Bluff, Arkansas.....				7,454			
May 13th.....	Palmetto Ranch, Texas							*118
May 26th.....	Gen. Kirby Smith's surrender..				20,000			

†Killed and wounded. *Killed, wounded and missing.

LETTER OF GENERAL WHEELER, ACCOMPANYING HIS TABLES.

WHEELER, ALA., December 5, 1878.

Col. E. L. Drake—My Dear Sir: Your favor of the 1st is received, inclosing a list prepared by yourself of the engagements in which my command participated, together with the losses on both sides in said battles and affrays, with request that I correct and return the paper to you.

The list, as returned, is from notes prepared by an officer of my staff during the war.

Of course, we cannot claim accuracy regarding the Federal losses in every instance, but, when losses of the enemy are mostly prisoners, we cannot be far out of the way, and, when we were able to do so, we corrected by Federal statements.

We know that at Lavergne, Tenn., on Dec. 30, 1862, we captured fully a thousand prisoners and several hundreds of wagons.

At Harpeth, Jan. 13, 1863, we know we captured a gunboat and transports and prisoners, as stated.

On Feb. 3rd, we know our loss was 168, and the opposing officer puts his loss at 16 killed, 60 wounded, and 50 captured; so we put that figure as correct, while we know we captured more than 50 prisoners.

In the fight with Federal cavalry Sept. 21, 1863, in Chattanooga Valley, we know we are correct. We know that out of one of Rosecranz's best brigades, only 75 men returned with General Watkins to Chattanooga.

We know the Federal loss at McMinnville was at least 587, because we counted that number of prisoners, and we are sustained by Greeley's History, written at the time, which, on page 433, puts the Federal loss at 600 in prisoners alone.

We know we captured more than a thousand wagons and 6,000 mules in Sequatchie Valley, Oct. 2nd, and Greeley so states it on the same page of his History, and General Halleck, in effect, states the same in his annual report for the year 1863, as General-in-Chief,* and

*Page 185, Vol. 8, Moore's Rebellion Record, General Halleck says: "After General Rosecranz retreated to Chattanooga, he withdrew his forces from the passes of Lookout Mountain, which covered his line of supplies from Bridgeport. These were immediately occupied by the enemy, who also sent a cavalry force across the Tennessee above Chatta-

Van Horne, in his History of the Army of the Cumberland, pages 392 and 393, while he used the words "hundreds of wagons," fully corroborates Greeley's statement.

We also know we captured 250 prisoners at Marysville, and 300 at Little River, Nov. 14, 1863.

We know we captured General La Grange and 160 prisoners at Varnell's Station. Van Horne, page 50, says La Grange and 14 officers were captured, and 136 men were killed, wounded and captured.

We know we captured over 400 prisoners and over 250 wagons at Cassville, May 24, 1864.

We know that at Crab Orchard we captured 80 prisoners, and we are certain we must have killed and wounded fully 60 men.

At Hadley's Bend and Hurricane Creek, April 10, 1863, we know we captured trains of cars and prisoners, as stated.

At Farmington, the Federals published their loss as Col. Monroe and 59 killed and 169 wounded, and, although we captured 20 prisoners, we put their loss at but 228.

The Federal loss in the McCook, Garrard, and Stoneman raids, July 27th to 30th, we estimate at not under 4,500. We captured fully 3,000* prisoners and nearly 4,000 horses and arms.

In Sherman's book, pages 16 to 21, he puts down his force of cavalry present for duty on April 10, 1864, at 24,765, and says he was then recruiting them up; and he states, page 84, that General Rousseau arrived at Marietta on July 22d with 2,500 effective cavalry, which had been brought from the North.

From early spring we had hacked away at this ponderous force, and, after this last affair, General Sherman admitted himself to be almost without cavalry: at least he claimed to be very weak in that arm of the service.

During the fight at Newnan, and those that preceded it, the same morning, the Federal loss, in killed and wounded, was not less than 900. Supplemental Report on the Conduct of the War, Vol. I., page 147, says: "General McCook was attacked, on the 29th, near Newnan, by infantry and cavalry in overwhelming numbers, surrounded, and all, who did not cut their way through, were either killed or captured." The truth is, there was no infantry within forty-five miles of the bat-

nooga, which destroyed a large wagon-train in Sequatchie Valley, captured McMinnville and other points on the railroad, thus almost completely cutting off the supplies of General Rosecranz's Army."

*Captain S. W. Steele, of General Wheeler's staff, gives 3,150 as the exact figures.

tle. McCook was mistaken about being surrounded. It is true that, after bringing him to a stand, I threw a squadron upon the road I presumed he would wish to retreat on; but the engagement was a cavalry fight of man to man, and our force was less than half that of General McCook.

In McCook's Official Report (page 148 of work above cited), he says: "I was finally completely surrounded, and compelled to abandon every thing that would impede me, in order to cut my way through. I ordered Colonels Croxton and Torry to cut through with their brigades. I took Colonel Jones with me, and got through 1,200 (twelve hundred) men by a charge in column. Colonel Dow, Colonel Torry, Major Austin, wounded; Major Paine, killed; Harrison, missing, supposed a prisoner. My loss very heavy."

General Sherman officially reported McCook's column at about 3,500, and Garrard's and Stoneman's columns at about 4,000 and 2,500 respectively. (Page 142 Supplemental Conduct of the War, and page 87 Shreman's book.) Greeley, page 633, says: "McCook had two divisions—his own and Rousseau's (now Harrison's) freshly arrived divisions—numbering 4,000."

At the time, we estimated the Federal loss at 5,000; but, not to over-rate, I put it down at 4,500.

Our raid in Tennessee followed, and we put Federal loss at 1,900, which is moderate, considering the numerous engagements had and prisoners captured.

We can learn something of these operations by looking at General Sherman's letters and dispatches to General Halleck and General Grant, sent at the time, and works published by Federal officers since the war.

We see that Sherman says (pages 16 to 21 of his book) that on April 10th his cavalry present for duty was 24,765; and on page 84 he says Rousseau brought in 2,500 more. Now, on page 135 he states his entire cavalry force on Sept. 1st was but 9,394.

It will be remembered that on July 27th, Sherman stated McCook's command to be about 3,500, and Greeley (page 633) stated it at 4,000. Now, it will be recalled that these 4,000 men of McCook's, which he had on July 27th, were picked men from his large division, and, therefore, he must have left considerable force in camp recruiting. But even all these added to those which escaped from Newnan, only left him 1,754 men, for that was his entire force August 10th, as

stated by General Sherman in his Memoirs, page 98. This shows that Sherman's losses of cavalry up to that time must have been very great.

Early in August it became evident that it was impossible to feed our cavalry horses. For twenty days my command had averaged but one pound of corn per day.

The enemy's cavalry were now so completely broken up and disheartened that we felt certain they would not harm our communication, and, pursuant to orders, I took one third of our effective cavalry and struck the railroad behind Sherman, and then marched north, tearing up the road and capturing and destroying his supplies and trains.

Sherman immediately sent large reinforcements to the fortified posts in his rear, and also had reinforcements *en route* south to his army stopped, to increase the various garrisons.

We struck the road August 10th, and continued its destruction until September 10th—constantly fighting forces under Major-Generals Steadman, Rousseau and Granger.

We find, in Supplemental Report on the Conduct of the War, Vol. I., page 175, Sherman, in two different dispatches, dated Aug. 17th, says Wheeler was in his rear with 6,000 men; and on page 192 he says, under date of Sept. 8th: "Generals Rousseau, Granger and Steadman have enough troops to handle Wheeler." On page 193, under date of Sept. 8th, Sherman says: "I want *Wheeler cleaned out*, the roads repaired, and every thing to the rear made right." Same page, dated Sept. 9th, Sherman says: "Generals Rousseau and Steadman are stirring Wheeler up pretty well, and I hope they will make an end of him, as Gillem did of Morgan." On Sept. 10th, page 194, Sherman dispatched General Grant: "Our roads are also broken back near Nashville, and *Wheeler* is not yet disposed of. Still, I am perfectly alive to the importance of pushing our advantage to the utmost. I do not think we can afford to operate further, dependent on the railroad. It takes so many men to guard it, and even then it is nightly broken by the enemy's cavalry."

On page 195, same book, General Sherman dispatched General Halleck, Sept. 12th: "I do not think I need, at this time, cavalry horses in undue proportion. I have lost faith in cavalry raids. Independent columns of cavalry might operate by a circuit from one army to another, and destroy the enemy's cavalry, *which* is *more* to be feared by us than their infantry. As soon as General Grant determines for me the next

move on the chess-board, I will estimate the number I will want, and, in the meantime, would not ask more than a fair proportion for remount. Wheeler might have been utterly destroyed, if we had had more cavalry, but that is now too late."

Notwithstanding the number of troops sent to the rear, and detained in his rear to protect the Federal line of communication, we find, on page 130, Sherman's Memoirs, the following: "The Rebel General Wheeler is still in Middle Tennessee, threatening our railroads. To prepare for this, or any other emergency, I ordered Newton's Division of the Fourth Corps back to Chattanooga, and Corse's Division of the Seventeenth Corps to Rome, and instructed General Rousseau, at Nashville, Granger, at Decatur, and Steadman, at Chattanooga, to adopt the most active measures to protect and insure the safety of our roads."

Assuming that these divisions were equal to the other divisions of the corps to which they belonged, this detachment, alone, would be 13,286 men.

Newton's Division had 6,199 men present and 13,037 on the rolls.

Corse's Division had 7,087 present and 14,286 on the rolls.

And yet, notwithstanding all this, Sherman quotes (page 152 of his Memoirs) the following dispatch to General Grant: "It will be a physical impossibility to protect the roads now, that Hood, Forrest and Wheeler, and the whole batch of devils, are turned loose."

The above citations throw some light upon the character of the service of the cavalry and the way it was regarded by Federal commanders. We have said this much in explanation of engagements where cavalry fought unaided by infantry.

The list designated as battles fought by cavalry and infantry, in which the cavalry was under my command, need but little comment.

They are probably as correct as circumstances would permit. Some are very nearly, if not quite, correct, while others are, no doubt, estimates, and need comparison with other accounts, but all give an idea of the work performed and the extent and severity of the several engagements.

At Murfreesboro, our cavalry fought on the left, where the enemy was defeated and broken up, and where most of the prisoners were captured. Also, during the four days of the battle, we captured many prisoners in the enemy's rear.

At Perryville, our cavalry did very severe fighting, capturing nearly

all the prisoners which were taken. On the left we charged over both cavalry and infantry, capturing a battery.

At Chickamauga, we broke through the enemy on the left, pressing to their rear, and capturing largely of prisoners, and the next day we captured nearly a brigade of Federal cavalry.

At siege of Knoxville, I suppose the prisoners captured south of the river are included.

Resaca includes cavalry prisoners captured and fights approaching the place, and the severe fight on the right on the morning of May 13th.

Kennesaw includes the cavalry fights incident thereto and the severe fight on the morning of June 27th.

Siege of Atlanta includes several days' engagements.

There are many fights where our statement of loss must be regarded as merely an estimate.

As it was very important to keep informed of the enemy's strength, I always kept a tabulated statement of the organization of the army which opposed us, which I constantly corrected by information obtained from prisoners, scouts, spies and other sources.

We also obtained, by the same means, information regarding Federal losses, and our estimates of the Federal killed and wounded are often based upon such information; of course, also corrected by our personal observation. When a line charged our works, and were repulsed, we could, of course, form some idea of the cost to them of such a movement. For instance, on the evening of May 27, 1864, Howard's Corps attempted to turn General Johnston's right. Their cavalry first made a sharp dash at us, which we repulsed and drove back upon their main line, which was forming to advance and envelope our right. The discovery gave time to fell trees and make breast works just in rear of a ravine they would cross in approaching us. Their first assault was repulsed, and, as the second was about to be commenced, I was reinforced by Granberry's, and, afterward, by Govan's, and, finally, by Lowry's brigades, and for an hour the fight was as warm as is often experienced. From the nature of the attack, I judged the Federal loss could not be less than 3,000 or 4,000: so reported that night to General Johnston, and have never had reason to change my opinion, and I state it at 3,600. The warm part of the battle did not last over an hour, and the loss of my cavalry was 356, and that of the infantry which assisted was 448.

At McLemore's Cove, Sept. 17, 1863, we captured 100 prisoners, and, from the nature of the fight, must have killed and wounded as many more.

On May 17, 1864, we had six good fights with Sherman's advance, all our positions being behind favorably posted works, and, at our last position just before dark, we were reinforced by a brigade of infantry. The fights really amounted to battles, and we put Sherman's loss at 480—four times ours Van Horne's History, page 71, describes the affairs in a manner which convinces us we are under, rather than over, in our estimate.

On July 3, 1864, we warmly engaged the enemy's vigorous advance, and, besides capturing over 100 prisoners, we fusiladed and cannonaded from our several positions, often at very close range, in a manner which certainly justified our estimate of the Federal loss.

On June 20th, we drove the enemy's cavalry for some three miles, captured a large squadron, and inflicted a loss which could hardly be less than our estimate

On July 17th, we had several fights, captured a number of prisoners, and felt that we could not estimate entire loss of troops opposing us at less than 220.

At Elk River, the fighting was very severe, and the enemy were held back by log-works and by an attack with two regiments with which I charged their flank.

Page 119 of Appleton's Annual Cyclopedia for 1863 says: "General Thomas moved rapidly to strike the enemy. The resistance of General Wheeler was so stubborn, that General Negley was delayed until the trains of the enemy had crossed Elk River. They crossed their reserve artillery, consisting of 26 pieces"

I have tried to put down the regiments engaged, and have done it as accurately as I could and with what data I have, but, no doubt, have made many mistakes, and I hope any errors will be corrected by others.

With great respect, your friend and servant,

Jos Wheeler.

CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY OF BATTLES AND AFFAIRS OF LT. GEN. JOSEPH WHEELER'S CAVALRY COMMAND.

DATE. 1862.	LOCALITY.	Confederate Loss. Killed, Wounded and Missing.	Federal Loss. Killed, Wounded and Missing.	REMARKS AND LIST OF CAPTURES.	CONFEDERATE TROOPS ENGAGED.
ACTIONS DURING RAID BEHIND ENEMY'S LINES IN WEST TENNESSEE.					
July —th.	Middleburg, Tennessee.....			These actions were small affairs, the main object being to divert the enemy while Bragg was moving his army from Tupelo, Mississippi, to Chattanooga, Tennessee. We captured and burnt 3,000 bales cotton which had been seized by the Federals; also captured wagons and teams.	1st Mississippi, 2d Arkansas and 8th Confederate regiments.
July —th.	Bolivar Road, "	32	120		
July —th.	Forked Deer, "				
July —th.	Jackson Road, "				
ACTIONS DURING BRAGG'S CAMPAIGN IN KENTUCKY.					
Aug. 30th	Altamont, Tennessee.....	3	35		Parts of 1st and 3d Alabama and 1st Kentucky regim'ts
Sept. 6th	Gallatin Road, Tennessee.....		20		" " " " " " "
Sept. 8th	Kentucky line.....		40		Parts of 1st and 3d Alabama, 1st Kentucky and 1st Confederate regiments.
Sept. 9th	Franklin Road, Kentucky	2	70		Parts of 1st Confederate, 1st Ky. and 3d Ga. regiments.
Sept. 9th	Scottsville Road, "	9	135		" " " " "
Sept. 10th	Log Church, "	5	80		" " " " "
Sept. 11th	Woodburn, "		30		" " " " "
Sept. 11th	Smith's, "	3	18		" " " " "
Sept. 16th	Near Oakland Station, Kent'ky	5	14		" " " " "
Sept. 17th	Bowling Green Road and Merry Oaks, Kentucky	6	50		" " " " "
Sept. 18th	Near Cave City, Kentucky	4	23		" " " " "
Sept. 19th	Horse Cave, "	15	32		Parts of 1st and 3d Alabama and 1st Kentucky "
Sept. 19th	Bear Wallow, "	7	20		" " " " " " "
Sept. 20th	Mumfordsville Road, Kentucky	12	40		" " " " " " "

Sept. 21st	Woodsonville, Kentucky	23	75		Parts of 1st and 3d Alabama, 1st Kentucky and 3d Georgia regiments.
Sept. 22d	Vinegar Hill, "	13	70		Parts of 1st and 3d Alabama, 3d Georgia and 1st Kentucky regiments.
Sept. 28th	Near Lebanon Junction, Ky	3	38		Parts 4th Tennessee, 1st Alabama and 8th Texas reg'nts
Sept. 29th	Elizabethtown Road, Kentucky	4	30		" " " " "
Oct. 1st	Louisville Pike, "	2	20		" " " " "
Oct. 2d	Shepherdsville Road, "	3	35		Parts of 1st Alabama, 4th Tennessee, 1st Kentucky and 8th Texas regiments.
Oct. 3d	Near Bridge, "	6	42		Parts of 1st Alabama, 4th Tennessee, 1st Kentucky and 8th Texas regiments.
Oct. 4th	Bardstown Pike, "	30	170	Colors, 70 horses, equipments, arms, etc.	Parts of 1st Alabama, 4th Tennessee, 1st Kentucky and 8th Texas regiments.
Oct. 5th	Perryville Pike, "	1	32		Parts of 1st and 3d Alabama, 2d Georgia, 1st Kentucky, 4th Tennessee and 8th Texas regiments.
Oct. 6th	Fair Grounds, "	2	15		Parts of 1st and 3d Alabama and 1st Kentucky regim'ts
Oct. 6th	Springfield, "	5	65		" " " " "
Oct. 6th	Burnt Cross Roads, "	2	20		" " " " "
Oct. 6th	Beach Fork, "	8	40		" " " " "
Oct. 6th	Grassy Mound, "	2	30		" " " " "
Oct. 7th	Brown Hill, "	15	200		" " " " "
Oct. 7th	Perryville Road, "	7	80		" " " " "
Oct. 8th	Battle of Perryville, "	174	700	Battery colors and small arms	1st Kentucky, 2d and 6th Georgia, 1st and 3d Alabama, 1st Confederate, 8th Texas and 4th Tennessee regiments.

DURING RETREAT FROM KENTUCKY.

Oct. 9th	Mackelville Pike, "	2	13		1st Kentucky, 1st Alabama and 6th Georgia regiments.
Oct. 9th	Danville Road, "	9	55		Parts of 1st Kentucky, 1st and 3d Alabama and 4th Tennessee regiments.
Oct. 10th	Danville Cross Roads, "	13	74		Parts of 1st Kentucky, 1st and 3d Alabama, 2d and 6th Georgia and 1st Confederate regiments.
Oct. 11th	Danville, "	16	80		Parts of 1st Kentucky, 2d and 6th Georgia, 1st and 3d Alabama, 1st Confederate, 8th and 11th Texas and 4th Tennessee regiments.
Oct. 12th	Dick's Ford, "	3	27		Parts of 1st and 3d Alabama regiments.
Oct. 13th	Lancaster Road, "	10	50	Brass piece and small arms	Parts of 1st and 3d Alabama, 1st Kentucky and 1st Confederate regiments.
Oct. 14th	Lancaster, "	30	80		Parts of 1st and 3d Alabama, 1st Kentucky and 1st Confederate regiments.
Oct. 14th	Crab Orchard Road, "	19	75		Parts of 1st and 3d Alabama, 1st Kentucky and 1st Confederate regiments.
Oct. 15th	Crab Orchard, "	32	140		Parts of 1st and 3d Alabama, 1st Kentucky and 1st Confederate regiments.
Oct. 15th	Barren Mound, "	7	60		Parts of 1st and 3d Alabama, 1st Kentucky and 1st Confederate regiments.
Oct. 16th	Mountain Gap, "	7	55		Parts of 1st and 3d Alabama, 1st Kentucky and 1st Confederate regiments.

CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY OF BATTLES, ETC.—*Continued.*

DATE. 1862.	LOCALITY.	Confederate Loss. Killed, Wounded and Missing.	Federal Loss. Killed, Wounded and Missing.	REMARKS AND LIST OF CAPTURES.	CONFEDERATE TROOPS ENGAGED.
Oct. 16th..	Mount Vernon, Kentucky.....	8	60		Parts of 1st and 3d Alabama, 2d and 6th Georgia and 8th Texas regiments.
Oct. 17th..	Valley Woods, "	9	72		Parts of 1st and 3d Alabama, 2d and 6th Georgia and 8th Texas regiments.
Oct. 17th..	Rocky Hill, "	11	75		Parts of 1st and 3d Alabama, 2d and 6th Georgia and 8th Texas regiments.
Oct. 18th..	Cross Road to Big Hill, Kentucky	13	40		Parts of 1st and 3d Alabama, 2d and 6th Georgia and 8th Texas regiments.
Oct. 18th..	Little Rockcastle River, Kentucky	6	60		Parts of 1st and 3d Alabama, 2d and 6th Georgia and 8th Texas regiments.
Oct. 18th..	Mountain-side, Kentucky.....	5	35		Parts of 1st and 3d Alabama, 2d and 6th Georgia and 8th Texas regiments.
Oct. 19th..	Wild Cat, "		28		Parts of 1st and 3d Alabama, 2d and 6th Georgia and 8th Texas regiments.
Oct. 20th..	Near Wild Cat, "	16	39		Parts of 1st and 3d Alabama, 2d and 6th Georgia and 8th Texas regiments.
Oct. 21st ..	Pitman's Cross Roads, Kent'ky	1	25		Parts of 1st and 3d Alabama, 2d and 6th Georgia and 8th Texas regiments.
				WHILE ROSECRANZ WAS IN NASHVILLE.	
Nov. 14th	Nashville Pike, Tennessee.....	1	20		Parts of 1st, 3d and 7th Alabama and 8th Confederate regiments.
Nov. 15th	" " "	14	40		Parts of 1st, 3d and 7th Alabama and 8th Confederate regiments.
Nov. 27th	Lavergne, "	8	29		Parts of 1st, 3d and 51st Alabama and 8th Confederate regiments.
Dec. 6th...	Kimbrough's, "	12	90	50 wagons and teams, horses, arms, etc.	Parts of 1st, 3d and 51st Alabama and 8th Confederate regiments.
Dec. 9th...	Carter's Farm, "	15	58		Parts of 1st, 3d and 51st Alabama and 8th Confederate regiments.

Dec. 11th..	Nolensville Pike, Tennessee.....	17	3		Parts of 1st and 51st Alabama, 4th Tennessee and 8th Texas regiments.
Dec. 21st..	Asylum Hill, "	3	60	Wagons, horses and arms	Parts of 1st and 3d Alabama, 11th Tennessee and 8th Confederate regiments.

ACTIONS DURING ROSECRANZ'S ADVANCE UPON MURFREESBORO.

Dec. 25th..	Cox Hill, Tennessee.....	4	36		Parts of 1st and 51st Alabama and 8th Confederate regiments.
Dec. 26th..	Hurricane Creek, Tennessee.....	11	90		Parts of 1st and 51st Alabama and 8th Confederate regiments.
Dec. 26th..	Lavergne, "	14	120		Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th and 51st Alabama, 8th Confederate and 3d Georgia regiments.
Dec. 27th..	Jefferson Pike, "	20	60		Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th and 51st Alabama, 8th Confederate and 3d Georgia regiments.
Dec. 27th..	Murfreesboro Pike, "	25	130		Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th and 51st Alabama, 8th Confederate and 3d Georgia regiments.
Dec. 27th..	Creek Bridge, "	12	90		Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th and 51st Alabama, 2d and 3d Georgia, 1st Kentucky, 1st, 3d and 8th Confederate and 8th and 11th Texas regiments.
Dec. 28th..	Stewart's Creek, "	6	30		Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th and 51st Alabama, 2d and 3d Georgia, 1st Kentucky, 1st, 3d and 8th Confederate and 8th and 11th Texas regiments.
Dec. 29th..	Murfreesboro Pike, "	5	40		Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th and 51st Alabama, 2d and 3d Georgia, 1st Kentucky, 1st, 3d and 8th Confederate and 8th and 11th Texas regiments.
Dec. 29th..	Overall's Creek, "	15	110		Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th and 51st Alabama, 2d and 3d Georgia, 1st Kentucky, 1st, 3d and 8th Confederate and 8th and 11th Texas regiments.
Dec. 29th..	Brick House, "	8	80		Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th and 51st Alabama, 2d and 3d Georgia, 1st Kentucky, 1st, 3d and 8th Confederate and 8th and 11th Texas regiments.
Dec. 30th..	Jefferson, "	10	250	120 wagons, teams, stores, etc.	Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th and 51st Alabama, 3d Georgia and 8th Confederate regiments.
Dec. 30th..	Near Burnett's, "		20	Wagons, teams, etc.....	Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th and 51st Alabama, 3d Georgia and 8th Confederate regiments.

WHEELER IN REAR OF ROSECRANZ.

Dec. 30th..	Lavergne, Tennessee.....	15	1,100	800 wagons and teams, stores, arms, etc.....	Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th and 51st Alabama, 3d Georgia and 8th Confederate regiments and Holman's battalion.
Dec. 30th..	Rock Creek Cross Roads, Tenn.	5	90	80 wagons and teams, horses, arms, etc.....	Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th and 51st Alabama, 3d Georgia and 8th Confederate regiments and Holman's battalion.
Dec. 30th..	Nolensville, Tennessee.....	12	400	75 wagons and teams, stores, arms, etc.....	Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th and 51st Alabama, 3d Georgia and 8th Confederate regiments and Holman's battalion.

CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY OF BATTLES, ETC.—*Continued.*

DATE. 1862.	LOCALITY.	Confederate Loss. Killed, Wounded and Missing.	Federal Loss. Killed, Wounded and Missing.	REMARKS AND LIST OF CAPTURES.	CONFEDERATE TROOPS ENGAGED.
	WHEELER'S SECOND AND THIRD RAID IN ROSECRANZ'S REAR.				
Dec. 30th to Jan. 2nd, 1863.	Murfreesboro, Tennessee	436	3,100	1000 wagons and teams, stores, batteries and small arms	Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th, 7th and 51st Alabama, 2d and 3d Georgia, 1st, 3d and 8th Confederate, 1st Kentucky and 8th and 11th Texas regiments and Holman's Tennessee battalion.
Jan. 1st	Rassell's, Tennessee	12	70	60 wagons and teams, stores, etc	Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th and 51st Alabama, 3d Georgia and 8th Confederate regiments and Holman's Tennessee battalion.
Jan. 1st	Lavergne, Tennessee	40	140	50 wagons and teams, one battery, stores, etc.	Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th and 51st Alabama, 3d Georgia and 8th Confederate regiments and Holman's Tennessee battalion.
Jan. 3d	Cox's Hill, Tennessee	16	80	40 wagons and teams, stand colors	Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th and 51st Alabama, 3d Georgia and 8th Confederate regiments and Holman's Tennessee battalion.
	WHEELER AGAIN IN ROSECRANZ'S REAR.				
Jan. 4th	Stone River, Tennessee	15	20		Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th and 51st Alabama, 3d Georgia and 8th Confederate regiments and Holman's Tennessee battalion.
Jan. 5th	Manchester Pike, Tennessee	24	90		Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th and 51st Alabama, 3d Georgia and 8th Confederate regiments and Holman's Tennessee battalion.
Jan. 8th	Mill Creek, Tennessee	1	40	Train of cars, burnt bridge	Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th and 51st Alabama, 3d Georgia and 8th Confederate regiments and Holman's Tennessee battalion.
Jan. 11th	Harding Pike, Tennessee		20		Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th and 51st Alabama, 3d Georgia and 8th Confederate regiments and Holman's Tennessee battalion.

Jan. 13th and 14th.	Harpeth Shoals and Ashland, Tennessee.	5	650	Gunboat and nine transports, heavy batteries, stores, colors, arms, etc.....	Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th and 51st Alabama, 3d Georgia and 8th Confederate regiments and Holman's Tennessee battalion.
Jan. 23d...	Mill Creek, Tennessee.....	2	85	Train of cars, burnt bridge and destroyed cars and railroad.....	Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th and 51st Alabama, 3d Georgia and 8th Confederate regiments and Holman's Tennessee battalion.
Jan. 26th..	Near Smyrna, Tennessee		20		Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th and 51st Alabama, 3d Georgia and 8th Confederate regiments and Holman's Tennessee battalion.
Feb. 3d.....	Iron Furnace and Dover, Tennessee.	168	136	Battery of brass guns, transport, 120 horses, stores and small arms.....	Parts of 8th and 11th Texas, 3d Confederate, 1st and 2d Kentucky, 2d and 3d Georgia, 4th and 7th Alabama, 4th, 8th and 9th Tennessee regiments, Holman's battalion, sections of White's and Freeman's batteries.
Feb. 15th..	Nolensville, Tennessee.....	10	45		Parts of 1st and 3d Confederate, 3d and 4th Alabama and 8th and 11th Texas regiments.
Mar. 21st..	Murfreesboro Pike, Tennessee..	12	50		Parts of 1st, 3d and 51st Alabama and 8th Confederate regiments and Wiggins' battery.
April 1st..	Woodbury, Tennessee.....	15	13		Parts of 1st and 3d Alabama, 4th Tennessee and 2d and 4th Kentucky regiments.
April 10th	Hadley's Bend and Hurricane Creek, Tennessee.	8	320	Two trains of cars, stores, etc. Also released 100 Confederate prisoners *en route* to Nashville	Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th and 51st Alabama, 1st, 3d and 8th Confederate, 4th Tennessee and 8th and 11th Texas regiments and Wiggins' battery.
April 18th	Cumberland River, Tennessee..	1	40	120 beef cattle, horses, wagons, etc.....	Parts of 1st and 3d Alabama regiments.
May 12th..	Woodbury, Tennessee.....	12	9		Parts of 4th Tennessee, 3d Confederate and 1st Alabama regiments.
	WHEELER COVERING BRAGG'S RETREAT TO CHATTANOOGA.				
June 23d..	Uniontown, Tennessee	20	170		Parts of 1st, 4th and 51st Alabama, 1st Kentucky and 1st Confederate regiments.
June 27th	Guy's Gap, Tennessee.....	41	40		Parts of 7th and 51st Alabama regiments.
June 27th	Shelbyville Pike, Tennessee.....	30	75		Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th and 51st Alabama, 1st and 8th Confederate regiments and Wiggins' battery.
June 27th	Shelbyville, Tennessee.....	260	80	Some deserters from infantry commands who hid until enemy came in, were claimed by enemy as prisoners.....	Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th and 51st Alabama, 1st and 8th Confederate regiments and Wiggins' battery.

CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY OF BATTLES, ETC.—*Continued.*

DATE. 1863.	LOCALITY.	Confederate Loss. Killed, Wounded and Missing.	Federal Loss. Killed, Wounded and Missing.	REMARKS AND LIST OF CAPTURES.	CONFEDERATE TROOPS ENGAGED.
June 28th	Tullahoma, Tennessee	9	50		Parts of 1st and 3d Alabama, 8th Confederate, 3d and 4th Tennessee and 1st Kentucky regiments.
June 29th	Manchester Road, Tennessee	5	80		Parts of 1st and 3d Alabama, 8th Confederate, 3d and 4th Tennessee and 1st Kentucky regiments.
June 30th	Allisonia, Tennessee	20	110		Parts of 1st and 3d Alabama, 8th and 11th Texas, 2d and 4th Georgia and 1st Kentucky regiments.
July 1st	New Church, Tennessee	25	120		Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th and 51st Alabama, 1st and 8th Confederate, and 1st Kentucky regiments.
July 2d	Elk River, "	30	150		Parts of 1st and 3d Alabama, 4th Tennessee, 8th and 11th Texas, and 2d Georgia regiments.
July 3d	Near Winchester, "	3	40		Parts of 1st and 3d Alabama, 4th Tennessee, 8th and 11th Texas, and 2d Georgia regiments.
July 4th	University Place, "	11	100	Colors, horses, arms, prisoners, etc	Parts of 1st, 4th and 51st Alabama, 8th and 11th Texas, and 4th Tennessee regiments.
				CAMPAIGN OF CHICKAMAUGA.	
Aug. 29th	Caperton's Ferry, Alabama	6	40		Parts of 3d Confederate and 51st Alabama regiments.
Aug. 31st	Wills' Valley, "	3	20		" " " " " " " "
Sept. 1st	Wills' Creek, "		28		
	Davis' Gap, "	7	40		Parts of 1st and 3d Alabama, 3d Confederate, and 4th Tennessee regiments.
	Tap's Gap, "	25	150		Parts of 2d and 4th Georgia, 3d Confederate, and 1st Alabama regiments.
	McNeil's Gap, "	9	40		Parts of 2d and 4th Georgia, 3d Confederate, and 1st Alabama regiments.
Sept. 12th	Alpine, Georgia	55	200		Parts of 2d, 3d and 4th Georgia, and 3d Alabama regiments.
Sept. 13th	Near Summerville, Georgia	10	50		Parts of 1st, 3d and 4th Alabama, and 8th Confederate regiments.
Sept. 14th	Near La Fayette, "	60	11		Parts of 1st, 3d and 4th Alabama, and 8th Confederate regiments.

Sept. 15th.	Tryon Factory, Georgia	7	55		Parts of 1st and 51st Alabama, 8th Confederate, and 1st Kentucky regiments.
Sept. 16th.	Alabama Road, "	6	35		Parts of 3d and 4th Alabama, 1st Confederate, and 2d Georgia regiments.
Sept. 17th.	McLemore's Cove, "	60	200	Stand of colors, horses, arms, etc.	Parts of 1st, 3d and 8th Confederate, 2d and 4th Georgia, 1st, 3d and 51st Alabama regiments, and Wiggins' battery.
Sept. 18th.	Owen's Ford, "	20	150		Parts of 1st, 3d and 51st Alabama, 1st and 8th Confederate, and 4th Tennessee regiments.
Sept. 19th and 20th..	Battle of Chickamauga, Tennessee	375	3,450	18 stand of colors, batteries, wagons, stores, and arms...	Parts of 1st, 3d and 8th Confederate, 1st, 3d, 4th and 51st Alabama, 8th and 11th Texas, 2d, 3d and 4th Georgia, 1st Kentucky, and 4th Tennessee regiments, and White's and Wiggins' batteries.
Sept. 21st.	Chattanooga Valley and Stephenson's Gap, Tennessee	40	1,500	100 wagons and teams, horses, small arms, and standards.	Parts of 1st, 3d and 51st Alabama, 8th and 11th Texas, 8th Confederate, and 1st Kentucky regiments.
Sept. 22d..	Chattanooga, "	28	95		Parts of 1st, 3d and 51st Alabama, 8th Texas, 1st and 8th Confederate, 1st Kentucky, and 4th Tennessee regiments, and Wiggins' battery.
Sept. 23d..	Summertown and Point Lookout, Tennessee	3	30		Parts of 1st, 3d and 51st Alabama, 11th Texas, 3d and 8th Confederate, and 4th Tennessee regiments.
Sept. 26th	Hiwassee, Tennessee	2	66		Parts of 1st, 3d and 51st Alabama, 11th Texas, 3d and 8th Confederate, and 4th Tennessee regiments.

WHEELER'S RAID IN ROSECRANZ'S REAR IN TENNESSEE.

Sept, 30th.	Cotton Port Ford, Tennessee...	20	160		Parts of 1st and 4th Alabama, 2d and 3d Georgia, 3d and 8th Confederate, and 4th Tennessee regiments, and Wiggins' battery.
Oct. 1st....	Mountain Gap, " ...	2	30		Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th and 51st Alabama, 1st, 3d and 8th Confederate, 4th Tennessee, and 1st Kentucky regiments.
Oct. 2d.....	Pitts' Cross Roads, " ...	4	90	32 wagons and teams!	Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th and 51st Alabama, 1st, 3d and 8th Confederate, 4th Tennessee, and 1st Kentucky regiments.
Oct. 2d.....	Anderson's Cross Roads, Tennessee	60	1,300	1,200 wagons and teams, horses, stores, small arms, colors, etc	Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th and 51st Alabama, 1st Kentucky, 1st and 8th Confederate, and 2d, 3d and 4th Georgia regiments.
Oct. 2d.....	Valley Road, Tennessee	46	40		Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th and 51st Alabama, 1st Kentucky, 1st and 8th Confederate, and 2d, 3d and 4th Georgia regiments.
Oct. 2d.....	Near Dunlap, Tennessee	22	35		Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th, and 51st Alabama, 1st Kentucky, and 8th Confederate regiments.

CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY OF BATTLES, ETC.—*Continued.*

DATE. 1863.	LOCALITY.	Confederate Loss, Killed, Wounded and Missing.	Federal Loss, Killed, Wounded and Missing.	REMARKS AND LIST OF CAPTURES.	CONFEDERATE TROOPS ENGAGED.
Oct. 3d.....	Hill's Gap, Tennessee.....	20	40		Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th, and 51st Alabama, 1st Kentucky, and 8th Confederate regiments.
Oct. 3d.....	McMinnville, Tennessee.....	7	587	Immense stores, colors, arms, saddles, wagons, train of cars, etc.....	Parts of 1st Kentucky, 8th Confederate, 4th Tennessee, 1st and 3d Alabama, 2d, 3d and 4th Georgia, and 8th and 11th Texas regiments, Clay's battalion, and White's battery.
Oct. 4th.....	McMinnville Road, Tennessee.	16	30		Parts of 1st, 3d, 7th and 51st Alabama, 2d, 3d and 4th Georgia, 4th Tennessee, 8th Confederate, and 8th and 11th Texas regiments.
Oct. 4th.....	Woodbury Road, "	7	20		Parts of 1st, 3d, 7th and 51st Alabama, 2d, 3d and 4th Georgia, 4th Tennessee, 8th Confederate, and 8th and 11th Texas regiments.
Oct. 5th.....	Near Readyville, "	4	30		Parts of 1st, 3d, 7th and 51st Alabama, 2d, 3d and 4th Georgia, 4th Tennessee, 8th Confederate, and 8th and 11th Texas regiments.
Oct. 5th.....	Stone River Stockade, "	4	79	Burnt bridge. Colors, arms, etc.....	Parts of 1st and 3d Alabama, 1st and 8th Confederate, 2d, 3d and 4th Georgia, 4th Tennessee, and 8th and 11th Texas regiments, and Wiggins' battery.
Oct. 6th.....	Christiana, Fosterville and Wartrace, Tennessee.....	6	110	Two trains of cars, stores, etc. Burnt railroad and bridges, stockades, tanks, bridge-timber, water-tanks, etc.....	Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th and 51st Alabama, 1st and 8th Confederate, 4th Tennessee, and 1st Kentucky regiments, and Wiggins' battery.
Oct. 6th.....	Shelbyville, Tennessee.....	3	55	Stores, arms, etc., etc.....	Parts of 1st Kentucky, 7th Alabama, 2d, 3d and 4th Ga., 4th Tenn., and 8th and 11th Texas regiments.
Oct. 7th.....	Farmington, "	86	228		Parts of 1st, 3d and 51st Alabama, 1st and 8th Confederate, 8th Texas, McDonald's battalion, Hodge's Kentucky cavalry brigade, and Wiggins' battery.

RAID IN TENNESSEE.

Oct. 9th....	Sugar Creek, Tennessee.....	48	25		Parts of 2d Georgia and 3d Confederate regiments.
Oct. 9th....	Elk River, "		10		Parts of 1st Kentucky and 1st Alabama regiments.
Oct. 9th....	Tennessee River, Tennessee.....	1	15		" " " " " " "

CAMPAIGN WITH LONGSTREET IN EAST TENNESSEE.

Nov. 14th.	Marysville, Tennessee.....	12	250	270 horses, equipments, etc...	Parts of 4th, 8th, 9th and 11th Tennessee regiments, 9th Tennessee battalion, 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th Georgia, and 1st, 3d and 51st Alabama regiments.
Nov. 14th.	Little River, "	16	300	320 horses, equipments, colors, etc.....	Parts of 4th, 8th, 9th and 11th Tennessee regiments, 9th Tennessee battalion, 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th Georgia, and 1st, 3d and 51st Alabama regiments.
Nov. 15th.	Stock Creek, "	7	50		Parts of 4th, 8th, 9th and 11th Tennessee regiments, 9th Tennessee battalion, 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th Georgia, and 1st, 3d and 51st Alabama regiments.
Nov. 15th.	Knoxville, "	22	400	Horses, equipments, arms, etc	Parts of 4th, 8th, 9th and 11th Tennessee, 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 6th Georgia, 1st, 3d, 4th, 7th and 51st Alabama, 3d Arkansas, 8th and 11th Texas, and 1st and 8th Confederate regiments, and Wiggins' battery.
Nov. 16th.	Knoxville Road, Tennessee.....	27	60		Parts of 4th, 8th, 9th and 11th Tennessee, 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 6th Georgia, 1st, 3d, 4th, 7th and 51st Alabama, 3d Arkansas, 8th and 11th Texas, and 1st and 8th Confederate regiments, and Wiggins' battery.
	Campbell's Station, "	6	35		Parts of 4th, 8th, 9th and 11th Tennessee, 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 6th Georgia, 1st, 3d, 4th, 7th and 51st Alabama, 3d Arkansas, 8th and 11th Texas, and 1st and 8th Confederate regiments, and Wiggins' battery.
Nov. 17th to 23d.	Siege of Knoxville, "	190	900	Small arms, horses, and mules	Parts of 4th, 8th, 9th and 11th Tennessee, 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 6th Georgia, 1st, 3d, 4th, 7th and 51st Alabama, 3d Arkansas, 8th and 11th Texas, and 1st and 8th Confederate regiments, and Wiggins' battery.
Nov. 24th.	Kingston, "	50	50		Parts of 1st, 3d, and 4th Alabama, 4th and 8th Tennessee, and 8th Confederate regiments, and Wiggins' battery.

COVERING BRAGG'S RETREAT FROM MISSIONARY RIDGE.

Nov. 25th.	Chickamauga Station, Georgia.	10	60		Parts of 8th and 10th Confederate, and 1st, 2d and 5th Tennessee regiments.
Nov. 26th.	Galesville Road, "	20	75		Parts of 8th and 10th Confederate, and 1st, 2d and 5th Tennessee regiments.
Nov. 27th.	Ringgold, "	65	150		Parts of 1st, 2d, 4th and 5th Tennessee, and 3d, 8th and 10th Confederate regiments.
Nov. 30th.	Cleveland Road, Tennessee.....	6	45	Pack-mules, horses, arms.....	Parts of 1st, 2d, 4th and 5th Tennessee, and 3d, 8th and 10th Confederate regiments.
Dec. 28th.	Charleston, "	57	35		Parts of 3d, 8th and 10th Confederate, and 4th Tennessee regiments.

CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY OF BATTLES, ETC.—*Continued.*

DATE. 1863.	LOCALITY.	Confederate Loss, Killed, Wounded and Missing.	Federal Loss, Killed, Wounded and Missing.	REMARKS AND LIST OF CAPTURES.	CONFEDERATE TROOPS ENGAGED.
Dec. 29th.	Cleveland, Tennessee	1	28		Parts of 1st and 8th Confederate, and 2d Kentucky regiments.
1864.					
Jan. 22d..	Near Chattanooga, Tennessee..		21		Parts of 1st and 8th Confederate, and 2d Kentucky regiments.
Jan 30th.	Chickamauga Creek, " ..		28		Parts of 1st, 3d and 10th Confederate regiments.
	WHEELER'S ACTIONS DURING FEDERAL ADVANCE UPON GEN. JOHNSTON'S ARMY.				
Feb. 22d...	Stone Church, Georgia	5	40		Parts of 1st and 2d Kentucky, and 10th Confederate regiments.
Feb. 23d...	Tunnel Hill Road, Georgia	9	45		Parts of 2d and 9th Kentucky, and 1st and 3d Confederate regiments.
Feb. 24th.	Tunnel Hill, "	7	36		Parts of 1st, 3d and 8th Confederate, and 1st, 4th and 5th Tennessee regiments.
Feb. 24th.	Mill Creek, "	16	60		Parts of 1st, 3d and 8th Confederate, and 1st, 4th and 5th Tennessee regiments.
Feb. 25th.	Buzzard Roost, "	20	40		Parts of 1st, 3d and 8th Confederate, and 1st, 4th and 5th Tennessee regiments.
Feb. 25th.	Rocky Face, "	34	212	Stand of colors & small arms.	Parts of 1st, 3d, 8th and 10th Confederate, 1st, 3d, 4th and 5th Tennessee, and 1st, 3d and 9th Kentucky regiments, and batteries.
Feb. 25th.	Crow Valley, "	10	55		Parts of 1st, 3d and 10th Confederate, and 1st and 2d Tennessee regiments.
Feb. 26th.	Varnel Station, "	4	38		Parts of 1st, 3d and 10th Confederate, and 1st and 2d Tennessee regiments.
Feb. 27th.	Rocky Face, "	14	15		Parts of 1st and 8th Confederate, and 1st Tennessee regiments, and 9th Tennessee battalion.
Feb. 27th.	Ringgold Pass, "	6	16		Parts of 1st and 8th Confederate, and 1st, 4th and 5th Tennessee regiments.
Feb. 27th.	McLean's Hill, "	2	17		Parts of 1st and 8th Confederate, and 1st, 4th and 5th Tennessee regiments.

WHILE GUARDING THE FRONT OF JOHNSTON'S ARMY.

M'rch 6th.	Leet's Mill, Georgia	4	38	Camps, stores, horses, arms, etc.	Parts of 3d and 8th Confederate, and 2d and 5th Tennessee regiments.
M'ch 31st.	Ringold Road, "	3	27		Parts of 1st and 10th Confederate, and 4th Tennessee regiments.
April 3d..	Ducktown Road, Georgia	1	29		Parts of 2d and 4th Tennessee, and 8th Confederate regiments.
Ap'l 14th.	Taylor's Ridge, "	1	6		Parts of 1st Tennessee and 8th Confederate regiments.
Ap'l 29th.	Ringold Bridge, "	2	19		Parts of 1st and 3d Confederate, and 2d Tennessee regiments.

OPPOSING SHERMAN'S ADVANCE INTO GEORGIA.

May 1st....	Stone Church, Georgia	4	32		Parts of 1st, 3d and 8th Confederate, and 2d Tennessee regiments.
May 2d....	Lee's Cross Roads, Georgia	2	20		Parts of 8th and 10th Confederate, and 5th Tennessee regiments.
May 3d....	Chickamauga Creek, "	7	65		Parts of 1st, 8th and 10th Confederate, and 1st and 9th Kentucky regiments.
May 3d....	Red Clay, "	1	15		Parts of 1st, 8th and 10th Confederate, and 1st and 9th Kentucky regiments.
May 4th..	Varnell Road, "	5	80		Parts of 53d Alabama, and 1st, 3d and 8th Confederate regiments.
May 5th..	Near Tunnell Hill, "	14	120		Parts of 1st, 3d, 8th and 10th Confederate, 1st and 2d Kentucky, and 5th Tennessee regiments.
May 6th..	Tunnel Hill, "	19	55		Parts of 1st, 3d, 8th and 10th Confederate, 1st and 2d Kentucky, and 5th Tennessee regiments.
May 7th..	Tunnel Hill, "	22	80		Parts of 1st, 3d, 8th and 10th Confederate, 1st and 2d Kentucky, and 5th Tennessee regiments.
May 7th..	Ridge, "	12	65		Parts of 1st, 3d, 8th and 10th Confederate, 1st and 2d Kentucky, and 5th Tennessee regiments.
May 8th..	Dug Gap, "	30	450		Parts of 1st, 2d and 9th Kentucky regiments, 2d Kentucky battalion, and Hamilton's and Allison's Tennessee squadrons.
May 8th..	Cleveland Road, "	2	26		Parts of 1st and 8th Confederate, and 53d Alabama regiments, and Snodgrass' Alabama battalion.
May 9th..	Railroad, Georgia	3	22		Parts of 1st, 3d and 8th Confederate, and 53d Alabama regiments, and Snodgrass' battalion.
May 9th..	Near Varnell's Station, Georgia	36	260	Gen. La Grange, 160 prisoners, stand of colors, horses, arms, etc.	Parts of 1st and 8th Confederate, 53d Alabama, 8th and 11th Texas, and 4th Tennessee regiments, and Snodgrass' battalion.
May 11th.	Cleveland Road, "	7	40		Parts of 3d and 8th Confederate, 53d Alabama, and 4th Tennessee regiments.
	Dalton, "	81	255	Fight with army	Parts of 1st, 2d, 4th and 5th Tennessee, 1st, 3d, 8th and 10th Confederate, 1st, 3d and 9th Kentucky, 3d Arkansas, and 8th and 11th Texas regiments, and batteries.

CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY OF BATTLES, ETC.—*Continued.*

DATE. 1864.	LOCALITY.	Confederate Loss. Killed, Wounded and Missing.	Federal Loss. Killed, Wounded and Missing.	REMARKS AND LIST OF CAPTURES.	CONFEDERATE TROOPS ENGAGED.
May 12th.	Rocky Face, Georgia.....	12	90	Wagons destroyed.....	Parts of 1st, 8th and 10th Confederate, and 1st, 2d, 4th and 5th Tennessee regiments.
May 13th.	Dalton, "	7	35		Parts of 1st, 8th and 10th Confederate, and 1st, 2d and 5th Tennessee regiments.
May 13th.	Ridge, behind creek, Georgia..	9	60		Parts of 1st, 8th and 10th Confederate, and 1st, 2d and 5th Tennessee regiments.
May 13th.	Tilton, " ..	23	145		Parts of 1st, 3d, 8th and 10th Confederate, 1st, 2d, 4th and 5th Tennessee, and 53d Alabama regiments, and 9th Tennessee battalion.
May 14th.	Oostanaula, " ..	14	70		Parts of 1st, 3d, 8th and 10th Confederate, 1st, 2d, 4th and 5th Tennessee, and 53d Alabama regiments, and 9th Tennessee battalion.
	Resaca, " ..	135	490		Parts of 1st, 3d, 8th and 10th Confederate, 1st, 2d and 9th Kentucky, 1st, 2d, 4th and 5th Tennessee, 1st, 3d, 4th, 7th and 51st Alabama, 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 6th Georgia, 8th and 11th Texas, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th Tennessee, and 53d Alabama regiments, 24th Alabama battalion, and White's, Wiggins', Huggins' and Ferrell's batteries.
May 14th.	Spring Place Road, " ..	3	4	Two stands of colors, horses, arms, etc.....	Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th, 7th and 51st Alabama, and 2d and 4th Georgia regiments.
May 15th.	Calhoun, " ..	28	120		Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th, 7th and 51st Alabama, 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 6th Georgia, 2d and 9th Kentucky, and 1st, 8th and 9th Tennessee regiments.
May 16th.	Calhoun Road, " ..	22	90		Parts of 8th and 11th Texas, 1st, 2d and 4th Tennessee, and 1st, 3d and 8th Confederate regiments.
May 17th.	Adairsville Road, Georgia, (six engagements during day).....	120	480		Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th, 7th, 51st and 53d Alabama, 1st, 3d, 8th and 10th Confederate, 1st, 2d, 4th, 8th, 9th and 11th Tennessee, and 8th and 11th Texas regiments, and Wiggins' and White's batteries.

May 18th.	Near Cassville, Georgia	32	120		Parts of 1st, 2d and 9th Kentucky, 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 6th Georgia, 1st, 8th and 10th Confederate, 3d Arkansas, and 8th and 11th Texas regiments.
May 19th.	Kingston Road, "	21	160	Stand of colors, 40 horses, arms, etc.	Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th, 7th and 51st Alabama, and 1st, 2d and 9th Kentucky regiments, and Allison's and Hamilton's squadrons.
				WHEELER IN SHERMAN'S REAR.	
May 20th.	Etowah River, Georgia	26	220		Parts of 1st, 3d, and 8th Confederate, 2d and 9th Kentucky, and 2d and 4th Georgia regiments.
May 24th.	Cassville, "	19	420	270 wagons and teams, colors, horse, arms, etc.	Parts of 1st, 3d, 8th and 10th Confederate, 8th and 11th Texas, 2d Tennessee, and 3d Arkansas regiments.
				OPPOSING SHERMAN'S ADVANCE UPON ATLANTA.	
May 26th.	New Hope, "	32	190	Stand of colors.	Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th, 7th and 51st Alabama, 1st, 2d and 9th Kentucky, and 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th Georgia regiments.
May 27th.	Fight at Pickett's Mill, Georgia, with Howard's corps	356	3,600	1,000 stands of arms, colors, etc	Parts of 1st, 3d, 8th and 10th Confederate, 1st, 2d and 9th Kentucky, 1st, 2d, 4th, 5th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th Tennessee, 1st and 3d Alabama, and 2d and 4th Georgia regiments, and Wiggins' and Ferrell's batteries.
May 28th.	Allatoona Road, Georgia	18	155		Parts of 1st, 3d, 8th and 10th Confederate, 1st, 2d and 9th Kentucky, 1st, 2d, 4th, 5th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th Tennessee, 1st, 3d, 4th, 7th and 51st Alabama, and 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 6th Georgia regiments.
May 29th.	Burnt Hickory, "	13	60		Parts of 1st, 3d and 8th Confederate, 1st 2d and 9th Kentucky, 1st, 3d, 4th, 7th and 51st Alabama, and 1st, 3d, 4th and 6th Georgia regiments.
May 30th.	Repulse attack on works, Georgia	16	170		Parts of 8th and 11th Texas, 3d Arkansas, 1st, 3d, 4th, 7th, 51st and 53d Alabama, 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 6th Georgia, 1st, 2d and 9th Kentucky, and 1st, 2d, 4th and 5th Tennessee regiments, and Wiggins' and Ramsey's batteries.
May 31st.	Marietta Road, Georgia	23	200		Parts of 8th and 11th Texas, 3d Arkansas, 1st, 3d, 4th, 7th, 51st and 53d Alabama, and 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 6th Georgia regiments, and Ramsey's battery.
June 1st.	Enemy attack works, Georgia	19	250		Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th, 7th, 51st and 53d Alabama, 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 6th Georgia, and 1st, 2d, 4th, 5th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th Tennessee regiments, and White's and Ramsey's batteries.
June 2d.	Skirmishing from works, "	22	90		Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th, 7th, 51st and 53d Ala., 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th 6th and Ga., and 1st, 2d, 4th, 5th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th Tenn. regiments, and White's and Ramsey's batteries.

CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY OF BATTLES, ETC.—*Continued.*

DATE. 1864.	LOCALITY.	Confederate Loss. Killed, Wounded and Missing.	Federal Loss. Killed, Wounded and Missing.	REMARKS AND LIST OF CAPTURES.	CONFEDERATE TROOPS ENGAGED.
June 3d...	Breast works, Georgia.....	31	340		Parts of 8th and 11th Texas, 1st, 3d, 8th and 10th Confederate, 1st, 2d and 9th Kentucky, 1st, 3d, 4th, 7th, 51st and 53d Alabama, and 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 6th Georgia regiments, and Ramsey's battery.
June 4th..	Davis' Cross Roads, Georgia....	9	70		Parts of 1st, 2d and 9th Kentucky, and 1st, 2d, 4th and 5th Tennessee regiments, and 24th Alabama battalion.
June 5th..	Big Shanty Road, "	26	225		Parts of 1st, 2d, 4th, 5th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th Tennessee, 1st, 2d and 9th Kentucky, 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 6th Georgia, 1st, 3d and 4th Alabama, and 8th and 11th Texas regiments.
June 6th..	Breast works, "	27	75		Parts of 1st, 3d and 8th Confederate, 1st, 2d and 9th Kentucky, and 2d and 4th Tennessee regiments, and Ramsey's and Ferrell's battery.
June 7th.	Ackworth Road, Georgia.....	36	140		Parts of 2d and 4th Tennessee, 1st and 8th Confederate, 1st, 2d and 9th Kentucky and 1st and 3d Alabama regiments.
June 8th.	Breastworks, "	4	70		Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th, 7th and 51st Alabama, 1st and 8th Confederate and 1st, 2d and 9th Kentucky regiments.
June 9th.	Enemy attack entrenchments, Georgia	24	200		Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th, 7th and 51st Alabama, 1st, 2d and 4th Georgia, 8th and 11th Texas, 3d Arkansas and 1st, 2d, 4th, 5th and 8th Tennessee regiments and Wiggins' battery.
June 9th.	Engage Gen. McCook, Georgia.	10	25		Parts of 1st, 8th and 10th Confederate and 1st, 3d, 4th, 7th and 51st Alabama regiments.
June 10th	Dallas Road, "	7	50		Parts of 1st, 2d and 9th Kentucky, 2d and 4th Georgia and 4th Tennessee regiments.
June 11th	Bell's Ferry Road, "	29	150		Parts of 1st, 3d and 4th Alabama, 3d, 4th and 6th Georgia, 2d and 4th Tennessee, 8th and 11th Texas and 3d Arkansas regiments and Wiggins' battery.
June 12th	Marshy Creek, "	31	120		Parts of 1st, 8th and 10th Confederate, 3d Arkansas, 8th and 11th Texas and 53d Alabama regiments.

June 13th	Canton Road, Georgia	39	160	Parts of 1st, 2d and 9th Kentucky, 1st, 8th and 10th Confederate, 1st, 2d, 4th and 5th Tennessee, 8th and 11th Texas regiments and 9th Tennessee battalion.
June 14th	Open field fight, "	44	175	Parts of 1st, 4th and 51st Alabama, 2d, 4th and 6th Georgia, 8th and 11th Texas and 3d Arkansas regim'ts.
June 15th	Noon Day Creek, "	31	200	Parts of 1st, 2d and 9th Kentucky, 1st, 4th and 51st Alabama, 1st, 2d and 4th Tennessee and 1st and 8th Confederate regiments.
June 16th	Artillery fight, "	13	80	Parts of 1st, 8th and 10th Confederate, 2d and 4th Georgia regiments and White's, Wiggins' and Ramsey's batteries.
June 17th	Green Meadows, "	15	70	Parts of 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th Tennessee, 8th Texas, 1st, 3d and 6th Georgia and 10th Confederate regim'ts.
June 18th	Bell's Ferry Road, "	29	110	Parts of 1st, 51st and 53d Alabama, 1st, 3d and 6th Georgia and 1st, 2d and 9th Kentucky regiments and Hamilton's battalion.
June 19th	McAfee's Farm, "	41	270	Parts of 1st, 8th and 10th Confederate, 1st, 2d and 9th Kentucky, 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 6th Georgia, 1st, 3d, 4th, 7th and 51st Alabama and 8th and 11th Texas regiments.
June 20th	Canton Road, near Noon Day Creek, Georgia	65	350	Parts of 1st, 2d, 4th, 5th and 11th Tennessee, 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 6th Georgia, 1st, 3d and 53d Alabama, 8th and 11th Texas, 3d Arkansas and 1st, 8th and 10th Confederate regiments.
June 21st	On Noon Day Creek, Georgia	22	80	Parts of 1st, 2d and 9th Kentucky and 8th and 10th Confederate regiments and Hamilton's and Allison's battalions.
June 22d	Canton Road, "	40	150	Parts of 1st, 2d and 9th Kentucky, 3d, 4th and 6th Georgia and 1st and 3d Alabama regiments.
June 23d	Near McAfee's, "	19	130	Parts of 1st, 2d, 4th and 5th Tennessee, 1st, 8th and 10th Confederate and 8th and 11th Texas regiments.
June 24th	Rice's Farm, "	32	125	Parts of 1st, 4th and 7th Alabama, 4th and 6th Georgia, 5th and 9th Tennessee and 8th and 11th Texas regiments.
June 25th	Wheat fields, "	36	110	Parts of 2d, 4th, 8th and 10th Tennessee, 2d, 4th and 6th Georgia and 2d and 9th Kentucky regiments and battery.
June 26th	Breastworks, "	40	150	Parts of 1st, 2d, 9th, 10th and 11th Tennessee, 1st, 2nd and 9th Kentucky, 1st, 8th and 10th Confederate, 1st, 3d, 4th, 7th, 51st and 53d Alabama and 1st, 2d and 4th Georgia regiments and all the batteries.
June 27th	Enemy's assault on works near Rice's, Georgia	59	450	Parts of 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 6th Georgia, 1st, 3d, 4th, 7th, 51st and 53d Alabama, 1st, 2d, 4th, 5th, 9th and 10th Tennessee, 2d Arkansas, 8th and 11th Texas, 1st, 8th and 10th Confederate and 1st and 9th Kentucky regiments and all the batteries.

CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY OF BATTLES, ETC.—*Continued.*

DATE. 1864.	LOCALITY.	Confederate Loss. Killed, Wounded and Missing.	Federal Loss. Killed, Wounded and Missing.	REMARKS AND LIST OF CAPTURES.	CONFEDERATE TROOPS ENGAGED.
June 28th	Marietta Road, Georgia	37	130		Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th, 7th, 51st and 53d Alabama, 2d, 4th and 6th Georgia and 4th and 10th Tennessee regiments and Wiggins' and Ramsey's batteries.
June 29th	Rosswell Road, "	30	70		Parts of 1st, 2d and 9th Kentucky, 1st, 8th and 10th Confederate, 9th, 10th and 11th Tennessee and 3d, 4th and 51st Alabama regiments.
June 30th	Near Marietta, "	42	140		Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th and 7th Alabama, 3d and 4th Georgia and 2d, 8th and 9th Tennessee regiments.
July 1st	Cannonade, "	28	75		Parts of White's, Wiggins' and Ferrill's batteries and 1st, 3d, 4th and 7th Alabama, 3d, 4th and 6th Georgia and 1st, 8th and 10th Confederate regiments.
July 2d	Near Marietta, "	34	120		Parts of 1st, 2d, 9th and 10th Tennessee, 1st, 2d and 9th Kentucky and 8th and 11th Texas regiments.
July 3d	On railroad and near military school, Georgia	65	300		Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th, 7th, 51st and 53d Alabama, 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th Georgia, 1st, 2d and 9th Kentucky, 1st, 8th and 10th Confederate regiments and Wiggins', White's and Ferrill's batteries.
July 4th	Boggy Creek, Georgia	40	190		Parts of 1st, 3d and 51st Alabama, 1st, 8th and 10th Confederate, 1st, 2d and 9th Kentucky, and 4th and 5th Georgia regiments.
July 5th	Pace's Ferry Road, Georgia	67	300		Parts of 4th, 8th, 9th and 10th Tennessee, 3d Arkansas, 11th Texas, 51st and 53d Alabama and 1st, 2d and 4th Georgia regiments and 24th Alabama battalion.
July 6th	On Chattahoochie, "	27	50		Parts of 1st, 8th and 10th Confederate, 1st, 2d and 9th Kentucky regiments and Wiggins' battery.
July 7th	Artillery enfilading line, Ga	18	80		Parts of 3d and 7th Alabama regiment and Huggins' and Ramsey's batteries.
July 8th	Isham's Ford and Pace's Ferry, Georgia	9	70		Parts of 1st, 8th and 10th Confederate and 1st, 2d and 9th Kentucky regiments and Hamilton's battalion.

July 9th...	Near Isham's Ford, Georgia.....	31	120			Parts of 2d, 4th and 6th Georgia, 5th, 9th and 11th Tennessee and 7th, 51st and 53d Alabama regiments and 24th Alabama battalion.
July 10th.	Atlanta Road, "	38	80			Parts of 1st, 2d and 9th Kentucky, 1st, 8th and 16th Confederate, 8th, 9th and 10th Tennessee and 53d Alabama regiments and 24th Alabama battalion.
July 11th.	Decatur Road, "	40	110			Parts of 1st, 2d and 9th Kentucky, 1st, 8th and 10th Confederate, 8th and 11th Texas and 3d Arkansas regiments.
July 12th.	On Chattahoochie, "	44	150			During these engagements I had with me parts of the following regiments, some of which were engaged in the various actions. It is impossible now to recall definitely what regiments were engaged in each separate action. Details were being constantly made from the various brigades of which I have no record: 1st, 3d, 4th, 7th, 51st and 53d Alabama, 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 6th Georgia, 1st, 2d, 4th, 5th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th Tennessee, 3d Arkansas, 8th and 11th Texas, 1st, 3d, 8th and 10th Confederate and 1st, 2d and 9th Kentucky regiments, 24th Alabama, 9th Tennessee and Hamilton's battalions, Allison's squadron, and White's, Wiggins', Ramsey's, Huggins' and Ferrell's batteries.
July 13th.	Atlanta Road, "	39	170			
July 14th.	Near Roswell's, "	20	80			
July 15th.	Stone Mountain Road, "	25	90			
July 16th.	Decatur Road, "	19	75			
July 17th.	Buckhead and other points, Ga	49	220			
July 18th.	Near Decatur, Georgia.....	20	80			
July 18th	Railroad crossing, Georgia.....	10	90			
July 19th.	Decatur, Georgia, "	18	60			
July 19th.	Georgia Railroad, "	13	70			
July 19-20	Peach Tree Creek, "	50	246			
July 20th.	Near Atlanta, "	23	180			
July 21st.	Decatur Road, "	55	240			
July 22d..	Decatur, "	116	550	3 stands colors, wagon train, battery, arms, stores, camps, hospitals, etc.		
July 22d..	Mill Road, "	14	130			
July 23d.	Georgia Railroad, "	6	50			
July 25th.	On Hardee's right, "	9	40			
July 26th.	Swamps, "	11	56			
	Siege of Atlanta, "	105	780			See page 98.

ACTIONS WHILE DESTROYING THE GREAT RAIDING FORCES OF McCOOK, STONEMAN AND GARRARD.

July 27th.	Snapfinger Creek, Georgia...					During these engagements about one-third of my command was kept with the infantry guarding the right flank of our army. The remainder was engaged in these various actions. The battle of Newnan, where the heaviest fighting was done, and where the enemy were signally defeated and scattered, was fought by parts of the 1st, 2d and 4th Tennessee, 1st, 8th and 10th Confederate, 3d Arkansas, 8th and 11th Texas and 5th Georgia regiments, and 9th Tennessee battalion.
July 28th.	Shoal Creek, " ...					
July 28th.	Lithonia, " ...					
July 29th.	Jonesboro, " ...					
July 29th.	Flint River, " ...					
July 30th.	Clear Creek, " ...					
July 30th	Fayetteville Road, " ...	300	4,500	3,200 prisoners, including one Major-Gen'l and five brigade commanders, ten stand of colors, two batteries, four to five thousand horses, arms and equipments, wagon train, pack-mules, etc. Released 350 Confederate officers who were prisoners.		
	Woody Hill, " ..					
	Newnan, " ...					
July 31st.	Sunshine Creek, " ...					
July 31st.	Near Corinth, " ...					
July 31st.	Near Franklin, " ...					
July 31st.	Near Jug Tavern, " ...					

CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY OF BATTLES, ETC.—*Continued.*

DATE. 1864.	LOCALITY.	Confederate Loss. Killed, Wounded and Missing.	Federal Loss. Killed, Wounded and Missing.	REMARKS AND LIST OF CAPTURES.	CONFEDERATE TROOPS ENGAGED.
			ACTIONS AROUND ATLANTA.		
Aug. 2d...	Atlanta, Georgia.....		65		
Aug. 3d...	Buckhead Road, Georgia.....	9	55		
Aug. 4th..	Decatur Road, "	10	70		
Aug. 5th..	Mill Road, "	13	80		
	ACTIONS DURING WHEELER'S RAID IN SHERMAN'S REAR IN NORTH GEORGIA, TENNESSEE AND KENTUCKY BORDER.				
Aug. 10th	Big Shanty, Georgia.....				
Aug. 12th	Calhoun, "				
Aug. 14th	Dalton, "				
Aug. 14th	Tilton, "			Captured and delivered to army headquarters 1,700 of Sherman's beef cattle, over 100 wagons and teams, over 700 mules and horses.	
Aug. 15th	Near Tunnel Hill, Georgia.....				
Aug. 16th	Near Ringold, "			Capture of Dalton and military stores.	
Aug. 18th	Cleveland, Tennessee				
Aug. 19th	Calhoun, "				
Aug. 19th	Athens, "				
Aug. 20th	Stewart's Landing, Tennessee..				
Aug. 24th	Strawberry Plains, "			Capture of garrison at Stewart's Landing, stores, etc.	At Big Shanty and Calhoun we had parts of 3d and 4th Georgia, 8th Confederate and 53d Alabama regiments and 24th Alabama battalion, after which the 24th Alabama battalion and 53d Alabama and 4th Georgia regiments returned to Atlanta.
Aug. 24th	Near Knoxville, "				
Aug. 25th	On French Broad, "	125	1900		
Aug. 26th	Near Kingston, "			Capture of Athens, Maryville, Clinton, McMinnville, Lebanon, Liberty, Smyrna and Lynnville—which were all military posts.	In the engagements from the 14th to 20th of August we had parts of the 1st, 3d, 8th and 10th Confederate, 5th Georgia, 1st, 2d, 4th, 5th, 8th, 9th and 11th Tennessee, 3d Arkansas and 8th and 11th Texas regiments, and two sections from batteries.
Aug. 29th	McMinnville, "				
Aug. 29th	Liberty, "				
Aug. 30th	Lebanon, "				
Aug. 31st..	Near Murfreesboro, "				
Aug. 31st..	Smyrna, "				
Aug. 31st..	Stewart's Creek, "			Destruction of railroad and trains, etc.	From August 24th to September 9th we had parts of 1st, 3d, 4th, 7th and 51st Alabama, 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 6th Georgia, 1st, 2d, 4th and 5th Tennessee, 3d Arkansas and 8th and 11th Texas regiments, and one section from Wiggins' battery.
Sept. 1st..	Near Lavergne, "				
Sept. 1st..	Near Asylum, "				
Sept. 1st..	Hurricane Creek, "				
Sept. 24..	Near Franklin, "			[Federals cite these as Maj. Gen. Rousseau's pursuit of Wheeler.]	
Sept. 2d..	Columbia Road, "				

Sept. 4th..	Railroad, Tennessee.....				
Sept. 4th..	Lynnville Station, Tennessee...				
Sept. 5th..	Campbellville, "				
Sept. 6th..	Lawrenceburg, "				
Sept. 7th..	Florence Military Road,"				
Sept. 8th..	Near Lexington, "				
Sept. 9th..	Shoal Creek, Alabama				
Sept. 9th..	Near Florence, "				

COVERING HOOD'S MOVEMENT FROM DALTON, GEORGIA, TO GADSDEN, ALABAMA.

Oct. 2d.....	Near Dalton, Georgia	2	35	Destroyed railroad, horses, arms, etc.	
Oct. 15th..	Near Snake Creek Gap, Georgia	15	90		
Oct. 16th..	Near Maddox Gap, "	13	32		
Oct. 17th..	LaFayette, "	8	46		
Oct. 17th..	Cane Creek, "	10	27		
Oct. 18th..	Grave Level Church, "	14	30		The troops with me at this time were parts of the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 6th Georgia, 1st, 3d, 7th and 51st Alabama, 2d, 4th and 5th Tennessee, 3d Arkansas and 8th and 11th Texas regiments, and portions of these troops were brought in the various engagements,—some fought one day and others the next, and sometimes all or nearly all fought together.
Oct. 18th..	Tryon Factory, "	6	27		
Oct. 18th..	Summerville Road, "	15	45		
Oct. 19th..	Chattauga River, "	12	38		
Oct. 19th..	Eaglesville, Alabama	15	30		
Oct. 20th..	Blue Pond Road, Alabama.....	10	22		
Oct. 21st ..	Little River, "				
Oct. 23d...	Round Mt. Iron Works, Ala.....	20	60		
Oct. 33d...	Turkey Town Road, Alabama.	7	25		
Oct. 24th..	Turkey Town, Alabama.....	25	70		
Oct. 25th..	Near Gadsden, "	30	110		
Oct. 26th..	Near Goshen, "	7.	40		

SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN FROM ATLANTA TO SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

Nov. 15th	Jonesboro, Georgia.....	5	40		
Nov. 16th	Lovejoy Station, Georgia.....	38	30		
Nov. 16th	Bear Creek, "	8	50		
Nov. 17th	Towaliga, "	5	40		
Nov. 18th	Rum's Creek, "	4	24		
Nov. 19th	Ulcofaw, "	2	39		
Nov. 20th	Near Macon, "	5	42		On November 15th, the 53d Alabama regiment, 24th Alabama battalion and 272 men (parts of the 2d, 4th, 6th and 9th Kentucky regiments) joined us; and on Nov. 24th we were joined by the 2d and 56th Alabama and Inges', Perrin's and Miller's regiments, which regiments continued with us until we reached Savannah.
Nov. 20th	Walnut Creek and Clinton Road, Georgia	3	45		
Nov. 21st	Griswaldville, Georgia.....	6	36		
Nov. 22d.	Myrack's Mill, "	35	130	Stand of colors, horses, arms.	
Nov. 24th	Ball's Ferry, "	2	20		
Nov. 24th	Oconee, "	7	90	Wagons and teams, stand of colors, horses, arms, etc.	
Nov. 26th	Sandersville, "	12	70		
Nov. 26th	Ogeechee, "	2	48		
Nov. 27th	Sylvan Grove, "	9	70	Stand of colors, camp, horses, arms, etc.	

CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY OF BATTLES, ETC.—*Continued.*

DATE. 1864.	LOCALITY.	Confederate Loss. Killed, Wounded and Missing.	Federal Loss. Killed, Wounded and Missing.	REMARKS AND LIST OF CAPTURES.	CONFEDERATE TROOPS ENGAGED.
Nov. 27th	Swampy Creek, Georgia	6	20		
Nov. 27th	River Creek, "	3	25		
	Hill, "	4	20		
Nov. 27th.	Whitehead's, "	4	25		
Nov. 27th.	Waynesboro, "	15	30		
Nov. 28th.	Near Waynesboro, "	3	40		
Nov. 28th.	Carter's, "	10	42		
Nov. 28th.	Cross Roads, "	12	70		
Nov. 28th.	Buckhead Church, "	25	150	70 horses, arms, etc.	
Nov. 28th	Buckhead Creek, "	24	120	100 horses, arms, etc.	
Nov. 28th.	Reynolds' Farm, "	74	250		The troops with me after November 26th and until we reached Savannah, were parts of the 2d and 56th Alabama and 272 men (parts of 1st, 2d, 4th, 5th, 6th and 9th Kentucky), 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th Georgia, 1st, 3d, 7th and 51st Alabama, 24, 4th, 5th and 8th Tennessee, 3d Arkansas, 8th and 11th Texas and Inge's, Perrin's and Miller's regiments.
Nov. 29th.	Near Louisville, "	3	20		
Nov. 30th.	Louisville Road, "	3	35		
Dec. 1st...	Shady Grove, "	5	28		
Dec. 2d...	Rock Creek Church, Georgia	9	40		
Dec. 3d...	Thomas Station, "		30		
Dec. 4th..	Waynesboro, "	90	170		
Dec. 5th..	Statesboro, "	2	32		
Dec. 6th..	Near Jacksboro, "		10		
Dec. 7th..	Black Creek, "	1	15		
Dec. 7th..	Savannah River, "	11	80		
Dec. 7th..	Swamp, "	12	90		
Dec. 8th..	Gravestein's, "	3	75		
Dec. 8th..	Ebenezer Church, "		80		
Dec. 9th..	Engage rear guard, "	4	35		
Dec. 10th.	Middle Ground Road, "		25		
Dec. 10th.	Near Springfield, "	2	30		
	Siege of Savannah, "	128	280		
1865.	SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN OF THE CAROLINAS.				
Jan. 19th.	Savannah Road, S. Carolina	12	35		
Jan. 20th.	Pocataligo Road, "	18	45		

Jan. 22d..	Combahee Road, South Carolina	11	30		
Jan. 27th.	Robertsville Road, "	19	40		
Jan. 29th.	Robertsville, "	12	60		
Feb. 1st...	Near McBride's Bridge, South Carolina	17	50		
	Hickory Hill, South Carolina...	19	40		
Feb. 2d...	Loper's Cross Road, South Carolina	48	120		
Feb. 2d...	Lawtonville Road, South Carolina	17	50		
Feb. 2d...	Lawtonville, South Carolina.....	20	80		
Feb. 2d...	Whippy Swamp, "	10	50		
Feb. 3d...	Hayward's, "	9	28		
Feb. 3d...	Duck Creek Road, "	17	80		
Feb. 3d...	Rivers' and Braxton's Bridges, South Carolina.....	45	148		
Feb. 6th..	Springtown, South Carolina.....	14	50		
Feb. 6th..	Salkahatchie Road, South Carolina	15	70		Near Savannah we were joined by the troops which had been in East Tennessee, and the command consisted of the divisions of Gens Allen and Humes, and was composed of the 1st. 3d and 51st Alabama, 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th Georgia, 3d and 10th Confederate, 1st, 2d, 4th and 8th Tennessee, 1st, 3d and 9th Kentucky, 3d Arkansas and 8th and 11th Texas regiments, 9th Tennessee battalion, and Wiggins' and Ramsey's batteries, and these troops fought through all the fights until the war closed. My other troops were detached and left near Augusta, Georgia.
Feb. 6th..	Graham's Turn-out, South Carolina	4	38		
Feb. 7th..	Blackwell's, South Carolina.....	19	50		
Feb. 9th..	Binnaker's Bridge Road, South Carolina	11	50		
Feb. 10th.	Orangeburg Road, South Carolina.....	10	35		
Feb. 11th	Aiken, South Carolina	50	300		
Feb. 14th.	Black Creek, South Carolina.....	19	170	Fights from 14th to 17th were	
Feb. 15th.	Columbia Road, South Carolina	31	80	in defense of Columbia.	
Feb. 15th.	Congaree Creek, "	33	75		
Feb. 16th.	Saluda River, "	12	48		
Feb. 17th.	Broad River, "	17	60		
Feb. 17th.	Winnsboro Road, "	9	45		
Feb. 17th.	" " "	6	30		
Feb. 19th.	Wadesboro " "	13	110	Horses, arms, etc.....	
Feb. 20th.	Near Youngsville, "	10	95		
Feb. 21st.	Chesterville, "	14	125		
Feb. 24th	Lansford, "	16	60		
Feb. 26th	Cane Creek, "	40	220	Horses, arms, etc.....	
Mar. 1st...	Near Wilson's Store, "	19	80		
Mar. 2d ...	Lexington, "	16	120		
Mar. 3d ...	Near Monroe, "	11	80		
Mar. 3d ...	Cross Roads, "	12	65		
Mar. 4th ..	Hornsboro, "	22	90	Horses, arms, etc.....	
Mar. 5th ..	Near Wadesboro, North Carolina.....	19	60		
Mar. 7th ..	Near Rockingham, North Carolina.....	12	35		

CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY OF BATTLES, ETC.—*Continued.*

DATE. 1865.	LOCALITY.	Confederate Loss. Killed, Wounded and Missing.	Federal Loss. Killed, Wounded and Missing.	REMARKS AND LIST OF CAPTURES.	CONFEDERATE TROOPS ENGAGED.
Mar. 9th ..	Near Rockingham, North Carolina	7	56		
Mar. 10th	Near Jacksonville, North Carolina	65	480	Battery, colors, arms, horses, wagons, etc.	
Mar. 11th	Fayetteville, North Carolina	13	45		
Mar. 12th	Near Neuse, "	6	30		
Mar. 13th	River Road, "	17	25		
Mar. 13th	Silver Run, "	14	60		
Mar. 14th	Pine Woods, "	12	50		
Mar. 14th	Smith's Hill, "	14	20	Horses, arms, etc.	
Mar. 15th	Black River, "	5	42	" "	
Mar. 15th	Near Black River, "	14	69		
Mar. 16th	Near Averysboro, "	22	40		
Mar. 16th	Averysboro, "	89	230		
Mar. 17th	Near Mingo Creek, "	16	30		
Mar. 19th to 21st.	Bentonville, "	157	395	One stand of colors and one battery	
March 22d	Mill Creek, "	20	48		
March 22d	Black Creek, "	10	38		
March —	Goldsboro Road, "	28	236	Horses, arms, etc.	
March —	Nahunta Swamp, "				
March —	Little River, "				
April 10th	Near Black Creek Station, North Carolina				
April 12th	Near Raleigh, North Carolina				
April 13th	Hillsboro Road, "	68	290	Horses, arms, etc.	
April 13th	Morrisville, "				
April 14th	Chapel Hill Road, "				
April 15th	Creek near Chapel Hill, N. C.				

BATTLES FOUGHT IN CONNECTION WITH INFANTRY.

DATE. 1862.	LOCALITY.	Confederate Loss,* Killed, Wounded and Missing.	Federal Loss,† Killed, Wounded and Missing.	REMARKS AND LIST OF CAPTURES.	CONFEDERATE TROOPS ENGAGED.
Sept. 17th	Mumfordsville, Kentucky	28	52		Parts of 1st and 3d Alabama, 1st Kentucky, 1st Confederate and 3d Georgia regiments and Wiggins' battery.
Oct. 8th	Perryville, Kentucky	174	700	Battery, colors, small arms	Parts of 1st and 3d Alabama, 1st Kentucky, 4th Tennessee, 8th Texas and 2d Georgia regiments, 6th Georgia battalion and section of battery.
Dec. 31st to Jan. 2nd, 1863.	Murfreesboro, Tennessee	436	3,100	1,000 wagons and teams, batteries, small arms, stores.	Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th, 7th and 51st Alabama, 2d and 3d Georgia, 1st, 3d and 8th Confederate, 1st Kentucky, and 8th and 11th Texas regiments, Holman's battalion and batteries.
Sept. 19th and 20th.	Chickamauga, Georgia	375	3,459	18 stands of colors, battery, wagons, stores, small arms.	Parts of 1st, 3d and 8th Confederate, 1st, 3d, 4th, 7th and 51st Alabama, 8th and 11th Texas, 2d, 3d and 4th Georgia, 1st Kentucky and 4th Tennessee regiments and batteries.
Nov. 17th to 23d.	Siege of Knoxville, Tennessee.	190	900	Small arms, horses and teams	Parts of 4th, 8th, 9th and 11th Tennessee, 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 6th Georgia, 1st, 3d, 4th, 7th and 51st Alabama, 3d Arkansas, 8th and 11th Texas and 1st and 8th Confederate regiments and Wiggins' battery.
Nov. 27th	Ringold, Georgia	65	150		Parts of 1st, 2d, 4th and 5th Tennessee, 1st, 3d, 8th and 10th Confederate and 1st, 3d and 9th Kentucky regiments and batteries.
1864. Feb. 25th	Rocky Face, Georgia	34	212	Stand of colors, small arms	Parts of 1st, 2d, 4th and 5th Tennessee, 1st, 3d, 8th and 10th Confederate and 1st, 3d and 9th Kentucky regiments and batteries.
May 11th	Dalton, Georgia	81	255		Parts of 1st, 2d, 4th and 5th Tenffessee, 1st, 3d, 8th and 10th Confederate, 1st, 3d and 9th Kentucky, 3d Arkansas and 8th and 4th Texas regim'ts and batteries.
May 13th	Resaca, Georgia	135	490	Two stands of colors	Parts of 1st, 2d, 4th, 5th, 8th, 9th and 11th Tennessee, 1st, 3d, 8th and 10th Confederate, 1st, 3d and 9th Kentucky, 3d Arkansas, 8th and 11th Texas, 1st, 3d, 4th, 7th, 51st and 53d Alabama and 1st, 3d, 4th and 6th Georgia regiments, 24th Alabama battalion and batteries.

*Loss sustained by Gen. Wheeler's cavalry. †Loss sustained by that portion of Federal army which engaged Gen. Wheeler's command.

BATTLES FOUGHT IN CONNECTION WITH INFANTRY—*Continued.*

DATE. 1864.	LOCALITY.	Confederate Loss.* Killed, Wounded and Missing.	Federal Loss.† Killed, Wounded and Missing.	REMARKS AND LIST OF CAPTURES.	CONFEDERATE TROOPS ENGAGED.
May 17th..	Adairsville, Georgia	31	120		Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th, 7th, 51st and 53d Alabama, 1st, 3d, 8th and 10th Confederate, 1st, 2d, 4th, 8th, 9th and 11th Tennessee and 8th and 11th Texas regiments and batteries.
May 19th..	Cassville, Georgia	40	135	One stand of colors	Parts of 1st, 2d and 9th Kentucky, 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 6th Georgia, 1st, 8th and 10th Confederate, 3d Arkansas and 8th and 11th Texas regiments.
May 26th..	New Hope, Georgia	52	220	One stand of colors	Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th, 7th and 51st Alabama, 1st, 2d and 9th Kentucky, 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th Georgia regiments.
May 27th..	Pickett's Mill, Georgia (with Howard's corps)	356	3,600	1,000 stands of arms, colors	See page 87 for troops engaged.
June 27th	Kennesaw, Georgia	112	450		Parts of 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 6th Georgia, 1st, 3d, 4th, 7th, 51st and 53d Alabama, 1st, 2d, 4th, 5th, 9th and 10th Tennessee, 2d Arkansas, 8th and 11th Texas, 1st, 8th and 10th Confederate and 1st and 9th Kentucky regiments and all the batteries.
July 19th and 20th.	Peachtree Creek, Georgia	50	246		Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th, 7th, 51st and 53d Alabama, 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 6th Georgia, 1st, 2d, 4th, 5th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th Tennessee, 3d Arkansas, 8th and 11th Texas and 1st, 3d, 8th and 10th Confederate regiments and all the batteries.
July 22d...	Decatur, Georgia	116	575	Battery, wagon train, teams, three stands of colors	Parts of 1st, 3d, 4th, 7th, 51st, 53d and 56th Alabama, 5st, 8th and 10th Confederate, 1st, 2d and 9th Kentucky, 8th, 9th and 11th Tennessee and 2d, 4th and 6th Georgia regiments and batteries.
July and August.	Siege of Atlanta, Georgia	105	780		1st, 3d, 4th, 7th, 51st and 53d Alabama, 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 6th Georgia, 1st, 2d, 4th, 5th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th Tennessee, 3d Arkansas, 8th and 11th Texas, 1st, 3d, 8th and 10th Confederate and 1st, 2d and 9th Kentucky regiments and batteries.

Nov. 19th	Attack on Macon, Georgia	17	89		Parts of 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th Georgia, 1st, 3d, 51st and 53d Alabama, 3d Arkansas, 2d, 4th, 6th and 9th Kentucky and 8th and 11th Texas regiments and batteries.
Dec. 11th to 20th.	Siege of Savannah, Georgia	128	280		Parts of 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th Georgia, 1st, 3d, 51st, 53d and 56th Alabama, 3d Arkansas, 8th and 11th Texas, 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 6th and 9th Kentucky, 1st, 2d, 4th and 9th Tennessee and 1st and 10th Confederate regiments and batteries.
1865.					
Mar. 16th	Averysboro, North Carolina	89	230		Parts of 1st, 3d and 51st Alabama, 4th, 5th and 6th Georgia, 3d and 10th Confederate and 2d, 4th and 5th Tennessee regiments and batteries.
Mar. 19th to 21st.	Bentonville, North Carolina	157	395	One stand of colors and one battery	Parts of 1st, 3d and 51st Alabama, 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th Georgia, 1st, 2d, 4th, 5th and 8th Tennessee, 3d, 8th and 10th Confederate, 1st, 3d and 9th Kentucky, 3d Arkansas and 8th and 11th Texas regiments, 9th Tennessee battalion, Allison's squadron, and batteries.

*Loss sustained by Gen. Wheeler's cavalry.

†Loss sustained by that portion of Federal army which engaged Gen. Wheeler's command.

ERRATA.

On first page, under head of Confederate Loss, "Killed" in third column should read "Missing;" and under head of Federal Loss, "Missing" in first column should read "Killed."

On page 34, bottom line, "Chickamauga, Tennessee," should read "Chickamauga, Georgia."

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